

THE HELPER

A Handbook for Sunday School Teachers
and Parents

1900

EDITED BY

MARIAN PRITCHARD

(‘AUNT AMY’)

‘Be not quite contented ;
There is a healthful restlessness of soul,
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,
In urging men to reach a higher goal.’
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION
ESSEX HALL, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

‘WHAT is a flower? A weed which man has tended.
What is a weed? A flower which God has sown.
Well for the weed that in a flower has ended,—
Ill for the flower which to a weed has grown!’

‘BUT one thing have we desired of the Lord, and that will we seek after; that our children, no less than ourselves, should dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of their life; to see the beauty of the Lord,—the beauty of His nature, His goodness, His ways,—to exhibit it in their own lives and character; and so increase the sum of moral beauty in the world.’

MRS. GILBERT (Ann Taylor).

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Editor's Greeting	1
New Year's Address..... <i>John Byles</i>	2
Year of Sunday Readings	<i>Arranged by H. K. White</i> 7
The Sunday School as training ground for Principles of Good Citizenship	
<i>J. Wigley</i>	59
The Parable of the Sower, Lessons on	<i>Frank Walters</i> 62
Nellie and John Henry and Eliza	<i>Mary Dendy</i> 67, 68
Bible Verses for Sunday Lessons	85
Truth: suggestive Notes for Teachers.....	88
The Sunday School: its Past, Present and Future	<i>De Beaumont Klein</i> 91
SUMMER SESSION AT OXFORD: Introduction	97
Opening Address	<i>James Drummond</i> 99
Object in Sunday School Teaching	<i>J. J. Wright</i> 101
Methods of the Day School, and their application to Sunday School	
<i>Frank Taylor</i>	112
On Discipline	121
Teachers in Council.—The Ideal Sunday School	132
Method of Preparing and Presenting a Lesson	<i>Edith Drummond</i> 138
The Two Sacks of Corn	154
How to give a Bible Lesson	<i>Joseph Wood</i> 154
What can we teach, and How?	<i>Marian Pritchard</i> 165
Religious Lessons from Natural Objects—'Echo' of Lecture by <i>Joseph Freeston</i>	173
<i>On a Peacock's Feather</i>	<i>F. Dell</i> 178
A Newspaper Class.....	178

Teachers in Council.—Our Senior Classes	179
A True Word	<i>George Eliot</i> 185
Notes of Three Sunday School Lessons—	
For Elder Scholars	<i>J. Upton</i> 185
For Intermediate Classes	<i>A. H. Biggs</i> 186
For Infants	<i>E. C. Turner</i> 187
Ethics in its relation with Religion	<i>C. B. Upton</i> 189
Science and Religious Faith	<i>Silvanus Thompson</i> 195
Some Old Testament Dates	196
How the Old Testament Grew	<i>J. Estlin Carpenter</i> 197
The Life and Epistles of Paul	<i>James Drummond</i> 211
Winter Reading Circles	233
Development of Liberal Nonconformity	<i>J. E. Odgers</i> 234
The Work and Teaching of G. F. Watts, R.A.	<i>Lucking Tavenor</i> 244
<i>Noontide</i>	<i>D. A. Wasson</i> 256
Teachers in Council.—Our Young People and the Congregation	257
‘Could we but understand’	260
The Lantern Evening	261
Passages from Address	<i>J. E. Carpenter</i> 262

ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONTISPIECE—Statue of Energy, by G. F. Watts, R.A.	<i>see p. 249</i>
Manchester College, Oxford	<i>facing p. 97</i>





The Editor's Greeting.

IT is once again our duty and privilege heartily to welcome our readers—among whom we hope we may reckon many parents, many teachers, and many friends—to the annual Feast of Good Things which we endeavour to provide for them in the pages of *The Helper*. This year we have been especially fortunate in having had access to an excellent market; for where, if not at Oxford, can we expect to find good stores of mental food? From thence, during the week of the Summer Session for Sunday School Teachers, we have been able to garner in a large supply of excellent fruit, which we now desire to set before those who could not share our feast then, in order that they, too, may have the opportunity to 'taste and see.'

The list of subjects dealt with in this year's *Helper* varies somewhat from that of the two previous years. In place of the fifty-two Sunday Lessons, a selection of Readings only has been prepared; and though each one of these might well be made the basis of a half-hour's chat, either at home or in school, yet the aim of the selection has been chiefly to provide a

series of passages from some of our best writers, the reading of which may awaken in youthful minds a love of the beautiful in the world of Nature, and a spirit of thankfulness, of worthy aspiration towards, and of loving reverence for, the God of Nature and of Man.

For teachers the Oxford Section will present many attractions, for therein may be found practical suggestions for the orderly conduct of the school, the management of classes, what subjects to select, and how to prepare a lesson. There, also, will be seen the valuable papers from the Principal and Professors of Manchester College. These will, we trust, be dwelt upon with pleasure and profit by all our readers. And with reference to this portion, may we call the attention of teachers and others to the proposal for Winter Reading Circles set forth on page 233.

In conclusion, we wish to give grateful thanks, in our readers' name and in our own, for the valuable assistance we have received from so many generous writers, and to express the hope that they may receive the one reward that is of real worth; namely, the assurance that what they have herein written will be read, marked, and inwardly digested. So alone is it possible for any writer to become a true helper!

New Year's Address.

'Set my Name down, Sir.'

'Fight the good fight of faith.' 1 Tim.
vi. 12.



MOST of you have read, I suppose, or at least have heard of that wonderful book—John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,—a book which has been printed and translated and circulated and read more, probably, than any book in the world except the Bible. Those of you who have read this marvellous book remember, doubtless, the Interpreter's House and the visit which Christian paid to it quite early in his journey. You remember also 'the excellent things,' as Bunyan calls them, which the Interpreter showed him. It is of one of these excellent things that I want first to talk to you.

The scene was a 'Pleasant Place,' something perhaps like the gardens at Hampton Court or at Kew—and in the midst of this pleasant place, there stood, says Bunyan, a stately palace, beautiful to look at. This palace had a roof which was flat; and on this roof was a company of people, walking; and all of them were dressed in gold. I think they had harps in their hands, though Bunyan does not say so. Certainly they sang, and what they sang was this—

'Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win.'

In front of the chief door of the

palace there stood a number of persons—men and women and some children—very wishful to enter the palace and join the people at the top, that so, like them, they might have harps and sing, and be clothed in garments of gold. But though they wished so much, they 'durst not.' And the reason they durst not was this.—In the doorway of the palace was standing a number of men in armour; and these men in armour were resolved to do what harm they could to any one—man, woman or child—who tried to enter the palace. So it was that the people stood looking and longing, and saying to each other, as they saw the happy company upon the roof, 'I wish I were with them,—I wish I were there,' but doing nothing more.

Something else there was that Christian saw. In front of the palace-door, but a little to one side, was a man seated at a table. Before him resting on the table, were a book and an ink-horn. The man sat at the table waiting to take down the names of any who were resolved to cut their way through the armed men at the door, and so enter the palace. But for a while none were bold enough to venture. At length Christian saw approaching the table a man with a very stout countenance, a man, plainly, who having once made up his mind would be turned aside by nothing.

This man went up to the man at the table and said, 'Set down my name, Sir,' so his name was set down. Then the man, having put a helmet on his head

and taken a shield in his left hand, drew his sword and rushed upon the men in armour at the door. The men fell upon him with their swords, and cut and hacked, but, nothing daunted, the man fought on, and finally, after giving and receiving many wounds, he forced his way through and pressed forward into the palace. Then after a while, his wounds being healed, he was seen upon the top, walking with the rest, and clothed like them in garments of gold. Then clearer and louder came the sound of the pleasant voices singing in their gladness—

‘Come in, come in ;
Eternal glory thou shalt win.’

And Christian, when he had seen and heard all this, turned to the Interpreter and said, ‘I think verily, I know the meaning of this.’

What is the meaning? The meaning is, that if ever we are to reach the roof of that stately palace—the palace of truth and righteousness and love—if ever we are to take our places among the noble and the brave—if ever we are to be clothed in the garments of true beauty—‘holy garments for glory and for beauty,’ there is a battle which each one of us must fight, and men in armour against which we all of us must strive. Let me tell you of some of these men in armour against whom we have to fight.

I. There is the man in armour called Temper. His method is to hide himself so that we quite forget his presence. Then suddenly, when we are not thinking of him at all, he springs

out upon us and attacks us. Still, it is possible to watch even for this enemy, and, seeing him, to conquer him. I knew a dog once who had a temper. He was born in Norway, and had, I imagine, inherited his temper from some wolf-ancestor whom in appearance he greatly resembled. This dog, coming to England and making his home in England, was treated by his master and by those about him with patience and kindness and absence of temper, the result was that the dog learned by degrees to conquer his temper, or at least keep it under control. And what a dog can do, surely a boy or a girl can manage to accomplish. So I say to every boy or girl who may read these words—if you are troubled by *this* man in armour—Temper—go straight to the man at the table and say—‘Set down my name, Sir—I am going to master *him*.’

II. Another man in armour is called Selfishness, and a terrible enemy he is. Indeed I am not sure that he does not prevent more people from entering the Stately Palace than all the other men in armour put together; he is in fact the leader of the band. His habit is to put on a disguise, so as to cause those whom he attacks to think him something quite different from what he really is. Then like the serpent that came in through the water-gate of the city of Troy—he makes his way into the Temples—the temples of our hearts—and there, if we are not ready to meet him and destroy him, he strangles and crushes our noblest and

our best. If this is your danger—make haste and without another moment's delay, go up to the man at the table and say—'Set down my name, Sir; I am not going to be conquered by *him*.'

III. There is another man in armour whose presence you would hardly suspect, or suspecting would not acknowledge, and his name is Cowardice. 'Ah!' say the boys, 'it is only the girls that that man in armour attacks; he knows better than to come near to the boys.' Do you know, I venture to think you are wrong? There are girls and women who have shewn themselves splendidly brave, and there are boys who in the moment of temptation have proved themselves miserable cowards. Indeed, in some positions and under some sorts of temptation, I am inclined to think that girls are commonly braver than boys, and women than men. Is it not a fact, for example, that boys are afraid of being singular, and afraid of being laughed at, even when they know they are doing what is right? Is it not a fact that they are afraid of being good and obedient and kind, even to their mothers, lest other boys should look on them as silly? Is it not the case that they are afraid, sometimes, of speaking the truth because of what may follow? And is not this true, that they will go on with a quarrel instead of ending it, lest they should be regarded as cowards? These are the worst sorts of cowardice; and when a boy has yielded to these this third man in armour is upon him. So I say again if any of you are in danger of this,

make haste and go to the man at the table and say, 'Set my name down, Sir; I am not going to be a coward.'

IV. There is still another man in armour, not so cruel, perhaps, nor vicious as the rest, but hardly less dangerous; his name is Indolence. Sometimes he goes by the name of Procrastination, which means putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. Indolence or Procrastination is fond of attacking clever boys and girls, and then in spite of their cleverness they are beaten by others who, without being clever, are diligent and persevering. If this is your enemy go up at once to the man at the table and say, 'Set down my name, Sir; please.'

Other men in armour, doubtless, there are, but these are the chief.

And now there is something else that I want you to remember. Three hundred years ago—in the year 1599—there was buried in Westminster Abbey an Englishman, almost as famous as John Bunyan, who wrote a book, not altogether unlike John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The name of the Englishman was Edmund Spenser, and the title of his book was the 'Faerie Queen.' This 'Faerie Queen,' like the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is an allegory; that is to say, it is a story, which though it is not, and could not, be literally true, contains within it a meaning which is true, a meaning to set forth which is the very purpose and object of the book.

Now if when you are older you chance to read this great poem of

Edmund Spenser's you will find in it this story. In the old days, long, long ago, Gloriana, the Queen of the fairies, used every year to hold a revel or feast. This revel lasted for twelve whole days, and during all that time the Queen Gloriana was under a promise to grant to anyone who approached her whatever boon he or she might ask. In the midst of one of these revels there came into the court a young man, very tall and upright, but badly dressed and awkward and clownish, quite out of place, as it seemed, in that gay, fairy scene. The young man at once fell on his knees before the queen and prayed a boon. And the boon for which he prayed was this: that he might have the opportunity of attempting the first adventure—the first deed of daring—that is—that might come before the court. The boon being granted, the young man, very modestly, took his place upon the floor.

Shortly after a lady appeared, riding on a milk-white ass and clad in deepest weeds. Behind her was a dwarf, leading a great war-horse, on the back of which was a knight's suit of armour, —the knight's thick spear being in the hand of the dwarf. The lady then told the Queen a pitiful tale regarding her father and mother, an ancient and much honoured King and Queen. These two, she said, had been taken captive by a cruel dragon, and shut up by him for years, in a brazen castle. She therefore prayed the Queen to send one of her knights to slay the dragon and to deliver her parents from

their prison. Thereupon the clownish young man rose up from his seat upon the ground and claimed his right to be sent upon the dangerous but knightly errand. The Queen remembered her promise and said that he should go; but there was one condition which he must fulfil. He must prove himself able, and willing, to wear the knight's armour which was carried by the war-horse. And this the young man did.

Now the lesson that I want you to learn is this. We are to fight the good fight of faith, not for ourselves alone, but also for the sake of others. Around us everywhere, are men in armour preventing our fellow-creatures—men and women and boys and girls—from entering the Stately Palace, and living the good and happy lives which God intended them to live. Around us everywhere, are dragons, cruel dragons, who rob men of their freedom and shut them up in dungeons of despair. You know the dragons that I mean, Intemperance, Impurity, Gambling, Cruelty, Selfishness, Greed. These dragons are everywhere, and so it is that those who should be God's kings and queens, are instead miserable captives. As you grow older you will see more of these various captives, and you will understand better the different dragons by whom they have been injured and wronged. I want you therefore, now, to make up your minds that when your opportunity comes, you will go straight up to the man at the table and say—'Set my name down, Sir, I am going to fight these dragons; not so much

because they are harming *me*, but for the sake of all the poor creatures they have wronged and injured and enslaved.'

Fight the good fight of faith, not for yourselves only but also for your fellows.

And now I want you, in conclusion, to remember what it was which Gloriana said to the clownish but brave young man who had prayed to be sent to slay the giant and rescue the parents of the lady. He must first, she said, put on the armour. He must prove himself able to wear it, and willing to do so. So is it always. He who would do knightly deeds must clothe himself in knightly armour. He must take to himself, as the apostle teaches, 'the whole armour of God.'

What is this armour? This armour has six pieces. There is, first, the girdle of truth; no good is to be expected from the man who is not himself straightforward and true. There is, second, the breastplate of righteousness; fine wishes to do good to others are worthless save as a man is righteous himself. Third, there are the sandals of peace; quarrelsome men accomplish little. Fourth, and of infinite importance, there is the shield of faith; nothing great and good can ever be accomplished by the man who has not faith. Then, fifthly, there is the helmet of salvation; and beyond all there is the sword of the spirit. These six make up the knightly armour. And he who is clad in these, however clownish or awkward or ungainly he may have been before, becomes, in

wearing them, a noble and a valiant knight. And like Sir Galahad—

'His strength is as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure.'

What then I would have you do, at the beginning of this new year—with its unfamiliar figures—1900—is to make a picture in your minds of this 'pleasant place,' with its Stately Palace, 'beautiful to behold,' and its happy company upon the roof, clothed in garments of gold, and continually singing—

'Come in, come in,
Eternal glory thou shalt win.'

And having done so, now, at the beginning of the year, before a single day is wasted, I would have you go straight to the man at the table and say, 'Set my name down, Sir—this first day of January in the year 1900—for, God helping me, I am going this year, to fight those evil men in armour.'

'Fight,' then, 'the good fight of faith, and lay hold on the life eternal wherunto thou wert also called.'

JOHN BYLES.

I ASKED the New Year for some Motto sweet,
Some rule of life wherewith to guide my feet,
I asked, and paused—reply came soft and low,
'God's will to *know*.'

'Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?'
I cried,
But ere the question into silence died,
The answer came, 'Nay, this remember too,
God's will to *do*.'

Once more I asked, 'Is there still more to tell?'
And once again the answer sweetly fell,
'Yes, this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to *love*.' *Anon.*



A Year of Sunday Readings.

INTRODUCTION.



FEW words are necessary in explanation of the plan upon which the following series has been prepared.

At the outset, it was necessary to bear in mind that the first and most essential qualification of a Reading—at any rate, of such readings as these—is that it should be complete in itself. There is, therefore, no continuity in the series—of the kind, that is, which one would look for, *e.g.*, in a course of *Lessons*. At the same time, it will, I think, be evident that the choice has not been made without some care and discrimination. I have endeavoured, where possible, to make the Reading more or less appropriate to the season or the day. For example, most of those selected for the spring and summer months are full of the lessons that may be learnt from a contemplation of the ways of God in Nature, while those chosen for the opening Sundays of the year all convey, as their specific teaching, the

lessons which such a time inevitably suggests. It is obvious, however, that had the 'Nature' idea been carried throughout the series, the readings would have suffered somewhat from a sense of sameness. Selections, therefore, of a different and varied order have been introduced from time to time, while it has also been thought well to include one or two having direct reference to the worth and beauty of the achievements of some of the nobler workers in the cause of humanity. Though for only two such examples has space been found, they will, it is hoped, serve to indicate what might be done in this direction in further series of a similar kind.

The second necessary qualification of such readings as these, I take to be that of being their own best interpreter. Each must explain itself. Simplicity and directness of appeal were, therefore, demanded before any extract could be accepted, though it must be confessed that one or two have been selected more particularly for their purely literary charm and power. Although, in the choice of the readings, comment has been rendered almost, if not quite, unnecessary, nevertheless a word or two by the reader, either in further elucidation of the central theme (as in the case of Browning's 'The Boy and the Angel') or by way of emphasis, will be of great advantage.

It only remains to say a word in relation to the lines which have been placed at the head of each of the

Readings. These, it will be noticed, have been chosen in most cases—though not in all—for their appropriateness to the subject which follows them. I would suggest that, in those schools in which the blackboard is used as an aid to illustration, wherever these ‘head’ lines gather up or emphasize the teaching of the Reading, that they should be written on the board, and repeated by the scholars before and after the reading of the poem, story, or passage selected for the day.

H. KELSEY WHITE.

JANUARY.

FIRST SUNDAY.

*Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.*

*Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.*

J. R. LOWELL.

To every thing there is a season,
And a time to every purpose under
the heavens:

A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck
up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to
build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time
to gather stones together;

A time to embrace, and a time to re-
frain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to cast
away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
A time to keep silence, and a time to
speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace.

What profit hath he that worketh in
that wherein he laboureth?

I have seen the travail which God hath
given to the sons of men to be
exercised in it.

He hath made everything in its time;
Also He hath set the world in their
heart,

So that no man can find out the work
that God maketh from the begin-
ning to the end.

I know that there is no good in them
but for a man to rejoice and to do
good in his life;

And also that every man should eat
and drink, and enjoy the good of
all his labour; it is the gift of
God.

I know that whatsoever God doeth, it
shall be for ever;

Nothing can be put to it, nor anything
taken from it;

And God doeth it that men should fear
before Him.

That which hath been is now.

And that which is to be hath been al-
ready;

And God requireth that which is past.

And moreover I saw under the sun the
place of judgment, that wicked-
ness was there ;

And the place of righteousness, that
iniquity was there.

I said in mine heart,

God shall judge the righteous and the
wicked ;

For there is a time there for every
purpose and for every work.

Wherefore I perceive that there is
nothing better than that a man
should rejoice in his works ;

For that is his portion ;

For who shall bring him to see what
shall be after him ?

Eccles. iii. 1-17 ; 22.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*The time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.*

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing ;

Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

* * * * *

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,

Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar ;
Break but one

Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

O restless spirit ! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere ?

Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well

All thou hast given ;

Thy neighbour's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,

All are in God's care :

Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of
night,

And He is there !

All which is real now, remaineth,

And fadeth never :

The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth
The soul for ever.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meek-
ness

His own thy will,

And with strength from Him shall thy utter
weakness

Life's task fulfil ;

And that cloud itself, which now before
thee

Lies dark in view,

Shall with beams of light from the inner
glory

Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's
dawn

Uprolling thin,

Its thickest folds when about thee drawn

Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is done,
Why quieriest thou ?—

The past and the time to be are one,

And both are NOW !

J. G. WHITTIER.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is earnestly to be
desired that all who intend to read these
extracts to their children or to their
scholars, will not read them aloud without
preparation. Some of the selections are
simple enough, but few people can grasp
the full meaning of a poem at first sight.

THIRD SUNDAY.

*Nothing may perish
Beneath the sky ;
All things have their issues
That mortals try.
We are here for a day
To stamp on the clay
A part of ourselves
That never may die.*

GOETHE.

ONE day, when the birds had sung themselves quite weary, a long pause ensued, broken at last by a philosophical chaffinch in these words : 'What is life?'

They all were rather startled at this interruption, but a little warbler answered at once : 'Life is a song.'

'No, it is a struggle in darkness,' said a mole, who had just succeeded in getting his head above the ground.

'I think it is a development,' said a wild rosebud, as she unfolded her petals one by one to the delight of a butterfly who came to kiss her, and who exclaimed :

'Life is all enjoyment!'

'Call it rather a short summer's day,' hummed a little fly as it passed by.

'I cannot see in it anything but hard work,' was the lamentation of a small ant, as she struggled on with a straw ever so much too big for her.

The magpie only laughed to cover his own poverty of thought. The general indignation at such levity might easily have produced a quarrel, had not at that moment the rain begun to fall, whispering sadly :

'Life is made up of tears.'

'You are all mistaken,' called out

the eagle, as he sailed through the air on his majestic wings. 'Life is freedom and strength.'

Meanwhile it had grown dark, and a practically minded bullfinch proposed that they should go to rest. And the night-wind rustled softly through the leaves : 'Life is a dream.'

Silence lay over town and country, and the dawn was near, when the scholar in his lonely room extinguished his lamp and said :

'Life is but a school.'

While the youth, returning from a night of revelry, moaned in his heart : 'It is one long desire, ever unfulfilled.'

'It is an eternal mystery,' whispered fitfully the new born morning breeze.

Then suddenly a rosy light spread over the horizon and tinged with its glow the tips of the forest trees, as it rose into the sky. And as the morning kissed the awakening earth, a mighty harmony rang through the world :

'Life is a beginning.'

Adapted from the Swedish.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

*Though heralded with naught of fear,
Or outward sign or show ;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low ;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—
Thy Father's call of love !*

J. G. WHITTIER.

AND the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days ; there was no open vision. And

it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see; and ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep; that the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I. And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again. And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again.

Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if He call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for Thy servant heareth. And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin,

I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever. And Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to shew Eli the vision.

Then Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son. And he answered, Here am I. And he said, What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me: God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide any thing from me of all the things that He said unto thee. And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth him good. And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.

Samuel iii. 1-19.

FEBRUARY.

FIRST SUNDAY.

*There's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.*

CHAS. M. DICKINSON.

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children

to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Mark x. 13-16.

Come to me, O ye children !

For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sun-
shine,

In your thoughts the brooklets flow ;
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah, what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red,
All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth,
And is the mill-round of our fate
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair ;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.*

R. W. EMERSON.

AMONG all ennobling forces, hardly any other can be named so strong as an inmost Friendship. As the special culture which the winning of our Likers gives is that of quick, wide kindliness, the special culture which the winning of our Lovers gives is that of purity, sincerity, humility, selflessness, and the high standard for all honourable qualities. That says it,—the high standard for all honourable qualities: to win and hold a friend we are compelled to keep ourselves at his ideal point, and in turn our love makes on him the same appeal. Each insists on his right in the other to an ideal. All around the circle of our best beloved it is this idealizing that gives to love its beauty and its pain and its mighty leverage on character. Its beauty, because that idealizing is the secret of love's glow. Its pain, because that idealizing makes

the constant peril of love's vanishing. Its leverage to uplift character, because this same idealizing is a constant challenge between every two, compelling each to be his best. 'What is the secret of your life?' asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley: 'tell me that I may make mine beautiful too.' He replied, '*I had a friend.*' The reverence this implies borders closely upon worship and the ennoblement that comes of that. What the dying Bunsen said, as he looked up in the eyes of his wife bending over him, 'In thy face have I seen the Eternal!' is the thought of many a heart before its best beloved. That beloved is our 'beautiful enemy,' in Emerson's phrase; our 'dear dread,' as some older writer called him; our outside conscience, a kind of Jesus-presence before which we fear to do a wrong. What rare power to awake power in her friends and to set them as it were in an invisible church, this sentence attests in Margaret Fuller: 'I have no doubt that she saw expressions, heard tones, and received thoughts from her companions, which no one else ever saw or heard from the same persons.' Somewhere in her *Middlemarch* George Eliot puts it well: 'There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us; and our sins become the worst kind of sacrilege, which tears down the invisible altar of trust.'

* * * *

A FRIEND has many functions. He comes as the Brightener into our life to double joys and halve our griefs. He comes as the Counsellor to give wisdom to our plans. He comes as the Strengtheners to multiply our opportunities and be hands and feet for us in our absence. But, above all use like this, he comes as our Rebuker to explain our failures and shame us from our lowliness; as our Purifier, our Uplifter, our Ideal, whose life to us is a constant challengé in our heart, 'Friend, come up higher,—higher along with me; that you and I may be those true lovers who are nearest to God when nearest to each other!'

W. C. GANNETT.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love . . . seeketh not her own.

1 Cor. xiii. 4-5.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled :
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered ;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hands light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

‘I’m sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because,’—the brown eyes lower fell,—
‘Because, you see, I love you !’

Still memory to a grey-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn, in life’s hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

*A new commandment I give unto you, That
ye love one another ; as I have loved you, that
ye also love one another.*

John xiii. 34.

BEHOLD, what manner of love the
Father hath bestowed upon us, that
we should be called the sons of God ;
therefore the world knoweth us not,
because it knew Him not.

Beloved, now are we the sons of

God, and it doth not yet appear what
we shall be : but we know that, when
He shall appear, we shall be like Him ;
for we shall see Him as He is. And
every man that hath this hope in him
purifieth himself, even as He is pure.
. . . . Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth
not : whosoever sinneth hath not
seen him, neither known him.

Little children, let no man deceive
you : he that doeth righteousness is
righteous, even as he is righteous. . . .

My little children, let us not love in
word, neither in tongue ; but in deed
and in truth. And hereby we know
that we are of the truth, and shall
assure our hearts before him in what-
ever our heart condemn us ; for God
is greater than our heart, and knoweth
all things. Beloved, if our heart con-
demn us not, then have we confidence
toward God.

And whatsoever we ask, we receive
of Him, because we keep His command-
ments, and do those things that are
pleasing in His sight. . . . And he
that keepeth His commandments dwell-
eth in Him, and He in him. And here-
by we know that He abideth in us, by
the Spirit which He hath given us.

* * * *

Ye are of God, little children. . . .

Beloved, let us love one another ;
for love is of God ; and every one that
loveth is born of God, and knoweth
God. He that loveth not knoweth not
God ; for God is love. . . .

Beloved, if God so loved us, we
ought also to love one another. No
man hath seen God at any time. If

we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit. . . . And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as He is, so are we in this world.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love, because God first loved us.

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also.

1 John iii., iv. (selected).

MARCH.

FIRST SUNDAY.

*Content to come, content to go,
Content to wrestle or to race,
Content to know or not to know,—
Each in his place.*

*Lord, grant us grace to love Thee so
That, glad of heart and glad of face,
At last we may sit high or low,—
Each in his place.*

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

MORNING, evening, noon and night,
'Praise God!' sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
By which the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, 'Praise God!'

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, 'Well done:
I doubt not thou art heard, my son,

'As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

'This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome.'

Said Theocrite, 'Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!'

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures away,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, 'Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight.'

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth.

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay.

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun).

God said, 'A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

'So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

'Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss my little human praise.'

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite ;

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,
Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

'I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell
And set thee here ; I did not well.

'Vainly I left my angel's sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

'Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it
dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped !

'Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

'With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

'Back to the cell and poor employ :
Become the craftsman and the boy !'

Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.*

SHAKESPEARE.

It was a saying of Milton that 'Who best can suffer best can do.' The work of many of the greatest men, inspired by duty, has been done amidst suffering and trial and difficulty. They have struggled against the tide, and reached the shore exhausted, only to grasp the sand and expire. They have done their duty, and been content to die. But death hath no power over such men ; their hallowed memories still survive, to soothe and purify and bless us. 'Life,' said Goethe, 'to us all is suffering. Who save God alone shall call us to our reckoning ? Let not reproaches fall on the departed. Not what they have failed in, nor what they have suffered, but what they have done, ought to occupy the survivors.' Thus, it is not ease and facility that tries men, and brings out the good that is in them, so much as trial and difficulty. Adversity is the touchstone of character. As some herbs need to be crushed to give forth their sweetest odour, so some natures need to be tried by suffering to evoke the excellence that is in them. Hence trials often unmask virtues, and bring to light hidden graces. Men apparently useless and purposeless, when placed in positions of difficulty and responsibility, have exhibited powers of character before unsuspected ; and where before we saw only pliancy and

self-indulgence, we now see strength, valour, and self-denial. As there are no blessings which may not be perverted into evils, so there are no trials which may not be converted into blessings. All depends on the manner in which we profit by them or otherwise. Perfect happiness is not to be looked for in this world. If it could be secured, it would be found profitless. The hollowest of all gospels is the gospel of ease and comfort. Difficulty, and even failure, are far better teachers. . . .

Failure improves, tempers, and strengthens the nature. Even sorrow is in some mysterious way linked with joy and associated with tenderness. John Bunyan once said how, 'if it were lawful, he could even pray for greater trouble, for the greater comfort's sake.' When surprise was expressed at the patience of a poor Arabian woman under heavy affliction, she said, 'When we look on God's face we do not feel his hand.' Suffering is doubtless as divinely appointed as joy, while it is much more influential as a discipline of character. It chastens and sweetens the nature, teaches patience and resignation, and promotes the deepest as well as the most exalted thought.

'The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a
sufferer ;
A soft, meek, patient, humble tranquil
spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever
breathed.'

Suffering may be the appointed means by which the highest nature of man is to be disciplined and developed. Assuming happiness to be the end of being, sorrow may be the indispensable condition through which it is to be reached. Hence St. Paul's noble paradox descriptive of the Christian life,—'as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.'

SAMUEL SMILES.

THIRD SUNDAY.

*Be not deceived ; God is not mocked : for
whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also
reap.*

Gal. vi. 7.

AND he spake many things unto them in parables, saying,

Behold, a sower went forth to sow.

And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up. Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them.

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred-fold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

* * * *

Hear ye therefore the parable of the

C

sower. When anyone heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the way side. But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while: for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended. He also that received seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful. But he that received seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.

ANOTHER parable put he forth unto them, saying,

The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which soweth good seed in his field. But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go

and gather them up? But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.

Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.

Matt. xiii. 3-8; 18-32.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

*All is of God! If He but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DID you ever think how many fairies have been at work to make our woods, fields, and meadows bright and beautiful with flowers?

Early in March, one boisterous, mischievous fairy called 'Wind' went rushing this way and that, shaking seeds roughly to awaken them, saying, 'You've had a long sleep; it's high time you were finding a place to grow.' So he blew harder and harder, until the very largest and laziest was tossed from its bed in the seed-pod to the

ground. One milk-weed seed settled down in a soft spot, sent its roots down, and, after several weeks, slowly, slowly up peeped a little green stem above the earth.

Wind has a sister, 'Sunbeam,' and without her nothing could ever live. She is gentle in Spring, and looks with smiles upon the seeds that have rooted—smiles so winning that the tender shoots want to get as near her as possible, and they stretch out their tiny arms toward her.

One night when Sunbeam left our milk-weed, the poor thing was frightened, for it thought she would never come back. It began to droop its head and to feel almost wilted, when there was such a cool, refreshing feeling came over it that it looked up quickly. The new fairy said, 'I am Dew, and I've come to keep your leaves fresh and green; each evening, when you are tired and hot from trying hard to grow up to my sister Sunbeam, I will rest you with my moisture.' The little plant looked and saw that it was just covered with tiny drops like diamonds—drops that were not heavy enough to make it more tired, but light, and filled with sweet odour. It soon learned that Dew was helping it to grow as well as Sunbeam.

After two or three days it was quite strong, and then an unusual thing happened. Sunbeam didn't come to see it at all one morning, and at noon it grew darker and darker and darker, until it thought it would surely die of fright. Suddenly old Wind went

rushing past, and bent it down until it almost touched the ground; each time that it tried to raise its head Wind kept blowing it harder and harder.—All at once something struck it and splashed all over it—it was a great big Rain-drop. The plant had never felt it before, and would have been worried, but Rain said, 'I'm Dew's elder brother, and I will help you grow faster now that you are strong enough to stand against me.' So rain pelted down on the plant, and it was surprising to see how much more sturdy it felt.

When the shower was over, Sunbeam danced out from behind a cloud, and laughed and shone brighter than ever when she noticed how 'green everything looked. For, you know, all these fairies belong to the same family, and each one tries to help the other so that the world may become more beautiful and be more of a pleasure and delight to men and women, boys and girls.

ETHEL FERRIS.

APRIL.

FIRST SUNDAY.

*One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.*

W. WORDSWORTH.

*They shall spring up as among the grass,
as willows by the water courses.*

Isaiah xlv. 4.

LESSONS sweet of Spring returning
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!

May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art?

c 2

Be your title what it may,
 Sweet the lengthening April day,
 While with you the soul is free
 Ranging wild o'er hill and lea !
 Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
 To the inward ear devout,
 Touched by light, with heavenly warning
 Your transporting chords ring out.
 Every leaf in every nook,
 Every wave in every brook,
 Chanting with a solemn voice,
 Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
 Winding shore or deepening glen,
 Where the landscape in its glory
 Teaches truth to wandering men :
 Give true hearts but earth and sky,
 And some flowers to bloom and die,—
 Homely scenes and simple views
 Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
 Where the waters gently pass,
 Every way her free arms flinging
 O'er the moist and reedy grass.
 Long ere winter blasts are fled,
 See her tipped with vernal red,
 And her kindly flower displayed
 Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her
 Patiently she droops awhile,
 But when showers and breezes hail her,
 Wears again her willing smile.
 Thus I learn Contentment's power
 From the slighted willow bower,
 Ready to give thanks and live
 On the least that Heaven may give.

JOHN KEEBLE.

'FLOWER-LOVE, mounting through
 art, poetry, science, shows itself in
 worship also. Thought seldom rises
 more naturally up to God than when
 it rises from bending over flowers.'

W. C. GANNETT.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*Sow with a generous hand ;
 Pause not for joy or pain ;
 Weary not through the heat of summer ;
 Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.*

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

SOWING-TIME.

BEAUTIFUL bright April sunshine
 everywhere else but in a little boy's
 face—a cross, lazy-looking little face.

'It's all weeds, and stones, and hard
 clay,' he grumbled, as he looked down
 on a little plot of ground which had
 been given him last summer for a
 flower-bed.

'Oh dear!' he sighed, letting some
 packets of seed fall from his hand, 'it's
 a pity to go to work such a lovely day,'
 and sliding on to the warm grass he
 stretched himself out, tilted his cap
 over his eyes, and fell asleep.

'Little boy, little boy, awake! It is
 sowing-time,' said a clear voice like a
 tiny silver bell close to his ear. It
 was the voice of a fairy who sat on a
 daisy, swaying to and fro in the soft
 April breeze.

'Awake! Awake! little boy; you
 have the seeds, you must prepare the
 ground for them.'

'Oh, it's all horrid, full of stones and
 weeds after the winter,' muttered the
 little boy.

'It was not the winter brought them
 there, it was your own neglect last
 summer,' answered the fairy.

'I didn't take care of it last summer,

I know; but I will this time,' the little boy murmured.

'I know all about it,' said the fairy; 'your seeds died and you had no flowers. You won't have any this year either, if you don't awake and get the ground ready; there's weeding, and stoning, and digging, and raking to be done—for it's sowing-time.'

'I'll do it, never fear,' said the little boy, turning his face from the sun as he slept.

'Promises are fine things,' said the fairy, 'but it's finer to be awake and doing what's got to be done. Sowing-time won't last always, you may be too late. You have two other pieces of ground you ought to get ready as well, but you don't.'

'I've only the one bit of my own,' said the little boy.

'Yes, you have two others; far more important than your flower-bed. The ground of your Head and the ground of your Heart. There are seeds—lovely seeds—for each, lying ready to be sown, but I don't see you prepare the ground for them. It's sowing-time now, while you are young; whatever grows in your head will grow there for ever—at least the roots will. If you let weeds grow, and stones gather, there won't be room for flowers; and it's just the same with your Heart.'

'I couldn't have weeds and stones in my head and my heart,' muttered the little boy.

'You could, and you have—too many. Carelessness, inattention, idle-

ness, shirking your lessons, and ignorance, are some of the weeds in your head—so that the seeds of Knowledge can't grow.

'And in your heart such ugly weeds; and such hard stones, I don't like to name them—Untruth, Selfishness, and others too ugly to speak of. There's little chance of flowers growing there, unless you wake up and prepare the ground for the seeds.'

'Oh, I know what you mean!' and the little boy sobbed in his sleep, 'but indeed I'll try to be better.'

'Well, that's what I want you to do. Wake up and try,' said the fairy. 'You can do no more than that—an honest "try,"—and you can certainly do no less.' And away he flew, over the hedge, and over the damp, sweet-smelling earth of the field beyond, just freshly ploughed, away, away into the sunny distance.

The little boy awoke, rubbed his eyes, looked around, sat back on his heels, then knelt forward and set to work to clear the stones and weeds from his garden.

'I think I'll try to begin at my Head and Heart too,' he said.

RISE, for the day is passing,

And you lie dreaming on;

The others have buckled their armour,

And forth to the field have gone.

A place in the ranks awaits you,

Each man has some part to play,

The past and the future are nothing

In the face of the stern *to-day*.

THIRD SUNDAY.

*Sow; and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.*

A. A. PROCTER.

CAST thy bread upon the waters:
for thou shalt find it after many days.
Give a portion to seven, and also to
eight; for thou knowest not what evil
shall be upon the earth. If the clouds
be full of rain, they empty themselves
upon the earth: and if the tree fall
toward the south, or toward the north,
in the place where the tree falleth,
there it shall be. He that observeth
the wind shall not sow; and he that
regardeth the clouds shall not reap.
. . . . In the morning sow thy seed,
and in the evening withhold not thine
hand: for thou knowest not whether
shall prosper, either this or that, or
whether they both shall be alike good.

Truly the light is sweet, and a
pleasant thing it is for the eyes to
behold the sun. But if a man live
many years, and rejoice in them all;
yet let him remember the days of
darkness; for they shall be many.
Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth;
and let thy heart cheer thee in the
days of thy youth, and walk in the
ways of thine heart, and in the sight
of thine eyes: but know thou, that
for all these things God will bring
thee into judgment. . . .

Remember now thy Creator in the
days of thy youth, while the evil

days come not, nor the years draw
nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no
pleasure in them; while the sun, or
the light, or the moon, or the stars,
be not darkened, nor the clouds re-
turn after the rain: in the day when
the keepers of the house shall tremble,
and the strong men shall bow them-
selves, and the grinders cease because
they are few, and those that look out
of the windows be darkened, and the
doors shall be shut in the streets,
when the sound of the grinding is
low, and he shall rise up at the voice
of the bird, and all the daughters of
music shall be brought low; also when
they shall be afraid of that which is
high, and fears shall be in the way,
and the almond tree shall flourish, and
the grasshopper shall be a burden, and
desire shall fail: because man goeth to
his long home, and the mourners go
about the streets: or ever the silver
cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be
broken, or the pitcher be broken at
the fountain, or the wheel broken at
the cistern. Then shall the dust return
to the earth as it was: and the spirit
shall return unto God who gave it. . . .

Let us hear the conclusion of the
whole matter: Fear God, and keep
His commandments: for this is the
whole duty of man. For God shall
bring every work into judgment, with
every secret thing, whether it be
good, or whether it be evil.

Eccles. xi. 1-4, 6-9; xii. 1-7, 13-14.

'It is not the longest life that is best, but
that which is the most virtuous.'

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them.

W. P. LOVETT.

It is not enough to have the love and to do the duty IN SILENCE. . . . It is the SPOKEN love that feeds.

W. C. GANNETT.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him,—yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it,—do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it,—do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of 'two or three' in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them; and by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it,—'tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so,—speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them;—trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

By love serve one another.

Gal. v. 13.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall

cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

I Corinthians xiii.

MAY.

FIRST SUNDAY.

As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

Isaiah lxi. 11.

WREATHS for the May! for happy Spring
To-day shall all her dowry bring,
The love of kind, the joy, the grace,
Hymen of element and race,
Knowing well to celebrate
With song and hue and star and state,
With tender light and youthful cheer,
The spousals of the new-born year.

Spring is strong and virtuous,
Broad-sowing, cheerful, plenteous,
Quickening underneath the mould
Grains beyond the price of gold.
So deep and large her bounties are,
That one broad, long mid-summer day
Shall to the planet over pay
The ravage of a year of war.

* * * *

For thou, O Spring! canst renovate
All that high God did first create.
Be still his arm and architect,
Rebuild the ruin, mend defect;
Chemist to vamp old worlds with new,
Coat sea and sky with heavenlier blue,
New tint the plumage of the birds,
And slough decay from grazing herds,
Sweep ruins from the scarp'd mountain,
Cleanse the torrent at the fountain,
Purge alpine air, by towns defiled,
Bring to fair mother fairer child;
Not less renew the heart and brain,
Scatter the sloth, wash out the stain,
Make the aged eye sun-clear,
To parting soul bring grandeur near.
Under gentle types, my Spring
Masks the might of Nature's king,
An energy that searches through
From chaos to the dawning morrow;
Into all our human plight,
The soul's pilgrimage and flight;
In city or in solitude,
Step by step, lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through Heaven
endure.

R. W. EMERSON.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labour for a worthy end.*

J. G. WHITTIER.

SANTA FILOMENA.

At Pisa, the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabatella, representing the saint as a beautiful nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed who are healed by her intercession

MRS. JAMESON: *Sacred and Legendary Art*, ii. 298.

[Florence Nightingale, born May 15th, 1820. On October 21st, 1854, Miss Nightingale left England with thirty-seven nurses, and undertook the nursing of the sick and wounded at the Scutari Hospital.]

WHENE’ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene’er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus, thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England’s annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THIRD SUNDAY.

*Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth ;
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.*

*Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.*

*But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.*

*For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above :
Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;—
Such is the law of love.*

R. C. TRENCH.

AND Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying,

Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook ; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.

So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord: for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook.

And it came to pass after a while, that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. So he arose and went to Zarephath.

And when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there gathering sticks: and he called to her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said, Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand. And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die.

And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which He spake by Elijah.

1 Kings xvii. 1-16

FOURTH SUNDAY.

*The year's at the Spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth His handi-
work.

Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth know-
ledge.

It is not a speech nor a language
Of which the sound is not heard.
Their voice is gone out through all the
earth,
And their words to the end of the
world.

In them hath He set a tabernacle for
the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out
of his chamber;
He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a
race.
His going forth is from one end of the
heaven,

And his circuit unto the other end
thereof;
And there is nothing hid from his
heat.

The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring
the soul;
The testimony of the Lord is sure,
making wise the simple.
The precepts of the Lord are right,
rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of the Lord is pure,
enlightening the eyes;
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring
for ever.
The judgments of the Lord are true
and righteous altogether;
More desirable than gold,
Yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey or the drop-
pings of the honeycomb.
Moreover, by them is Thy servant
warned;
In keeping of them there is great
reward.

Who can understand his errors?
Cleanse Thou me from hidden faults.
Keep back Thy servant also from pre-
sumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me.
Then shall I be upright and innocent
of great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth be ac-
ceptable,
And the meditation of my heart come
before thee,
O Lord, my strength, and my re-
deemer.

Psalm xix.

JUNE.

FIRST SUNDAY.

*There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.*

R. W. EMERSON.

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too
mean
To be some happy creature's palace.
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Attilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her
nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the
best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop over-
fills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have
been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are
green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right
well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms
swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

* * * * *

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upwards striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living.

J. R. LOWELL.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*'Tis not what man Does which exalts him,
but what man Would do.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

It is the angel aim and standard in an act that consecrates it. He who aims for perfectness in a trifle is trying to do that trifle holily. The *trier* wears the halo, and therefore the halo grows as quickly round the brows of peasant as of king. This aspiration to do perfectly,—is it not religion practised? If we use the name of God, is this not God's presence becoming actor in us? No need, then, of being 'great' to share that aspiration and that presence. The smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom, as well as the great ocean. Even so the humblest man or woman can live splendidly! That is the royal truth that we need to believe,

you and I who have no 'mission,' and no great sphere to move in. The universe is not quite complete without *my* work well done. Have you ever read George Eliot's poem called 'Stradivarius'? Stradivarius was the famous old violin maker, whose violins, nearly two centuries old, are almost worth their weight in gold to-day. Says Stradivarius in the poem,—

'If my hand slack'd,
I should rob God—since He is fullest good,
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's
violins
Without Antonio.'

That is just as true of us as of our greatest brothers. What, stand with slackened hands and fallen heart before the littleness of your service? Too little is it to be perfect in it? Would you, then, if you were master, risk a greater treasure in the hands of such a man? Oh, there is no man, no woman, so small that they cannot make their life great by high endeavour; no sick crippled child on its bed that cannot fill a niche of service *that* way in the world. This is the beginning of all gospels, that the kingdom of heaven is at hand just where *we* are. It is just as near us as our work is, for the gate of heaven for each soul lies in the endeavour to do that work perfectly.

* * * * *

It is not how great a thing we do, but how well we do the thing we have to, that puts us in the noble brotherhood of artists. My Real is not my Ideal,—is that my complaint? One

thing at least is in my power : if I cannot realise my Ideal, I can at least *idealise my Real*. How ? By trying to be perfect in it. If I am but a rain-drop in a shower, I will be at least a perfect drop ; if but a leaf in a whole June, I will be at least a perfect leaf. This poor 'one thing I do,' instead of repining at its lowness or its hardness, I will make it glorious by my supreme loyalty to its demand.

W. C. GANNETT.

THIRD SUNDAY.

*Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God !*

*Who hates, hates thee ; who loves, becomes
Therein to thee allied ;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.*

J. G. WHITTIER.

I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away : and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without

me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered ; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit ; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you : continue ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love ; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

This is my commandment, that ye love another, as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants ; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth : but I have called you friends ; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain : that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, He may give it you.

These things I command you, that ye love one another.

John xv. 1-17.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

You cannot heal all the sick, relieve all the poor ; you cannot comfort all in distress, nor be a father to all the fatherless ; you cannot, it may be, deliver many from their misfortunes, or teach them to find comfort in God. But if there is a love and tenderness in your heart that delights in these good works, and excites you to do all that you can : if your love has no bounds, but continually wishes and prays for the relief and happiness of all that are in distress ; you will be received by God as a benefactor to those who have had nothing from you but your goodwill and tender affections

WILLIAM LAW.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
When they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by ;
You can chant in happy measures
As they slowly pass along ;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
Comfort to the sorrowing speak,
Following in the Master's footsteps,
Mild, and merciful, and meek.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden,
Which the careless reaper leaves,
You can glean among the briars
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
All around are humble duties
Waiting to be done by you.
Go and toil in any vineyard—
Do not fear to do or dare :
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

E. H. GATES (*slightly altered*).

JULY.

FIRST SUNDAY.

*Beauty glows where'er we look ;
All around, below, above,
In the world's great open book
Every page says " God is love."
Heavenly Father, we would be
Worthy of thy world and Thee.*

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord my God, Thou art very great ;
Thou art clothed with honour and
majesty.
He covereth Himself with light as with
a garment ;
He stretcheth out the heavens like a
curtain ;
He layeth the beams of His chambers
in the waters ;
He maketh the clouds His chariot ;
He goeth upon the wings of the wind ;
He maketh the winds His messengers ;
The flames of fire His servants ;
He laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved for ever.

Thou didst cover it with the deep as
with a garment;
The waters stood above the mountains.
At Thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of Thy thunder they
hastened away.

They go up by the mountains;
They go down by the valleys,
Unto the place which Thou hast found-
ed for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may
not pass over,
That they turn not again to cover the
earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys;
They run between the mountains.
They give drink to every beast of the
field;

The wild asses quench their thirst.
Over them dwell the fowls of the
heavens,
Which put forth their song among the
branches.

He watereth the hills from his
chambers;

The earth is satisfied with the fruit of
Thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the
cattle,

And herb for the service of man,
To bring forth bread out of the earth;
And wine that maketh glad the heart
of man,

And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's
heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap;
The cedars of Lebanon, which He hath
planted;

Where the birds make their nests;
As for the stork, the fir trees are her
house.

The high mountains are for the wild
goats;
And the rocks are a refuge for the
conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons;
The sun knoweth its going down.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all;
The earth is full of Thy riches.

Psalm civ. 1-19, 24.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all
thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all
thy mind. This is the first and great com-
mandment. And the second is like unto it,
Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*

Matthew xxii. 37-39.

THEREFORE, my child, fear, and
worship, and love God. Your eyes,
indeed, cannot yet see Him. But all
things that you see are so many marks
of His power and presence, and He is
nearer to you than anything that you
can see. . . . God, my child, is all
love, and wisdom, and goodness; and
everything that He has made, and
every action that He does, is the effect
of them all. Therefore you cannot
please God but so far as you strive to
walk in love, wisdom, and goodness.

As all wisdom, love, and goodness
proceed from God, so nothing but love,
wisdom, and goodness can lead to God.

When you love that which God loves, you act with Him, you join yourself to Him; and when you love what He dislikes, then you oppose Him, and separate yourself from Him. This is the true and the right way: think what God loves, and do you love it with all your heart.

First of all, my child, worship and adore God, think of Him magnificently, speak of Him reverently, magnify His providence, adore His power, frequent His service, and pray unto Him frequently and constantly.

Next to this, love your neighbour, which is all mankind, with such tenderness and affection as you love yourself. Think how God loves all mankind, how merciful He is to them, how tender He is of them, how carefully He preserves them; and then strive to love the world, as God loves it. God would have all men to be happy; therefore do you will and desire the same. All men are great instances of Divine Love; therefore let all men be instances of your love.

But above all, my son, mark this; never do anything through strife, or envy, or emulation, or vain-glory. Never do anything in order to excel other people, but in order to please God, and because it is His will that you should do everything in the best manner that you can. For if it is once a pleasure to you to excel other people, it will by degrees be a pleasure to you to see other people not so good as yourself. Banish, therefore, every thought of self-pride, and self-distinc-

tion, and accustom yourself to rejoice in all the excellencies and perfections of your fellow-creatures, and be as glad to see any of their good actions as your own. For as God is as well pleased with their well-doings as with yours; so you ought to desire that everything that is wise, and holy, and good may be performed in as high a manner by other people as by yourself. Let this, therefore, be your only motive and spur to all good actions, honest industry, and business, to do everything in as perfect and excellent a manner as you can, for this only reason, because it is pleasing to God.

WILLIAM LAW: *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.*

THIRD SUNDAY.

*Be good . . . and let who can be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day
long;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For
Ever,*

One grand sweet song.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

THIS useful, charitable, humble employment of yourselves is what I recommend to you with great earnestness, as being a substantial part of a wise and pious life. And besides the good you will thereby do to other people, every virtue of your own heart will be very much improved by it. For next to reading, meditation, and prayer, there is nothing that so secures our hearts from foolish passions, nothing that preserves so holy and

wise a frame of mind, as some useful, humble employment of ourselves. Never, therefore, consider your labour as an amusement that is to get rid of your time, and so may be as trifling as you please; but consider it as something that is to be serviceable to yourselves and others, that is to serve some sober ends of life, to save and redeem your time, and make it turn to your account. . . . For if there is any good to be done by your labour, if you can possibly employ yourselves usefully to other people, how silly is it, how contrary to the wisdom of religion, to make that a mere amusement, which might as easily be made an exercise of the greatest charity! . . .

Live, therefore, my children . . . in humble labour for the good of others. . . . Contract no foolish friendships, or vain fondnesses for particular persons; but love them most that most turn your love towards God, and your compassion towards all the world. . . . Rejoice at every opportunity of doing an humble action, and exercising the meekness of your minds. . . . For there is nothing better than humility; it is the fruitful soil of all virtues; and everything that is kind and good naturally grows from it. Therefore, my children, pray for, and practise, humility, and reject everything in dress, or carriage, or conversation, that has any appearance of pride. Strive to do everything that is praiseworthy, but do nothing in order to be praised. . . .

When, therefore, you have spent days and weeks well, do not suffer your hearts to contemplate anything as your own, but give all to the glory and goodness of God, who has carried you through such rules of holy living, as you were not able to observe by your own strength; and take care to begin the next day, not as proficient in virtue, that can do great matters, but as poor beginners, that want the daily assistance of God.

WILLIAM LAW: *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.*

FOURTH SUNDAY.

*Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our
virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touched
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.*

SHAKESPEARE.

For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them. And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed; and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine. His lord answered and said unto him,

Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed: thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

Matt. xxv. 14-29.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

*'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.*

TENNYSON.

*Even a child is known by his doings: whether
his work be pure, and whether it be right.*

Prov. xx. 11.

A PORTRAIT.

I WILL paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encoloured faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air:

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine,

Face and figure of a child—
 Though too calm, you think, and tender
 For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
 Frank, obedient, waiting still
 On the turnings of your will.

* * * * *

Quiet talk she liketh best,
 In a bower of gentle nooks—
 Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
 As a silver stream may run,
 Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile it seems half holy,
 As if drawn from thoughts more far
 Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
 He would sing of her with falls
 Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
 He would paint her unaware
 With a halo round the hair.

And a dreamer (did you show him
 That same picture) would exclaim,
 'Tis my angel, with a name!'

And a stranger, when he sees her
 In the street even, smileth stilly,
 Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
 Soften, sleeken every word,
 As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
 The hard earth wheron she passes
 With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, 'God love her!'
 Ay, and always, in good sooth,
 We may all be sure HE DOTHE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AUGUST.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Phil. iv. 8.

MY son, forget not my law;
 But let thine heart keep my command-
 ments.

For length of days, and long life, and
 peace shall they add unto thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee:
 Bind them about thy neck;

Write them upon the table of thine
 heart.

So shalt thou find favour and good un-
 derstanding in the sight of God
 and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart;
 And lean not unto thine own under-
 standing.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and
 He shall direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes;
 Fear the Lord and depart from evil.

My son, despise not the chastening of
 the Lord,

Neither be weary of His correction;
 For whom the Lord loveth He chas-
 teneth,

Even as a father the son in whom he
 delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
 And the man that getteth understand-
 ing.

For the merchandise of it is better than
the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies,
And all the things thou canst desire
are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand,
And in her left hand riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay
hold upon her;
And happy is everyone that retaineth
her.
The Lord by wisdom hath founded the
earth;
By understanding hath He established
the heavens.
By His knowledge the depths are
broken up,
And the clouds drop down the dew.
My son, let them not depart from thine
eyes:
Keep sound wisdom and discretion.
So shall they be life unto thy soul, and
grace to thy neck.
Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely,
And thy foot shall not stumble.
When thou liest down, thou shalt not
be afraid;
Yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep
shall be sweet.

Prov. iii. 1-7; 11-24.

‘HAD we but a searching mind,
Seeking good where'er it springs,
We should then true wisdom find
Hidden in familiar things.’

WATERSTON.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*A faithful friend is a strong defence;
And he that hath found such a one hath found
a treasure.
Nothing can be taken in exchange for a friend,
And his excellency is beyond price.
Ecclesiasticus vi. 14-15.*

LEGEND OF THE GARDENER.

THERE was once, in the ages gone
by, a gardener of rare patience and
discernment. He would go out into
wild places, and, stooping down, would
detect some tiny plant of no moment
to careless eyes, and would bring it
home to his garden and tend it with
such loving care that it would gain
strength and beauty, surprising him
and gratifying him with its generous
responses to his tender fostering.

People heard of his beautiful plants,
and came to his garden.

‘Ah, you indeed have a rare plant
here!’ they would say, pointing to
one of his treasures. ‘That must be
priceless in its worth.’

‘No, indeed,’ he answered, ‘it is
just a wild flower, nothing more.
There are thousands like it.’

‘But if we bring the wild flowers
home, they die,’ they answered. ‘How
is that?’

‘I cannot tell,’ he said, ‘unless it is
that I care so much, and that I have
put my very heart’s desire into the
tending which I give them day after
day and week after week.’

Now, one day the gardener was in
trouble; great sorrows had encom-

passed him, and the bright light had faded from his life.

It was nothing to him that his garden was beautiful, and that the fame of it had travelled first to one land and then to another, and that many strangers sought to learn the secret of his subtle skill.

All this was nothing to him. Heavy-hearted he went about his work, finding neither peace nor comfort until one early morning, when he was wandering listlessly in the desert, weaving around his soul a network of sad thoughts, his eye chanced upon a tiny white flower.

There was something in the whiteness of it which held him for a moment spell-bound—it was as white as the surf of the fairy Pacific; as white as an untouched field of Alpine snow; as white as one's ideal of a pure mind.

He stooped down and deftly raised its roots, and, forgetful of all his sorrows, hastened home with his fragile burden.

But, alas! it was so fragile that at first he did not dare to hope that it would live. It drooped and drooped, and the gardener knew that he would lose his treasure.

'If I could only have saved it,' he thought. 'I have never cared for any flower so much as for this one.'

Well, he saved it. And when at last it raised its head and smiled to his care, he felt a gladness unspeakable.

'Little friend,' he whispered, 'I found thee in an hour of sadness, and together with thee I found courage and

consolation, and, therefore, I name thee Friendship.'

Of all the plants which the gardener cherished this one called Friendship far outshone them all. Strangers could never pass it without a tender word of praise, and without asking the name of this plant, which looked so chaste and calmly beautiful, and when they had learned its name they all wanted it.

The rich were willing to pay any price for it, and those who had not money would fain have offered the best service of their minds, their brains, their hands.

But the gardener smiled always, and shook his head.

'Nay,' he said, 'I cannot sell it either for money or fame, or anything which the world may hold. It is my very own—part of my own self. But go ye out into the wild places and ye will see many such plants. There they are for every one to take or leave. Only have a little care of the lifting of them, and in the nursing of them. They are very frail. Still, if you use every care you know, your little white flower, Friendship, will grow up strong, revealing to you all the time new beauties and fresh delights. At least, thus it has been with me.'

Then, so runs the legend of the gardener, those who were eager enough to take the trouble wandered into wild and lonely places and found the tiny white flower, as they thought.

But they often gathered the wrong plant and took it triumphantly to the gardener.

'See here,' they said, 'we have no trouble with this flower. From the very first it nourished and grew apace.'

The gardener looked at it, and smiled sadly.

'So many have made that mistake,' he said. 'This is not the plant Friendship, but merely its counterfeit, which, after a time, loses its whiteness, and then it could not deceive anyone.'

But others who came to the gardener had indeed found the real plant Friendship, only they could not rear it. They brought their faded plants to him, and pointed to them sorrowfully.

'Mine did so well at first,' said one of the strangers. 'I felt so confident of success.'

'Perhaps thou wert too confident, and so neglected it,' said the gardener, kindly. 'If thou tryest once more, remember that thou must never relax thy watchful care.'

'Ah, how can I ever hope for success now?' said the stranger, sadly. 'My heart is sore with disappointment.'

'One never knows,' said the gardener, 'and if thou shouldest ever tend another plant, hasten to tell me how it has fared with thee and it.'

The gardener lived to know that many taught by him had learned to find the fragile flower Friendship, and to rear it with success. Some had failed once and twice and thrice, and then succeeded, and others had failed altogether.

But there were many who had divined his secret, and he was glad; for he knew how much the world would gain of whiteness.

Then he died, and it is not known to whom he bequeathed his own beautiful plant.

Maybe you have it; perchance I have it. It is surely among us somewhere.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

(By kind permission of the Editor of
'Blackwood's Magazine.')

THIRD SUNDAY.

*Mighty of heart, mighty of mind —
"magnanimous"—to be this is indeed to be
great in life; to become this increasingly is,
indeed, to "advance in life"—in life itself—
not in the trappings of it. . . . He only is
advancing in life whose heart is getting softer,
whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker,
whose spirit is entering into Living peace.*

JOHN RUSKIN.

LAY not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for

your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Matt. vi. 19-33.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

*Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.*

TENNYSON.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
—The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SEPTEMBER.

FIRST SUNDAY.

*Love Virtue ; she alone is free :
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.*

MILTON.

COME, ye children, hearken unto me ;
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy
lips from speaking guile,
Depart from evil, and do good :
Seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the
righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry ;
The face of the Lord is against them
that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them
from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord hear-
eth,
And delivereth them out of all their
troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are
of a broken heart ;
And saveth such as be of a contrite
spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the right-
eous ;

But the Lord delivereth him out of
them all :

He keepeth all his bones—not one of
them is broken.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of His
servants ;

And none of them that trust in Him
shall be desolate.

Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from Thy presence,
And take not Thy holy spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of Thy salva-

tion,
And uphold me with Thy free spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors Thy
way,
And sinners shall be converted unto
Thee.

O Lord, open Thou my lips,
And my mouth shall show forth Thy
praise.

For Thou desirest not sacrifice, else
would I give it ;

Thou delightest not in burnt offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken
spirit :

A broken and a contrite heart, O God,
Thou wilt not despise.

Pss. xxxiv. 11, 13-20, 22 ; li. 10-13, 15-17.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was 'doing good' ;
So shall the whole earth seem our Father's
temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.*

J. G. WHITTIER.

EVERY man naturally desires to
know ; but what is the worth of
knowledge without the fear of God ?
Better indeed is a humble peasant
who serves God than a proud philo-

sopher who considers the course of the heavens and neglects himself. If I should know all things that are in the world, and were not in charity, what help would it be to me in the presence of God who will judge me by my deeds? There are many things which to know is of little or no profit to the soul. And he is very unwise who is intent upon any things but such as serve to his salvation. Many words do not satisfy the soul; but a good life refreshes the mind; and a pure conscience gives great confidence in the sight of God.

Who has a harder battle than he who strives to overcome himself? And this should be our business, to conquer ourselves, and daily to become stronger than we were, and to make some advance towards the better.

The humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning. Learning is not to be blamed, nor any simple knowledge of things; for considered in itself it is good and ordained by God; but a good conscience and a virtuous life are always to be preferred. Truly, when the day of judgment comes, we shall not be asked what we have read, but what we have done; nor how well we have spoken, but how religiously we have lived. He is truly great who has great charity. He is truly great who is little in his own eyes and makes no account of any height of honour. And he is truly learned who does the will of God and renounces his own will.

Without charity the outward work profits nothing; but whatever is done through charity, be it never so little or contemptible, becomes wholly fruitful. For God weighs more with how much love a man works than the work that he does. He does much who loves much. He does much who does a thing well. He does well who serves the community rather than his own will.

Endeavour to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be, because thou also hast many which must be borne with by others. If thou canst not make thyself such as thou wouldst be, how canst thou have another to thy liking? We would gladly have others perfect; and yet we mend not our own faults. We would have others strictly corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves. Thus it is evident how seldom we weigh our neighbour in the same balance with ourselves. No man is without fault, no man without his burden, no man sufficient for himself, no man wise enough for himself; but we must support one another, comfort one another, help, instruct, and admonish one another.

Imitation of Christ, Book I.

‘WE may be sure, although we know not why, that we give our lives, like coral insects, to build up insensibly in the twilight of the seas of time, the reef of righteousness. And we may be sure (although we see not how) it is a thing worth doing.’

R. L. STEVENSON.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

Rom. xiii. 12.

CHILDREN, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.

Honour thy father and mother; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. . . .

Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

* * * *

Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

Comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men. See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and toward all men.

Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil.

And the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly.

Eph. vi. 1-3, 10-18; 1 Thess. v. 5-6, 8, 14-18, 21-23.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.

1 Tim. vi. 12.

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
— It is the generous spirit, who, when
brought

Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish
thought:

Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always
bright:

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to
learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest
dower ;

Controls them and subdues, transmutes,
bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good
receives :

By objects, which might force the soul to
abate

Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;

* * * * *

More skilful in self-knowledge, even more
pure

As tempted more ; more able to endure
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he

Who comprehends his trust, and to the
same

Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;

* * * * *

Whose powers shed round him in the com-
mon strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;

* * * * *

Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
—He who though thus endued as with a
sense

And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity

It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to
love :—

'Tis, finally, the man

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand
fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass :

Who, whether praise of him must walk the
earth

For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering,
draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's ap-
plause :

This is the happy Warrior ; this is he
Who every man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

*We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

I beheld then that they all went on
till they came to the foot of a Hill, at
the bottom of which was a Spring.
There was also in the same place two
other ways besides that which came
straight from the Gate ; one turned
to the left hand, and the other to the
right, at the bottom of the Hill ; but
the narrow way lay right up the Hill,
and the name of the going up the
side of the Hill is called *Difficulty*.
Christian now went to the Spring, and
drank thereof to refresh himself, and
then began to go up the Hill, saying,

' This Hill, though high, I covet to ascend ;
The difficulty will not me offend ;
For I perceive the way to life lies here :
Come, pluck up, Heart, let's neither faint
nor fear ;

Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is
woe.'

The other two came also to the foot
of the Hill ; but when they saw that

the Hill was steep and high, and that there was other two ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again with that up which *Christian* went, on the other side of the Hill; therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one of those ways was *Danger*, and the name of the other *Destruction*. So the one took the way which is called *Danger*, which led him into a great Wood; and the other took directly up the way to *Destruction*, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

* * * *

I looked then after *Christian* to see him go up the Hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about the midway to the top of the Hill was a pleasant *Arbour*, made by the Lord of the Hill for the refreshment of weary travellers; thither therefore *Christian* got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his Roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the Coat or Garment that was given him as he stood by the Cross. Thus pleasing himself awhile he at last fell into a slumber; and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his Roll fell out of his hand. Now as he was sleeping, there came one to him and

awaked him, saying, *Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.* And with that *Christian* suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went a pace till he came to the top of the Hill.

* * * *

Then was *Christian* in great distress, and knew not what to do, for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the *Arbour* that is on the side of the Hill; and falling down upon his knees, he asked God's forgiveness for that foolish fact, and then went back to look for his Roll. . . . He went thus till he came within sight of the *Arbour* where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrows the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus, therefore, he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, *O wretched that I am that I should sleep in the daytime! that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty!*

* * * *

Now by this time he was come to the *Arbour* again, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last, as *Christian* would have it, looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his Roll; the which he with trembling and haste caught up, and put it in'o his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when

he had gotten his Roll again! for his Roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired Haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey.

JOHN BUNYAN.

OCTOBER.

FIRST SUNDAY.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Psalm xc. 12.

I CALLED upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me.

I preferred her before sceptres and thrones,

And esteemed riches nothing in comparison with her.

Neither compared I unto her any precious stone;

Because all gold in respect of her is as a little sand,

And silver shall be counted as clay before her.

I loved her above health and beauty,
And chose to have her instead of light;
For the light that cometh from her
never goeth out.

All good things came to me with her,
And innumerable riches in her hands.
And I rejoiced in them all, because
wisdom goeth before them.

She is a treasure unto men that never
faileth :

They that use her become the friends
of God.

All such things as are either secret or
manifest, them I know ;

For wisdom, which is the worker of all
things, taught me ;

For in her is an understanding spirit,
Holy, manifold, clear, undefiled,

Loving the thing that is good, ready
to do good,

Loving towards man, steadfast, sure,
free from care,

Having all power, overseeing all things,
and going through all understand-
ing.

For she is the breath of the power of
God,

And a pure influence flowing from the
glory of the Almighty ;

She is the brightness of the everlast-
ing light,

The unspotted mirror of the power
of God, and the image of His
goodness.

She maketh all things new ;

And in all ages, entering into holy
souls, she maketh them friends
of God.

I loved her, and sought her out from
my youth,

And I was a lover of her beauty.

In that it is given her to live with
God, she magnifieth her nobility ;

Yea, the Lord of all things Himself
loved her ;

For she knoweth the mysteries of the
knowledge of God, and is a lover
of His works.

If riches be a possession to be desired
in this life,
What is richer than wisdom, that
worketh all things?
If a man love righteousness, her labours
are virtues,—
For she teacheth temperance and prudence,
justice and fortitude,
Which are such things as men can have
nothing more profitable in their
life.

*The Wisdom of Solomon, vii. and viii.
(selected).*

SECOND SUNDAY.

*The essence of true nobility is neglect of
self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the
beauty of a great action is gone—like the
bloom from a soiled flower.*

J. A. FROUDE.

THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world,
and then,
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and
taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he
prayed,
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he
laid
Open before him
Behold the royal preacher's words: 'A
friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;

And for the evil day thy brother lives.'
Marvelling he said: 'It is the Lord who
gives
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom. . . .
I will arise, and lay
My sins before him.'

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers,
* * * * *

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan,
faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead
saint
The faith of Islam reared a domèd tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: 'May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!' Where-
upon
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and
then,
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray
men
Wept, praising Him whose gracious pro-
vidence
Made their paths one. But straightway,
as the sense
Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: 'O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth
mine,
May purge my soul, and make it white like
thine.
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!'
Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert
wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
'I, too, O friend, if not in act,' he said,
'In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou
not read,
"Better the eye should see than that desire

Should wander"? Burning with a hidden
fire
That tears and prayers quench not, I come
to thee
For pity and for help, as thou to me.
Pray for me, O my friend!' But Nathan
cried,
'Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!'

Side by side

In the low sunshine by the turban stone
They knelt; each made his brother's woe
his own,
Forgetting, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
Peace, for his friend besought, his own
became;
His prayers were answered in another's
name;
And when at last they rose up to embrace,
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!
Long after, when his headstone gathered
moss,
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were
read:
'*Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!*'

J. G. WHITTIER.

THIRD SUNDAY.

*Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare.*

J. R. LOWELL.

IF, at any time, it comes into my
head that a present is due from me
to somebody, I am puzzled what to
give, until the opportunity is gone.
Flowers and fruit are always fit
presents; flowers, because they are a
proud assertion that a ray of beauty

out-values all the utilities in the
world. . . . Fruits are acceptable
gifts, because they are the flower of
commodities, and admit of fantastic
values being attached to them. If a
man should send to me to come a
hundred miles to visit him, and should
set before me a basket of fine summer
fruit, I should think there was some
proportion between the labour and
the reward. . . .

If a man at the door have no shoes,
you have not to consider whether you
could procure him a paint-box. And
as it is always pleasing to see a man
eat bread, or drink water, in the house
or out of doors, so it is always a great
satisfaction to supply these first wants.
Necessity does everything well. . . .

Next to things of necessity, the rule
for a gift is that we might convey to
some person that which properly be-
longed to his character, and was easily
associated with him in thought. But
our tokens of compliment and love are
for the most part barbarous. Rings
and other jewels are not gifts, but
apologies for gifts. The only gift is
a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed
for me. Therefore the poet brings
his poem; the shepherd, his lamb;
the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem;
the sailor, coral and shells; the painter,
his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of
her own sewing. This is right and
pleasing, for it restores society in so
far to the primary basis, when a man's
biography is conveyed in his gift, and
every man's wealth is an index of his
merit. But it is a cold lifeless busi-

ness, when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. . . .

The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him.

R. W. EMERSON.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

There is no Wealth but Life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

JOHN RUSKIN.

AND he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night

thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

* * * *

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them. And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants. And this know, that if the goodman of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not have suffered his house to be broken through.

Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

Luke xii. 15-21, 32-40.

NOVEMBER.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.

And there are differences of ministrations, but the same Lord.

And there are diversities of workings, but it is the same God who worketh all in all.

1 Cor. xii. 4-6.

AMBROSE.

NEVER, surely, was holier man
Than Ambrose, since the world began ;

Through earnest prayer and watchings long
He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed Word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with *The Lord thus saith ;*

To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes
And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, 'All those shall die
The eternal death who believe not as I ;'
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire,
For the good of men's souls, might be
satisfied,

By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree ;
It had never been given him to see
So shining a face, and the good man thought
'Twere pity he should not believe as he
ought.

So he set himself by the young man's side,
And the state of his soul with questions
tried ;

But the heart of the stranger was hardened
indeed,

Nor received the stamp of the one true
creed,

And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to
find

Such face the porch of so narrow a mind.

'As each beholds in cloud and fire

The shape that answers his own desire,

So each,' said the youth, 'in the Law shall
find

The figure and features of his mind ;

And to each in his mercy hath God allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud.'

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal

And holy wrath for the young man's weal ;

'Believest thou then, most wretched youth,'

Cried he, 'a dividual essence in Truth ?

I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin

To take the Lord in His glory in.'

Now there bubbled beside them where they
stood

A fountain of waters sweet and good ;

The youth to the streamlet's brink drew
near,

Saying, 'Ambrose, thou maker of creeds,
look here !'

Six vases of crystal then he took

And set them along the edge of the brook.

'As into these vessels the water I pour,

There shall one hold less, another more,

And the water unchanged, in every case,

Shall put on the figure of the vase ;

O thou, who wouldst unity make through
strife,

Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of
Life ?'

When Ambrose looked up he stood alone,

The youth and the stream and the vases
were gone ;

But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,

He had talked with an angel face to face,

And felt his heart change inwardly

As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

J. R. LOWELL.

E

SECOND SUNDAY.

*Do thy duty—that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O LORD, Thou hast searched me, and
known me.

Thou knowest my down sitting and
mine uprising ;

Thou understandest my thought afar
off.

Thou compassed my path and my
lying down,

And art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue,
but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it
altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before,
and laid Thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for
me ;

It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit ?

Or whither shall I flee from Thy pres-
ence ?

If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art
there :

If I make my bed in the grave, behold,
Thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning,
and dwell in the uttermost parts
of the sea ;

Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
and Thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall
cover me,

Even the night shall be light about
me ;

Yea, the darkness hideth not from
Thee ;

But the night shineth as the day :
The darkness and the light are both
alike to Thee.

I will praise Thee ;
For I am fearfully and wonderfully
made ;

Marvellous are Thy works ; and that
my soul knoweth right well.

How precious also are Thy thoughts
unto me, O God !

How great is the sum of them !

If I should count them, they are more
in number than the sand :

When I awake, I am still with Thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart :
Try me, and know my thoughts :

And see if there be any wicked way in
me,

And lead me in the way everlasting.

Psalms cxxxix. 1-12, 14, 17-18, 23-24.

THIRD SUNDAY.

*In a certain graveyard there is a little white
stone marking a child's grave ; and on the stone
are engraven these words : ' A child of whom
her playmate said, " It was easier to be good
when she was with us." '*

LITTLE NELL was dead. No sleep so
beautiful and calm, so free from trace
of pain, so fair to look upon. She
seemed a creature fresh from the hand
of God, and waiting for the breath
of life ; not one who had lived and
suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with, here
and there, some winter berries and
green leaves, gathered in a spot she
had been used to favour. ' When I

die, put me near something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.' Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes, the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her never more.

'It is not,' said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, 'it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!'

* * * *

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach. But let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, from every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

CHARLES DICKENS.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

[*Grace Darling, born at Bamborough, in Northumberland, November 24th, 1815. On September 7th, 1838, the 'Forfarshire,' steamer, on its way from Hull to Dundee, was wrecked in a violent gale off the Farne Islands. Grace Darling and her father put out in a 'coble' and heroically rescued several of the passengers.*]

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

John xv. 13.

GRACE DARLING.

Good deeds

Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of Heaven, where hers
may live

A theme for angels when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful
Earth

Has witnessed. O, that winds and waves
could speak

Of things which their united power called
forth

From the pure depths of her humanity!

A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching, as the lighthouse
reared

On the island-rock, her lonely dwelling-
place;

Or like the invincible rock itself that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased,
nor paused,

When, as day broke, the maid, through
misty air,

Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a vessel, half—no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that
there

Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick
glance

Daughter and sire through optic-glass dis-
cern,

Clinging about the remnants of this ship,
Creatures—how precious in the maiden's
sight!

* * * * *
'But courage, father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved.' The daughter's
words,

Her earnest tone, and look beaming with
faith,

Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack
The noble-minded mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing
cheered,

And inwardly sustained by silent prayer
Together they put forth, father and child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on
they go.

* * * * *
True to the mark,
They stem the current of that perilous
gorge,

Their arms still strengthening with the
strengthening heart,

Though danger, as the wreck is near'd,
becomes

More imminent. Not unseen do they ap-
proach;

And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least per-
turbed

Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he per-
ceives

That of the pair—tossed on the waves to
bring

Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
One is a woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the visitant other than she seems,
A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
In woman's shape. But why prolong the
tale,

Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to
perish,

This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep

Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering lighthouse.

* * * * *

Would that some immortal Voice—a Voice
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through
pallid lips
Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—
Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden
grew

Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so
resolute—

Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yea, to celestial choirs, GRACE DARLING'S
name!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DECEMBER.

FIRST SUNDAY.

*Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that
hate thee ; . . .*

*Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not :*

*Let all the ends thou aim'st at be . . .
Thy God's, and truth's.*

SHAKESPEARE.

I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the calling wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love ; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in you all.

But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ. And he gave some to be apostles ; and some, prophets ; and some, evangelists ; and some, pastors and teachers ; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ : till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ : that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive ; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ.

Wherefore, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour : for we are members one of another. Be ye angry, and sin not : let not the sun go down upon your wrath. Let him that stole steal no more : but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.

Let no corrupt speech proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may give grace unto the hearers. And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice : and be ye kind one to

another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

Be ye, therefore, imitators of God, as beloved children, and walk in love.—*Eph.* iv. 1-7, 11-15, 25-26, 28-32; v. 1-2.

SECOND SUNDAY.

*If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.*

EMILY DICKINSON.

BRUSHED BY AN ANGEL'S WING.

GREY mists hung over the river. The gulls flew backwards and forwards across the water, the whiteness of their wings flashing against the misty greyness. Their cries mingled strangely with the everlasting roar of Waterloo Bridge. They seemed to bring with them something of the freshness of the sea.

A man, leaning against the parapet looked drearily out upon the swiftly-flowing stream. His coat was green with shabbiness. The sleeves were torn and frayed at the cuffs, there was a patch in the back, the collar was turned up to hide the lack of linen, the hat was, like the coat, old and shabby. . . .

He looked drearily out across the water. Pathetic hopelessness was in his eyes. He looked as if he had

come to the end of everything. Yet a smile flitted over his face, when all at once, the sun broke through the grey mists, and shot a gleam of brightness upon the water, turning a long strip of its dull surface into shining ripples.

'What a picture it would make!'

He spoke aloud. The artist-soul of the man, which had been deadened by misery, woke up again, and looked eagerly from his tired eyes, 'if—if it was only of the slightest use to try anything again. What a picture I could have made of it. . . .

'But it is no good now. Nothing is of any good any more, except the river and the bourne from which one never comes back.'

He laughed a bitter little laugh all to himself upon the bridge, among the mists.

The light in his eyes died out.

'It is no good,' he said, aloud again; 'nothing is of the slightest good any more. If it were I could make a picture of that.'

'Then why don't you do it?'

The voice at his elbow made him start and turn.

A girl stood beside him in the embrasure of the bridge, a girl with a smile like sunshine. She held a great bunch of daffodils in her hand.

'I could not help hearing what you said,' she replied, to his look of astonishment, 'and it would make a beautiful picture. Why don't you paint it?'

'Why? Are these sufficient an-

swer?' He pointed to his shabby clothes, his patched boots, and laughed a harsh laugh, that yet was full of despair.

She shook her head and smiled again.

'No, they are no answer at all! You don't paint pictures with your coat or with your boots, and I see nothing the matter with your hands.'

'I have come to the end of everything,'—his voice was sullen and heavy; 'there is no good in life—no God, I expect, no anything for me but a fate that I can't conquer.'

'There is no *end*, as far as you are concerned, whilst you can see such beautiful pictures as that would make,' she said, swiftly, and her pitying, scrutinising eyes looked straight into his: 'I don't believe in ends; only in fresh beginnings.'

'My fresh beginning is likely to be *in* the river—that is all the fresh beginning I mean to make. Fate has been too hard for me.'

'Now you're talking sheer nonsense;' the girl's clear eyes looked straight into the man's hopeless ones. . . . I should hate to be beaten by anything, especially by Fate!'

A queer smile stole round the corners of the man's mouth.

'What do you know about it?'—he asked. 'You don't look as if you had ever had any need to fight Fate.' His eyes lingered on her bright face, her clear sunny eyes. It was like looking at something fresh and strong and pure. He felt as though some sweet bracing wind blew round him.

'Don't I?' she said. 'That just shows you must never judge by outside appearances. I've fought Fate inch by inch, but I believe she knows at last that I'm bad to beat. Once she did bring me rather low; I had nothing to eat, and nowhere to go, and exactly a penny in the whole world. Then it did pass through my mind that fighting on was a dreadful trouble, and that it was hardly worth it. But'—her eyes grew grave, then flashed a smile at him again—'I hated being beaten, and I thought I should be a horrid coward if I turned tail. I thought I had better go on and look round life's next corner, and now it is I who laugh, not Fate!'

'That was plucky of you, and you are only a girl, too.'—The man's eyes ran over the slight form. 'But I tell you I am absolutely at an end. The heart is gone out of me, that is the real mischief of it. Without a heart to do things, who can do anything? I shall never paint again.'

'I think you will,' the small firm voice answered. 'See, this is what I would do if I were you: get your idea of the picture you mean to make, and then—well, then, I think, if I were you—I would go home and get shaved,' she added, whimsically.

'Do you know,' he said slowly, 'no one has ever *spoken* to me for three days? I am one of the dregs of humanity—'

'Nonsense,' she said; 'and even if you were a dreg, I wouldn't go on being one. As for nobody speaking

to you, I believe I have been speaking to you for some time now, very impertinently, I think. But, please, don't let my words be wasted. I believe in that picture. I believe you will do it.'

Something of the light in her eyes seemed to flash into his. 'By Jove,' he exclaimed, 'nobody has believed in me for a goodish time. I wonder if I could ever justify your belief?'

'I *know* you will,' she answered, softly. 'See, take these as pledges of my faith in you and in your picture,' and suddenly she thrust the great bunch of golden daffodils into his hand.

He looked at her with dazed eyes.

'And when, if—I paint it—what shall I call the picture?' he asked.

'Call it! Call it "Ships that pass—and greet each other in passing."'

'No,' he said, impulsively. 'It shall have another name.' And he stooped suddenly and wrung her hand in his.

'Good luck to you,' she said. 'I shall look out for the picture—I know that you will paint it.'

And the little sunny echo of her laugh lingered with him, long after she had vanished in the crowd.

* * * *

But the eyes of the girl grew dim, with tears, when in next year's Academy she came across a picture, which was sold at the private view, and round which a crowd was always gathered. It was a simple picture of a tiny reach of river, and soft grey mists, amongst which the gulls wheeled to and fro in gleaming patches of white and grey—

a hay barge with its yellow burden was passing a boat with flapping red sails—faint gleams of sunshine fell across the rippling water. And against the parapet of the bridge was a man's shabby back, brokendownness and hopeless misery expressed in every line and curve, and facing him a girl, with a face like sunshine, and brave, clear eyes, a bunch of golden daffodils in her hand.

And underneath the picture ran the words, 'Brushed by an Angel's Wing.'

L. G. MOBERLEY (*slightly abridged*).

THIRD SUNDAY.

By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life.

Prov. xxii. 4.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Prov. iv. 18.

AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in Heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Matt. v. 1-16.

By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

Matt. vi. 16-18.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Christmas makes all childhood sacred. Every infant in Christian lands is a Christ-child. It is no longer as necessary to say, "Take heed how ye despise these little ones," as it was when Jesus said it. In the rudest homes, in the worst condition of society, the coming of a little child brings a sense of gratitude, wonder, reverence. . . . Christmas comes like sunshine after a storm. . . . We look at the world with a glad expectation, we look to the future with a happy hope, which we should not have had if Jesus had not been born.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL LOVE, for ever full,

For ever flowing free,

For ever shared, for ever whole,

A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name

All other names above;

Love only knoweth whence it came,

And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steep

To bring the Lord Christ down:

In vain we search the lowest deeps,

For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet

A present help is he;

And faith has still its Olivet,

And love its Galilee.

O Lord and Master of us all!

Whate'er our name or sign,

We own thy sway, we hear thy call,

We test our lives by thine.

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight

Thy presence maketh one:

As through transfigured clouds of white

We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,

Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,

We know in thee the Fatherhood

And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray ;
 But, dim or clear, we own in thee
 The Light, the Truth, the Way !

To do thy will is more than praise,
 As words are less than deeds,
 And simple trust can find thy ways,
 We miss with chart of creeds.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
 What may thy service be ?—
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
 We pile no graven stone :
 He serves thee best who loveth most
 His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
 Of love and gratitude ;
 Thy sacramental liturgies,
 The joy of doing good.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
 Thy inward altars raise ;
 Its faith and hope thy canticles,
 And its obedience praise !

J. G. WHITTIER.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

*Look not mournfully into the Past. It
 comes not back again. Wisely improve the
 Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the
 shadowy Future, without fear, and with a
 manly heart.*

LONGFELLOW.

*Die to the old, live to the new ;
 Grow strong with each to-morrow :
 Else drag with thee to life's dull end
 A lengthening chain of sorrow.*

GOETHE.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out all shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

‘AIM at depth. A thought is deep in proportion as it is near God. To be deep, you must see the subject in its relation to God, yourself, and the universe ; and the more harmonious and simple it is, the nearer God and the deeper it is.

‘All the deep things of God are bright, for God is light. Remember that His essence is love, and the thunder-cloud will blaze with dewy gold, full of soft rain, and pure light.’

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Sunday School

AS AN

Excellent Training Ground

IN PRINCIPLES OF

Good Citizenship.



IT is now nearly forty years since I first put my hand to the work of teaching in the Sunday School, and from that time until the present the thought has grown upon me and deepened that the Sunday School is the field of labour that yields the greatest results when the work is entered up and continued with regularity, devotion, and an earnest spirit. In saying this it will be obvious that I do not mean that the Sunday School is best adapted to produce results in ordinary elementary education, but in matters of religious instruction, in morals, and the inculcation of those principles of conduct which constitute the warp and weft of good citizenship, and true manhood and womanhood.

I have long been of opinion that next to the home, where that is conducted with intelligence and pervaded by a moral and religious spirit, the Sunday School offers the greatest and best opportunities for giving and receiving instruction of a religious and moral order, for introducing the young to the delights of literary and scientific pursuits and to the world of art and travel; and for initiating

them in right principles for the conduct of public affairs.

I do not forget, neither do I wish to push the fact out of view that the chief objects of the Sunday School are mainly moral and religious, and my reason for not dealing with this branch of work is that I propose to speak exclusively of the importance of arresting the attention of the young, and directing their minds to those principles of conduct and branches of learning that are indispensable in the development and direction of public affairs, and in the management of the homes of the future; and also that I may suggest to all who have the altruistic spirit that in the Sunday School there is a field of labour very inadequately occupied by workers, which presents opportunities of the highest value for conferring the most substantial benefits upon our country by impressing its future citizens and mothers with true and sound principles of conduct.

Dwelling for a moment upon the great opportunities the Sunday School presents to those who take up the work of teaching in the right spirit, I am reminded of some weighty words spoken by that pure and high-minded statesman, Mr. John Bright. He was addressing a Good Friday Conference of Teachers of the Orthodox Sunday Schools in the Manchester District, in his native town of Rochdale, in the year 1888, when he said:—
‘Teachers of all schools, and of Sunday Schools particularly, have a

wide field, and a great opportunity of sowing good seed in the mind of the young. Young people are very impressionable, you may work them as a sculptor works clay which he turns into any form he pleases. As people grow older a great many of them are very difficult to move, and then it is not working soft clay but trying to mould something out of stone or granite, and which often fails of success.'

I am often struck with the great amount of labour given and the large sums of money spent upon 'Rescue Work.' At the number of Associations established to raise the fallen, to bring back the thousands of those who have gone off the right track and have been absorbed by the weltering mass of the ignorant, indifferent, drunken, and the 'submerged tenth,' And I wish that these good people, who, in such large numbers, are so ready to lend a hand at reformatory work would think upon those words of Emerson, where he says:—'Let us make our education brave and preventive. Politics is an afterwork, a poor patching.' (And the same may be said of reformatory work.) 'The evil is done, the law is passed, and we begin the uphill agitation for repeal of that which we ought to have prevented the enacting.' And in the following words how well Emerson anticipates the power and opportunity of the Sunday School presented by the contact of men and women of character, who for the love of their

kind, willingly give of their time and talents and experience in order to help the young, when he says:—'A great part of our education is sympathetic and social. Boys and girls who have been brought up with well informed and superior people show in their manners an inestimable grace.'

Perhaps no period in the history of our country has been engaged in the study and the solution of so many social problems as this closing quarter of the nineteenth century; and, because of the democratic character of our political institutions, there never was a time of greater need that our children should be well trained in right principles, for the future is theirs; this great Empire with its hundreds of millions of subject races, and the vast interests centred in our native island is their heritage.

Do I affirm too much when I say that our Sunday Schools cannot be devoted to a greater object than the inculcation of an intelligent and right sense of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship? Nor can men and women put their hands to a more sacred duty than that of helping the young, by precept, by example, and by definite instruction, to develop into a race of men and women of strong and noble character.

We are warranted, by the history of the Sunday School, especially as it is known in the North of England, and by the fact that the constituency of the Sunday School is children, in expecting great results from its oper-

ations if the work is done in an earnest and prayerful spirit.

Leaving out of view for a moment the work of the Sunday School as it concerns young children, who can estimate at its true value to the individual, to the local community, or to the nation, the great power for good developed in young men and young women who attend or manage the numerous associations on the week evenings in our Sunday Schools?

The Sunday School has been in the Northern counties of England the source and spring of untold power. Literary Societies, Building Societies, Co-operative Societies, Temperance and Band of Hope Societies, and Societies for the inculcation of Thrift, have mainly had their origin there. Many men, who have been elected to represent their native town in parliament, or who have been raised to the dignity of chief magistrate, or have been returned to their Borough or City Council by the suffrages of their fellow-citizens, have felt the first flutterings of healthy ambition, or have become conscious of inborn power through the exercises and aids and associations of the Sunday School.

It is likely that the force and cogency of these observations will be generally admitted, but, when an appeal for help in the good work is made, many will plead a want of fitness and of capacity for the office of teacher. When this feeling is genuine, and not an excuse for refusing to help, it is worthy of respect;

but let it never be forgotten that there are very few men and women of ordinary capacity and even of limited education who are really incapable. The essential requisites are a love for the children, a recognition of the duty one owes to posterity, a realisation of the fact that the children of this generation will be the men and women of the next, and that all the concerns of the future will devolve upon them; and in addition, a sense of duty to discharge faithfully the work undertaken.

The great drink problem cries aloud for workers to protect the young, and to train the forces that shall put the demon under proper restraint,—the tens of thousands of victims to drink, to ignorance, to inertness, to squalor, and vice, cry out for help and warn us of what the future may have in store if the young have not our care.

There is room and need for the help of all who will put their hands to the work, for the professional and educated and the leisured classes—for women of grace and refinement, and for those whose only gift is a good heart and experience of life, for the merchant and manufacturer and for the workman, for young and for the old. And the blessing of God will not be only upon the scholars, for every earnest worker will realise the truth that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

J. WIGLEY (Manchester).

The Parable of the Sower.

(FOR SENIOR CLASSES.)

MARK IV. 3-9.



WE are told, in one of the Gospels, that Jesus knew what was in man, and needed not that anyone should teach him. While men were drawn to him by the fascination of his presence, they sometimes trembled before his piercing intuition of their lives. 'Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did,' was the cry of the woman of Samaria, who had been standing before the judgment seat of the prophet at Jacob's well. Like other people, he beheld the visible appearance, but just as clearly did he discern the inward and spiritual character. He saw men as they appear to the outward gaze of the world; he also saw them as they appear naked and open to the all-discerning mind of God. And, in consequence, he introduced a new method of classification. He divided men, not into rich and poor, powerful and weak, wise and ignorant; he wiped out all these dividing lines, and judged men alone by their relations to spiritual law. Little children would find their way into the kingdom, in which self-conceited people would have no place; heathens from distant lands would come crowding into the city of God, while the children of Abraham would be left outside; publicans and sinners would learn the way to heaven

sooner than Pharisees and Scribes. May we not in this way explain what the apostle calls 'the judgment-seat of Christ'? When we try and test ourselves by the life and teaching of Jesus, all outward and artificial conditions are forgotten; the only questions we ask are these:—'What am I? what does God think of my life? what have I made of myself during my sojourn in the world?' In this parable of the Sower we have the judgment of Jesus pronounced in the form of *moral classification*. He decides the destiny of the soul by simply revealing what it *is*. Here, there is no accidental or arbitrary sentence upon men; there is simply an unveiling, a discovery of spiritual conditions and moral character.

And, what is specially to be noticed is, that this parable is a classification of those who come under the influence of the teaching of Jesus. This is a preacher's verdict of the different influences of his work upon different people. There can be no doubt that Jesus was often disappointed with the results of his ministry; again and again, he was oppressed by a feeling of discouragement and despondency. That is worth pondering;—this parable is, to a certain extent, a confession of failure. We have, also, those sad confessions:—'Many are called, but few are chosen. Strait is the gate and narrow the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.' And yet

he never allowed these discouragements to damp his zeal. That is the feature in the Master's character which wins our reverence. He had a work to do, a truth to proclaim regardless of consequences. 'I must work the works of Him that sent me,'—that was the keynote of his career. When he found that conversions were few, that the word he preached had no large, immediate results, that 'failure' was the verdict upon some of his most strenuous labours, he never dreamt of doubting the vitality of truth, or of invalidating the divineness of his mission. And, here, he discovers the reasons of that failure in the characters of his hearers.

I.

Behold there went forth a sower to sow. And it came to pass, as he sowed, some fell by the way side, and the birds of the air came and devoured it up.

In this case, the seed had no chance of growing at all; it was devoured as soon as it fell upon the trampled way side. At first sight it seems a shameful waste of precious seed, to allow it to be cast upon the road side, where it was certain to perish. But it is easy to understand the meaning of this. Jesus wants to indicate that even those who have scarcely any secret life are yet visited, now and then by some tokens of spiritual influence. *The wayside life*,—does not that indicate the condition of those who live for

ever in the crowd? The noisy path they tread forbids any deep, private, interior experience. These people never get a chance of knowing themselves. They only see themselves reflected in the opinions of others. Their life is all a round of pleasure, a whirl of excitement. Yet, even in such lives, there come seasons of deeper feeling, moments of sudden discontent, flashes of illumination from some divine sphere. The good seed does manage to find its way on to the trodden way side; but the birds of the air come and devour it up. The frivolities of the superficial life of self and sense destroy the scattered impressions of divine influence and spiritual desire. I will venture to say, that there is not the most frivolous human creature, that has not been touched, at least once or twice, by the power of religious sentiment. Even the basest human soul cannot altogether kill out the feeling that it was made for better things; even in the deepest depths there come kindling thoughts of what might have been, secret intimations of an eternal issue to the life of time. In one of the most abandoned characters in literature, we find that the wretched creature is swayed, at certain moments, by an icy blast of supernatural fear. The utterance of the name of God freezes her with terror; she shivers under the fear of the Invisible; sentences of the catechism come in broken fragments through her chattering teeth; she

frantically kisses the medal of the Virgin she wears upon her breast, and wonders, in her agony, what it will be like to die. That is an illustration of how sudden flashes of religious feeling pierce into the darkest soul. Of course, when the season of emotion passes, the incident is soon forgotten; the insanities of a life of pleasure devour the very memory of those moments when religion shocks the soul into profounder thought.

But, apart, altogether, from persistent sinfulness, all of us have realised how difficult it is to maintain the influence of our sacred hours of vision. They come and go. They are interrupted and evanescent. One evening, we hold high converse with some close friend on subjects of transcendent interest; and, during that season of communion, nothing seems more possible than to live a life of lofty thought, stainless integrity, and devout service. But, somehow, with the dawn of another common-place day, the solemn thoughts are gone, the strong resolutions have vanished, and down we go into the valley again, amidst the inanities of every-day life; and our only recollection of the past experience is expressed in the words:—‘*How sentimental we became last evening.*’ So the good seed is sown; but it falls by the hard, busy, crowded wayside of worldly toils and pleasures; it is devoured by the cares and frivolities which fill our days.

II.

Behold there went out a sower to sow; and some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth. But, when the sun was up, it was scorched; and, because it had no root, it withered away.

The seed devoured by the birds teaches us *the evanescence of feeling*; the seed scorched by the sun reminds us of *the feebleness of the will*. The number of people indicated by the shallow-rooted seeds is very large. They not only feel the transient emotions, but they actually do *choose* the higher life, and consent unconditionally, to the reasonableness of religion. And, yet, the will is too weak to hold out against the temptations and obstacles which, in a world like this, must be faced and conquered, if a man is to make steady progress in the divine life. It is not enough to believe and to feel. There is in human nature something behind the faculties of reason and conscience;—there is the indissoluble self, the primal and creative power of will; and not until you have reached that elemental energy can you really convert a man, are you capable of influencing the springs and motives of his character. The reason commends divine truth; the conscience approves the spiritual law; but there is lack of executive force to change the whole life with one commanding impulse

of righteousness. People of this type can trace their interior life by a succession of 'conversions' and 'backslidings.' The smallest thing seems capable of bringing about a conversion. Some familiar hymn, or text of scripture, or an appeal in a sermon completely conquers them for the time; resolutions rise into newness of life, vows are repeated and convictions are deepened. The feeling is intense, the choice seems final; at last, things are surely going to be settled, and the years to come will be one triumphal march to the prize of their high calling. But, alas, you can mark the course of such people by grave-stones, where, one by one, the new born resolutions lie buried, the victims of some scorching trial, some strong habit, some violent temptation, against which the feeble will was impotent to protect the soul. In hours of solemn worship and sacred restfulness the good seed is sown in men's minds. They say, 'That is all right; it is right that I should hear and obey, and so I will.' And they mean what they say. Yet, afterwards, the influence slips off them, and they find that they cannot, by any act of will, reproduce the powerful impression; the impression fades away, and they seem to be as backward as ever in their efforts to attain a divine manhood.

We must have more than feelings; we must have more than resolution; we must have that strenuous will power which allies a man to God's

omnipotence, which alone can achieve a final victory over temptation and trial. The Christian life is not merely a thing of sentiments and emotions; it is an education, a discipline; and no man can continue to be a Christian without the persistence and determination by which alone he can gain success in any department of human enterprise. When you say, 'I choose to live a Christian life,' then you must gird up the loins of your mind, you must brace the conscience and energise the will to make that choice a practical reality. Without that, your whims and wishes and desires will be like seed on stony ground, with no depth of root, to be scorched up by the heat of 'strong temptation and fiery trial.

III.

Behold there went forth a sower to sow. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.

Ah! *that* needs little interpretation to any of us. The malignant weeds that crowd out the wholesome grain, and rob the ground of the nourishment which ought to have gone to the production of an abundant harvest,—that parable comes home to all of us who have made the smallest attempt to live a better life. As soon as the seed makes an effort to grow, it is crowded out by the noxious thorns. The seed is good, the ground is fertile, but the harvest has no chance against

the hostile weeds. It is not so much that men are *deliberately* unfaithful to their vows; but, almost unconsciously to themselves, religious impulses are crowded out by daily vexations and hourly cares. This *crowding out* is very difficult to deal with, but it *must* be dealt with if the friction and wear and tear of material things is not to quench the last spark of religion in the soul.

However busy you may be, there is always time to speak truth, and to act righteously. Religion is not some foreign element imported from the outside, which takes up the time that might be spent in practical activity; it is rather a finer spirit which gives a new direction and a deeper meaning to all our daily enterprise. The question of religion is really as to *how* you will live your life,—will you live it as the bondsman of time, or as a child of God made after the power of an endless life. At all costs, unless your life is to be a dismal failure, you must preserve manhood from being sapped, enfeebled, deadened by these carking cares, and wearying troubles, that threaten to make you the miserable victim of a treadmill of endless toil. However filled your life may seem with things that perish in the using, you *must* find room for the thought of God, the hope of eternity, the aspiration after spiritual perfection.

IV.

In this way, Jesus expresses his feeling of discouragement at the

thought of the failure of the precious seed of truth through the weaknesses and defects of human nature. Yet he rallies himself by the thought that the seed is not all lost.

And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased; and brought forth some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred.

Ah! was it possible that he had some foresight of the marvellous harvest which, in future generations, mankind would reap from the seed he sowed in tears and sacrifice? Was it possible for him to realise that his cross of miserable failure would become the symbol of the world's redemption? Yes, even in his deep discouragement, the mind of Jesus must have been rallied by a triumphant hope. I have regarded the parable chiefly from the point of view of those who hear the message of truth; but there can be no finer lesson for those whose work it is to expound the word of life. The one anxiety to a faithful teacher is the vagueness and uncertainty as to the results of his most earnest work; because those results depend not only upon his own fidelity, but quite as much upon the receptiveness and response in the hearts of his hearers. The teacher knows that he may have instructed the mind and illuminated the conscience; and, yet, if he has not quickened the soul and vitalised the will, his work is a failure,—a wretched failure. So, sometimes, as he thinks

of all the currents of temptation and worldliness which set themselves in directions antagonistic to the higher life, he almost feels like one standing by the ocean, attempting, by some poor human words, to roll back the tide and to control the tempest. Some measure of failure there must be, when human weakness becomes the instrument of eternal truth; but, because truth is eternal, there must be ultimate success and final victory. The good seed must, at times, fall into good ground, and then the harvest is sure,—thirty fold, sixty fold, yea, an hundred fold. By the foolishness of teaching the wisdom of God is justified. The sower may pass away, but the seed he scattered bears fruit; the work is forgotten, but its results are everlasting. The instrument must perish, the voice must die; yet into many souls there have descended secret influences, divine joys, exultant hopes, courageous determinations, which shall abide for ever in characters conformed more nearly to the likeness of the perfect God.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,—
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

FRANK WALTERS.

Introduction to our Children's Story.



LAST year, little people, your 'Aunt Amy' asked me to tell you a little story. So I sat down at my desk and wrote for you what I knew about Nellie and John Henry and Eliza. I told you about Nellie's learning to help her mother and to keep herself neat and tidy. I told you how John Henry threw a stone and broke the school window, and how Nellie told a lie about it and was very, very unhappy. I told you about the kind little old lady, dressed in black, who came and taught Nellie how to be a good, useful, truthful little girl; and I told you about John Henry's tearing his knickerbockers, and all the trouble he gave his sister. Now here is some more of the story for you, and, I dare say, if you are interested in it, your teacher will read to you, over again, what was printed in last year's *HELPER*.

So good-bye, little people, for the present. Remember, it is good to be happy, and happy to be good.

M. D.
F 2

Nellie and John Henry and Eliza.

Part II.

CHAPTER I.

THE next time the old lady came to see Nellie was one day after school had closed in the afternoon. It was in the Spring-time. Nellie knew it was Spring because she had learnt about the seasons of the year in her class. I think no one who had not learnt it would have known: it was so very cold and uncomfortable. The wind blew hard and it was in the east. The east wind had got into John Henry's temper. You know what people mean when they say, 'You have got the east wind in your temper.' In the country the east wind is disagreeable; it makes your cheeks and nose all blue and red, and pinches your fingers and toes and tries to blow your hat off. But in the country all the winds are nice and clean. In the town the east wind is just as cold and rough; and it is dirty, too, it catches up all the bits of straw and dirt and paper and makes them dance all round you, and the dust gets into your eyes, and if you are a silly little boy, like John Henry, it makes you feel cross.

Nellie looked much nicer than she did on that day when we saw her first. Her short hair was tidy and was very pretty and curly, too. Her frock and pinafore were neat and clean. She

could not help having big holes in her boots. Mother was meaning to buy her some new boots as soon as she could, but Nellie was the oldest, you know, and so her turn came last. Both she and John Henry looked and felt very cold; so, perhaps, you will think John Henry had some excuse for his east-windy temper. Little Eliza was not cold. She was so bundled up in mother's old woollen shawl and her own big bonnet, that you could hardly see more of her than the tip of her nose. She looked such a funny little dump. She never could get along very fast, and to-day, being tied up so tight and warm, she was slower than ever. Nellie thought she never should get the two children home.

John Henry's temper made him want to do all sorts of naughty things. First, when they left the playground, he turned the wrong way, just on purpose to tease. Nellie put Eliza in the corner by the school gates and said:

'Now, don't you move out of that till I catch John Henry.' Eliza stood and watched, while Nellie ran after the naughty little boy. It was very trying for Nellie, for, just as she thought she had caught him, she ran right into an old gentleman. She had just time to see that he was an old gentleman who came to the school sometimes. The children all remembered him because he always wore a white waist-coat. He came to talk to the teachers and to ask questions in the classes. Very often his questions were not answered because he had never been

taught to speak clearly and the children could not understand what he said. Once he asked the children what a daffodil was, and they all thought he said 'deaf girl,' and they did not know what to say. So he asked what colour it was, and then one boy said, 'All sorts of colours.' Then the old gentlemen went away and told everybody he had found a school where none of the boys and girls had seen a daffodil, and everyone said how sad it was.

Nellie was frightened and sorry to have run into him, for she felt that her head must have given him a great bump, but she could not stop to beg pardon. She caught John Henry and as they turned and came past the old gentlemen again she heard him say, all to himself: 'Dear, dear, what very bad manners. I think children grow worse and worse; one really is not safe on the public pavement. I must speak to Miss Smith about this.'

Nellie felt like crying with vexation, but she did not. She held John Henry tight and took hold of Eliza with the other hand. They both hung back and she felt tired before they started. Then, just as they reached a corner where two streets crossed each other, that bad boy took off his cap and threw it right into the middle of the road, so that an omnibus wheel went over it. Nellie never could have got it back for herself, but there was a kind man crossing the road and he saw what had happened. He picked up the cap and brought it to Nellie and when she said,

'Thank you,' he said: 'Got a handful there, haven't you, little one? A handful of naughtiness, too.' Then he gave John Henry a little shake and said: 'I'll take 'em over for you,' and he took the boy under one arm and little Eliza under the other and set them down safe on the other side. That was a comfort to Nellie. The man was gone in the crowd before she had time to say 'Thank you' again, but she kept on thinking to herself: 'That was a kind man.'

To John Henry she said: 'Eh! you are a bad boy! What took you to throw your cap away like that?'

'Wanted to hit the bicycle,' grunted John Henry.

'Which bicycle?' said Nellie, 'and why did you want to hit it?'

'The one with a man on it,' said John Henry. 'It's such fun to cop your cap at his hind wheel and see him come off.'

Nellie stood still in horror. Then she said: 'I tell you what it is, John Henry, the police will get you certain sure. Suppose you had hit him and made him come off and he'd been killed; what would you have done then? Suppose the police had come and taken you and me and Eliza and put us all in the lock-up; what do you suppose mother would have done? And you that can't hit anything when you do throw, without it's by mistake, like the school window.'

Here John Henry began to cry, that is to say, he howled very loud indeed, and stood still to do it, with his

head thrown back and his mouth wide open. Nellie was in despair. She just dropped his hand and said: 'Very well, I'll leave you there and go home and tell mother how it is you're not come.'

But John Henry did not want to be left, so he shut his mouth and took Nellie's hand again and came along, sniffing and rubbing his eyes with his dirty little fist.

'Now you tell me,' said Nellie, 'who told you *that* piece of naughtiness. I know you never thought it up for yourself'

'It was Jones's Willie,' said John Henry, sulkily.

'Well, I just won't have you going with Jones's Willie any more,' said Nellie, 'He's always learning you bad ways. You've got to keep along o' me until you've got more sense. So you mind.'

With that they came in sight of their own house door and there was mother coming down the street one way and the little old lady, all in black, coming the other; and both mother and the little old lady had a basket. Nellie felt so glad to see them; just as if she had made a troublesome journey and all her troubles were over. John Henry left off sniffing, and little Eliza tried to run and would have tumbled right down, but that mother was just in time to catch her.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN mother heard of all John Henry's naughtiness, she did what she

very often did when he was a bad boy; she took him upstairs and put him straight to bed, so as to give him time to think about it. John Henry never liked being put to bed before Eliza. Of course it was a disgrace. I remember when I was a little girl I could not bear being 'put to bed first,' it used to make me feel ashamed.

Nelly and the old lady were left alone in the kitchen for a little while. Nellie looked round very anxiously to see if everything was as it ought to be. The old lady watched her with a smile in her twinkling, black eyes. Then she said: 'Yes, Nelly. It is all very neat and tidy, and isn't it a good thing it is? You see, you did not know I was coming, and if you had left things in a mess I should have been very sorry. Now, I know that you make things tidy *every* day, don't you?'

'No, not every day,' said Nellie, blushing.

'Not every day?' said the old lady, kindly, 'why not?'

'Sometimes I forget,' said Nellie. 'And sometimes'—she stopped and looked down and began to twist the corner of her pinafore.

'Well—sometimes?' said the old lady.

'Sometimes,' said Nellie, slowly, 'I don't do things because I don't feel as if I wanted to.'

'Dear, dear,' said the old lady, 'that is sad. You must get over that, little woman. But never mind, you *will* get over it by and by; and meantime, the kitchen is very nice and tidy, indeed,

to-day. Now, tell me the name of your first lesson.'

Nelly stood up straight and said, 'The name of my first lesson is Work.'

'Good,' said the old lady. 'Now say: the name of my second lesson is Truthfulness.'

'Nellie turned very red again, but she said, in a very low tone: 'The name of my second lesson is truthfulness.'

Then the old lady put out her hands and drew Nellie to her, so that the little girl stood beside her knee. She held one of Nelly's hands in hers, and said to her, very gently: 'Tell me, my dear, have you told a lie since you told that one at school, about John Henry?'

'No, ma'am,' said Nellie, bravely, 'I don't generally tell lies.'

'No,' said the old lady, 'I don't think you would. But I want you, my dear, *never* to tell a lie. I want you to remember always how troubled and sad you were that day, and that the name of your second lesson is Truthfulness. Do you think you can tell me what Truthfulness is, Nellie?'

Nellie thought a minute and then she said: 'I think Truthfulness means saying things just exactly how they really are.'

'Well, yes,' said the old lady. 'I think that will do. Now I want you to teach John Henry that, will you? So that he shall know it when I come again.'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Nellie brightly, 'though he isn't very easy to teach, isn't John Henry.'

'Well, you try,' said the old lady,

'and now, what do you think I have in my basket? But, first, let me look at your hands.'

'They are rather dirty,' said Nellie, 'particularly about the nails. I haven't washed 'em since I came in.'

'Well,' said the old lady, 'you go and wash them now, and then come back, quick. When we've had tea, you are to do a beautiful piece of work.'

So Nellie washed her hands and then came and helped her mother to get the tea. She did feel so proud that the old lady was going to have tea with them; she took the greatest possible care to put everything straight on the table and she dusted everything with a clean cloth. 'For,' thought she to herself, 'how dreadful it would be if the old lady got a plate or a spoon that was not quite clean.'

There was no table-cloth, but the table was quite white; Mother had scrubbed it only the evening before. It was a round table with three legs; and it really did look very nice, with all the the tea-things on it, standing in front of the kitchen fire. Mother had a very pretty cup, which she had never used that Nellie could remember. It had a picture of Blackpool pier on it and 'a present from Blackpool' under the picture. Now she took it down and washed it carefully and put it for the old lady to drink her tea out of. Nellie did feel sorry for John Henry, lying in bed upstairs; but then if little boys will be naughty, what is to be done? They have to take the consequences.

When tea was done and the tea-things washed up and the Blackpool cup put safely away on the shelf again, the old lady took her basket and said: 'Now Nellie, look here,' and she took out a very nice, neat holland apron and put it on Nellie. It had a bib to it, and it fitted the little girl very nicely, covering her frock right up, excepting the arms. Then the old lady took a pair of holland sleeves which went over Nellie's arms and buttoned tight at the wrists.

'There!' said the old lady 'now you are a nice, neat little cook!'

'Cook,' said Nellie 'Am I going to cook? The big girls at the school cook.'

'Well,' said the old lady, 'the little girls in *my* school cook.'

'Do you have a school?' said Nellie.

'Yes, this is my school, and you are my scholar. Now, open mother's basket and see what is in it.'

Nellie opened the basket and took the things out. There was a piece of beef and a little piece of suet and a little bag of flour. 'What are we going to make?' said she, looking up at her mother.

'A beef-steak pudding' said mother, smiling at her little girl. You know it is Saturday to-morrow and it will be a great comfort to me if I can get the pudding all made to-night, ready to boil to-morrow; so be very careful won't you, Nelly?'

Careful! There was no fear Nellie would not be careful: I think there never was a little girl more proud and pleased than she was over making that

pudding. Mother went to put Eliza to bed and the old lady showed Nellie exactly how to do every single thing; and I should like to tell you how it was done, but there is not time now, and this is not a cookery-book. But this I will tell you, that pudding was made just right—the paste was nice and light, and there was just enough of pepper and salt. When mother cut it on Saturday the smell was delicious, and she said she didn't see how the pudding could have been better if it had been made by the best cook in the land. I think that was pretty well for a little girl not yet quite nine years old, don't you? Perhaps you will like to know that John Henry did his best to eat it all up; but he did not manage it, greedy little boy that he was; there was quite enough left for Sunday's dinner too.

CHAPTER III.

THIS chapter is very sad indeed. It is all about Jones' Willie and John Henry and the tram-cars. John Henry had had a birthday and now he was turned seven. I am sorry to say, being older did not make him a bit the better boy. I think, indeed, it made him more troublesome. He began to think such a lot of himself now he was seven years old. He would not hold Nellie's hand going through the streets to and from school, and poor Nellie was always afraid of something happening to him. One day he did get lost, and a policeman found him and took him to the

police-station, and he was there quite two hours before mother came and fetched him. That gave him a fright, and he was more good and sensible for some days, and gave Nellie less trouble. After a bit, though, he forgot about it, and I suppose there never was a little boy who found more ways of being troublesome. As his mother said, it was quite impossible to think of all the bad things John Henry might do and forbid him to do them.

Willie Jones was a year and a half older than John Henry. He lived in the next street to our children's street, and he was not a good boy at all. I very nearly had said he was not a nice boy, but that would be a mistake. There must have been something nice about Willie because almost everybody liked him. His teacher liked him, though he gave her more trouble than any other boy in the class. He was always in disgrace, and yet she was fond of him. His school-fellows liked him, even when they fought with him. The guard on the tram-cars liked him—but wait a bit, we have not come to the tram-cars yet. The policeman liked him, though he often spoke very sternly to him, and told him the time would certainly come when he would have to take him to the lock-up. Willie was pleasant to look at, so bright and jolly always; his blue eyes were full of fun, and his funny snub-nose seemed meant to make you laugh. He was a kind little fellow too, I have known him do a great many obliging things. He was always ready to fetch and carry for

everybody, and I never knew him to be cruel and bullying to little boys smaller than himself. I think a good many of his naughty ways were because he did not know any better. One thing he did not know was that if little boys smoke they won't grow up into big, strong men, fit to play at football and cricket. One day, when John Henry had a halfpenny, Willie persuaded him to buy a cigarette and showed him how to smoke it. I am glad to say John Henry was dreadfully sick and ill. It was a good while since and he has never tried to smoke again. It really was no wonder Nellie did not want him to be with Jones' Willie.

Do you know what a tram-line is? All you town children do, I know. Two lines, something like railway lines, are laid down in the middle of the street, and the trams are great, big carriages, very heavy, which hold a large number of people, some inside and some out. They are drawn by horses, and the wheels run on the lines, and so go more easily than they would do on the ground. The trams have doorways but not generally any doors, so that people can get in and out easily. There is a little platform outside the doorway and two steps to go up to it. The platform is covered by a little roof, and there are brass rails to the stairs by which people get on to the top of the tram, and other brass rails and handles for people to catch hold of. The guard stands on the little platform to help people in and out of the tram and take their money. Of course he sometimes

has to go up on to the roof to take the money from the people who are sitting there. When he is up there he cannot see what is going on below, and, sad to say, a great many boys and some girls watch the trams and run to hold on to them when the guard is out of the way and cannot see them. Of course it is very dangerous, and very often boys and girls are killed doing this naughty thing.

The tram-cars ran down the great road which went past the ends of the little streets in which Willie Jones and our children lived, and I am sorry to say that riding on the cars was one of the naughty things Willie did nearly every day. He had grown quite clever at it; he could run out into the street and jump on, no matter how quickly the car was going, and he always managed to drop off again just before the guard caught him.

Well, one day, Willie and John Henry were lounging together at the end of John Henry's street. It was not quite tea-time, and the weather was growing warm and pleasant in the afternoons now, so that all the children stayed out of doors instead of going in, and their mothers were very glad because the kitchen floor did not get nearly so dirty. It was a pity that most of the children had only the street to play in. To be sure there was a sand-garden just round the corner. That was a lovely place; you could dig and make pies and castles and all sorts of nice things. But the sand-garden was only for good children, and

both Willie and John Henry had been naughty last time they were there, so they could not go to-day. They had been making believe they did not care about it, but they did care very much indeed, and they felt cross. They had been trying to climb the lamp-post; of course they could not do that; they clung to it with arms and legs, and pushed each other behind and made believe they were getting on a bit.

'I *think* I got a bit higher than this yesterday,' said Willie, presently, when they stopped, all hot and out of breath, to rest.

'Ay, I think you did,' said John Henry. 'It wouldn't take so much, not so very much more to reach the top, would it?'

'There were a lad i' eawr street did it once,' said Willie.

'Did you see him?' said John Henry.

'No—but I hearn tell on him. He went right up, he did, just the same as if he were a monkey. He were a sailor lad, he were. He hung to th' cross bar, first by one hand and then by th' other, and then he dropped.'

'Was he hurt?' said John Henry, in an awe-stricken voice.

'Hurt, no—he were a sailor I tell you, you couldn't hurt him, not with falling. They said, if the bar had been a bit longer, he'd have hung by his feet and come down on his head. I'll be a sailor when I'm a bit bigger, I will.'

Just then Willie saw a tram car coming and the guard was on the top, out of the way. Out he dashed into

the road, caught hold, and jumped on to the steps and had ridden a quarter of a mile before the guard saw him. Then he jumped off and got on to a tram car coming the other way and so came back to where he had left John Henry.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Willie got back, John Henry was still leaning up against the lamp-post, and looking and feeling more cross than ever. Willie gave him a friendly poke, but John Henry drew himself away and said, 'Don't,' very grumpily.

'What's the matter?' said Willie, 'Taint any use sulking. Why don't you come on and have a ride? I'll help you the next tram as comes along.'

'Mother won't like me to,' said John Henry.

'You're afraid,' said Willie.

'I'm *not* afraid,' said John Henry, 'I'm not feart o' nowt. So there now.'

'Well, come on then,' said Willie. 'Look yonder's a tram coming now. If the guard's atop you clutch hold o' me and run. Here, give us your hand.'

The big red-coloured tram came nearer and nearer; John Henry's heart was beating very fast. He could not see if the guard was on the top or not, but Willie could, and suddenly he set off running and pulling John Henry with him. He caught hold of the car with a jump and pulled John Henry on to the step, too. In a minute or two, just when John Henry was be-

ginning to get his breath again, the guard appeared at the top of the steps. 'Le' go,' cried Willie, 'he's a'coming.'

But alas! Willie had forgotten how difficult it is for a little boy to let go and jump off a tram car when it is going fast, especially if it is the first time he has tried. Poor little John Henry was too much frightened to hold on, so he let go. Willie tried to help him as much as he could, but he could not keep his feet, and, in less time than it takes to tell you, he had rolled over in the dirt and a great big cart had gone over his leg. There was a terrible scream heard, but it was not John Henry that screamed, it was Willie. John Henry was lying quite white and still and Willie was down on his knees beside him. A crowd had gathered round the two little boys and a policeman was bending over them.

There was a chemist's shop just by. 'Bring him in here,' said the policeman, lifting him very carefully. 'I think his leg's broke. And you, Willie Jones, run and fetch his mother. I knew I'd have to put you in the lock-up, yet, for some of your tricks.'

Willie was off like a shot. Can you fancy how poor mother felt, and Nellie, too, when he told them what had happened. When they got to the chemist's shop John Henry had just opened his eyes, and the chemist, who was a very nice, kind man, was just giving him something to drink. He looked up and spoke very pleasantly to the mother; he said: 'Don't you

fret, ma'am. This young man'll do all right, only he'll have to go into hospital a bit.'

Mother knelt down by John Henry and kissed him. 'Eh! my lad,' she said, 'what were you doing?'

'Me an' Jones's Willie were riding on a tram car,' said John Henry, faintly, 'and I got frightened and the cart came.'

'Well,' said the policeman, 'I think the best thing will be to take him to the hospital at once. I'll get a cab.'

When the cab came, the chemist and the policeman arranged little John Henry very carefully in it, and he and his mother were taken to the hospital. Poor Nellie went home crying quietly, and gave Eliza her tea and put her to bed.

As the policeman went out of the shop he saw Willie Jones standing by the door. He meant to give him a good punishing, but Willie turned such a miserable little face up to him that he could not go on being angry with him.

'Will he die?' said Willie. 'It was all my fault. Are you going to put me in the lock-up? I don't care if you do, if John Henry dies. I took him—I meant to have took proper care of him. He's such a little 'un. I forgot he couldn't jump proper.'

The policeman put his hand on Willie's shoulder and said: 'There, don't you take on like that. He won't die, I'll be bound; only he'll be in bed six weeks, and maybe longer, for it's a bad hurt. But, my lad, how can you

be so bad and heedless like? Suppose the little chap had been killed, you'd never a' got over it the longest day you lived. Now do be a good little lad. You're not stupid, you know. You are as bright a boy as there is in the town, you can tell right from wrong as well as anyone. Now will you take heed and think a bit?'

'Ay,' said Willie, 'I will—I will be good.'

'Well,' said the policeman, 'don't you forget and don't you put it off. Begin being good, now, right away. You believe me, that's the only way; if you've got something to do, do it at once. Now, good-night to you.'

'Good-night,' said Willie, 'I'll mind.'

He had not cried a tear, but no one could mistake his feeling sorry. He was very white and his eyes looked terribly sad and his lips were set close together. When the policeman went away, Willie did not turn turn down his own street, he turned down John Henry's. There he saw Nelly sitting on the doorstep of her mother's house. She had her thimble on and a piece of sewing on her knees, but she did not sew much, she had to keep stopping to wipe away her tears. She could not help crying, she felt frightened and lonely. Already it seemed hours since mother had gone, and she wondered when she would come back, and whether she would stay away all night, and whether John Henry would get well again, or whether he would die in the hospital. Presently she put her head against the doorpost and gave

herself up to crying; her pinafore was getting quite wet, when she heard a voice say: 'Nellie.' She looked up and saw Willie Jones standing by her, looking very pitiful. She felt so angry then that she stopped crying.

'Get away, Willie Jones,' said she. 'You've killed our John Henry and I don't want to see you, nor to hear of you, ever any more.'

'But, Nellie,' said Willie, 'do'ee listen a minute. The policeman says he isn't dead and he don't think he will die.'

Now, as mother had gone straight off with John Henry, there had been no one to tell poor Nellie this, and she lifted her head and looked at Willie.

'Now is that true?' said she. 'Is that true for sure, Willie Jones? Or are you just making up?'

'It is true, for sure, Nelly,' said he, earnestly, 'and I am not going to make up any more.'

'But I thought people died when they went into a hospital,' said Nellie.

'Oh! no, they don't,' said Willie. 'They go there to get well. Why, I've been inside of one myself, and they have all sorts of things as wouldn't be of any use to people who was dying.'

'What sort of things?' said Nellie. She was beginning to get interested.

'Why, gold-fish, same as at the school, and pictures, and canary birds, and toys, and heaps and heaps of things to eat. Folks can't *eat* when they're dying, you know, Nelly.'

'How came you to see all these things, Willie?' said Nellie.

'I went once with my aunty, when she went to see her Tom. There was rows and rows of pretty little beds and tables down the middle with pretty things on, and women with white caps and aprons and curly hair all over their foreheads. You'll see for yourself when your mother takes you to see John Henry.'

'Oh! will mother take me to see him?' said Nelly.

'I expect so. There's visiting days, you know. Tom, he liked it ever so much. He cried when he came away. Everybody, the ladies and doctors and all, was very kind to him; only you had to be precious good.'

'*That* won't do John Henry any harm,' said Nelly. 'But,' and the tears began to flow again, 'I shall miss him dreadful, for all he was a naughty boy.'

'Now don't cry, Nelly, don't,' said Willie. 'It makes me miserable to see you, and, indeed, I'm miserable enough without that. You can't think how bad I feel. It's all my fault; and me that wouldn't have hurt him for anything in the world.'

Nellie looked up and saw how wretched Willie looked. She put up her hand to him and said, 'Sit down here along o' me, Willie, I don't believe you did go for to do him any harm.'

'No, indeed I didn't, Nellie,' said Willie, and here a tear came into his eye too. Nellie's speaking kindly to him made him feel worse than anything else. 'You'll see, Nelly,' he went on, 'when John Henry comes out I'll

make it up to you and him too. You see if I don't.'

'Well, you *can*, Willie,' said Nellie soberly. 'John Henry thinks so much of you. He'll do anything you want him to. And eh! I do want him to be a good boy.'

'You see,' said Willie firmly, nodding his head, 'You see.'

Just then Nellie's mother came round the corner into the street; she was very tired and looked as if she had been crying a good deal. Nellie ran to meet her and came with her holding her hand. Willie stood on one side, hanging his head and looking very much ashamed. He wanted to know how John Henry was, but was afraid to ask. He touched Nellie as Mother opened the house door: 'Do ask for me,' he whispered, 'If he's doing all right.'

Mother turned round and saw Willie. 'Oh! Come in a minute, Willie,' she said. 'Did you want to say anything?'

'Yes, please,' said Willie bravely. 'I wanted to tell you how sorry I am, and I promised the policeman I'd be a good boy now; and I mean to be, and I hope you will forgive me, and please will you tell me how John Henry's doing?'

'He's doing pretty well,' said Nellie's mother. 'The doctor thinks he'll get all right some day, but he'll have to lie there weeks and weeks first. It'll be a lesson to him, that it will. Willie, lad, let it be a lesson to you, too, won't you?'

Willie nodded. 'Then I shan't say anything more about it. You do look sorry. Nellie, does th' kettle boil? I'm fair done for a cup o' tea.'

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Willie waited for Nellie at the corner of the street and went with her to and from school, and helped her to take Eliza across the difficult places; of course, to do that he had to be in time, because Nellie was never late now, and he began to feel that it was rather a pleasant thing to be a good boy instead of a bad boy. Of course, no one could expect that he would be altogether good all at once. It is difficult to break off bad habits; but Willie was one of those boys who rather like things to be difficult. He was very brave, and now he was using his bravery the right way, to conquer his own bad habits. He was fighting with his good self against his bad self, and he rather enjoyed it, especially when his good self won the victory.

I will tell you a thing that happened just about this time, and you will see what a brave boy he was. There was a boy in his class who was not very bright. He was a tall boy, but he was not at all strong, and he could not learn his lessons, Poor Joe! Day after day he came to school and day after day he came home again without having learnt anything at all. He had a stupid look in his eyes, and

a heavy, awkward, shambling way of walking. His great hands hung uselessly by his sides, and the teacher could never send him an errand because he forgot what he was going for, and if he was told to carry anything he would let it fall. Poor Joe! It was very sad for him. But the saddest of all was that the other boys and girls were not always kind to him. Very often they would tease him and call him 'silly Joe,' and torment him until he got into a terrible rage. It was very wrong of them. I suppose they were not really sensible enough to know how cruel they were. Nellie never joined in teasing him. She did so hate being laughed at herself. And Willie never teased him, because, as I told you, he was always kind to little children, and being a clever boy, he knew that poor Joe was only like a little child, though he was tall.

Now, one day, when the children came out of school four or five big boys began to tease poor Joe. The teacher heard them and came out and sent them all away. She was very angry. But I am sorry to say that the boys only waited until Joe was out of sight of the school to begin teasing him again. One ran at him and gave him a push so that he nearly fell down, another took his cap and kept offering it to him and drawing it back, before the poor, awkward, slow boy could catch it; he trembled with rage and struck at them, but he could not hit them.

Then he turned round and put his head against the wall and burst into tears. Poor Joe! It was terribly sad: I cannot think how those cruel boys could have had the heart to treat him so; and yet they went on, only laughing to see a big boy crying. You see they did not understand. I think if Joe had been lame or blind they would have tried to help him and not to bully him. They could not understand that poor Joe was worse off than if he had been lame or blind; that he could not help being dull and stupid.

Well, just as things were at the worst, Willie came round the corner with Nellie and Eliza. It did not take him two minutes to make up his mind what to do. (And remember he was only a little boy, not ten years old.) 'Stay there, Nellie,' he cried. 'Look if those lads aren't worrying Joe again;' and then he ran right amongst them and put himself between Joe and his tormentors.

Now, big bullying boys are often great cowards, and won't stand up to anyone who faces them bravely like Willie. Still four against one was rather too many, and Willie was very glad when he saw that Nellie had come up too and taken hold of Joe's hand to lead him away. He just fought on until he saw they were at a safe distance. Then he snatched suddenly at Joe's cap and got it and took to his heels and ran. Nellie and Joe ran too, with little Eliza between them, and they never stopped

until they reached the end of our children's street.

I did not tell you that Willie had no mother: that was how he had got so rough in some of his ways, and that made Nellie say now: 'Eh! Willie, they have hurt you terrible to be sure. Do come to our house and let mother and me wash your face and do it up.'

'It's nout,' said Willie bravely. All the same his lip was badly cut, and his forehead was bruised, and his nose was bleeding. His head was beginning to ache badly too, and he was not sorry to follow Nellie to her mother's house. Joe followed too, as if he were afraid to let Willie out of his sight. So it was quite a little procession of children that Mother saw, as she stood talking on the door-step to the little old lady in black.

When Willie saw the old lady he very nearly ran away, but Nellie held him tight; she knew there was no one in his house to take care of him. Besides, she felt very proud of him and what he had done, and wanted the old lady to know about it.

Nellie's mother was rather startled when she saw Willie's face, and the old lady said: 'Bless me! What-ever have these children been up to now? Anyhow, here's a boy needs attending to.' And she took Willie by the arm and marched him into the kitchen, and made him sit down. 'Water, Nelly,' she said, 'and a clean soft towel.'

She really was a very clever little old lady. Her fingers were wonderfully quick and gentle. She washed all the blood away from Willie's face, and bathed his bruises with warm water. Then she opened her little black bag, and took out a little case and a pair of scissors. There was sticking plaster in the case, and she put some very neatly on Willie's cut lip. Then she stood a little way off and looked at him, as if he were a picture she had just finished painting.

'You'll do,' said she, 'for the present. Nelly, fetch a pillow and let him lie down on the settle there, and maybe Mother will give him a cup of tea.'

'Please ma'am,' said Willie, 'I don't want to lie down really.'

'It does not matter what you want,' said the old lady. 'You do what I tell you, young man.' Then she quite gently helped Willie on to the settle, and he could not pretend that the pillow was not very comfortable for his aching head.

'Now, Nellie,' said the old lady, 'tell us all about it.'

As you may suppose, Nellie was only too glad to tell. She would have told before, but the old lady would not hear a word until Willie had been attended to. When the little story was finished, the old lady got up and bent over Willie, and kissed him. 'That's the way to fight, my lad,' said she, 'that's what fighting was meant for: to help and take care of those who cannot take

care of themselves. You keep on as you have begun, and you'll do. Now, where is this poor Joe?'

Joe was sitting on the doorstep, with his head between his hands. The old lady asked Nellie's mother if he might come in too and have tea with the other children.

'Ay, poor innocent,' said Mother heartily.

Then the old lady said Willie was to lie quite still until it was time for him to go home to bed, and she said 'good afternoon' to them all and went away. But in a few minutes she came back again, and knocked at the door and gave Mother a great bag of buns, and stood for a minute and watched the little party with a happy look on her face. It was a very pleasant picture to look at. Nellie was carrying his tea to Willie, who was looking quite contented, though rather pale and tired. Little Eliza was perched up in her high chair by Mother, and Joe was sitting on the other side, laughing aloud to find himself so comfortable and so kindly treated. It was a pity John Henry was not there, wasn't it?

CHAPTER VI.

John Henry had been three weeks in the hospital. He was beginning to be very tired of lying still; though he was very comfortable and happy. He had never been quite good for so long in all his life before. He had very soon found out that it was of no use his

trying to mis-behave in the hospital. If he was good everybody was nice and kind to him; and the only time he tried to be naughty, he was just made to do what was right and then no one paid any attention to him any more. Twice every week, mother went to see him, and one day, she told him that the next time she came she would get a neighbour to take care of Eliza and would bring Nellie and Willie to see him. He was very much pleased to hear that and I think Nellie and Willie were more pleased still. I think I must tell you what Willie did about that visit to the hospital.

You know, it had never gone out of his mind that it was his fault that John Henry had got so badly hurt. Of course, it was John Henry's fault too. If he had been a good boy it never would have happened. He knew perfectly well that he was doing wrong when he tried to ride on the tram-car. Poor little chap, he had his punishment and he had plenty of time to think about it as he lay in bed in the hospital. But no one had punished Willie, and I think that was one reason why he kept on feeling in his own mind how naughty he had been. It is often so, I think; when we have been naughty and been punished for it, we feel as if there were an end of the trouble; but if we have been naughty and no outside punishment comes, then that something inside of ourselves which we call our conscience, punishes us all the more, and a very good thing it is. But you will know more about that

when you are older. Meantime, I want you to remember that Willie had never left off being unhappy about the accident and that it was a very good thing indeed for him that it was so.

Now when Willie knew that he was to be allowed to go to see John Henry, he began at once to wish he had something to take to him. But what could it be? He thought over all the things he had. They were not very many—some marbles and a top, *they* would not be any good, you can't play games when you are lying in bed. His knife—no good again, there would be nothing for John Henry to cut, except his own fingers and he would be pretty sure to cut them. I think Willie was rather glad to feel that it would be of no use to give John Henry his knife. Money—he had just one half-penny, and there are no shops in a hospital. For two whole days, Willie went about with a frown on his forehead, trying to think of something to take to John Henry.

Then he had a happy thought—or an unhappy one—you will see which by and by. He was sitting on his father's doorstep, when he heard two neighbours talking about John Henry and the hospital: 'Poor little lad' said one, 'So strict as they are about eating and him always so fond of his food.'

'Ay,' said the other, 'I dare say now, he'll not have tasted a bit of sausage, or a jam-tart or such like since he went in. I expect they'll have been keeping him on milk and

eggs and bread and butter; and what's that to a growing boy?'

Willie's mind was made up. He would take John Henry some sausages and jam-tarts. But how to get the money? I have not time to tell you in how many places he tried to get some work to do, but, at last, just two days before he was to go to see John Henry, he found a green-grocer's shop, where the errand-boy was ill and the mistress said she would give Willie a shilling, if he would come all the time he was not at school and carry out vegetables to the customers for her. He worked very hard and earned his shilling and went off at once to buy his sausages and jam-tarts. The tarts were easily managed; but Willie felt a good deal puzzled to know how to get his sausages cooked. He did not like to ask Nellie's mother to cook them for him. He had a kind of feeling that she would say he had better not take them. If he asked the woman who cooked for his father and himself, he thought she would say he ought not to give them away. So he made up his mind to cook them himself.

There was a little 'croft' at the corner of the street, that is, a bit of bare ground. The boys played there a great deal, and sometimes made little bon-fires there. Willie settled to make a bon-fire there now and cook his sausages out-of-doors. He picked up a good many bits of wood and coal that had dropped from the coal carts and hid them in his father's back yard. By that time it was nearly dark. He

knew he must wait until it was quite dark and all the boys had gone away from the Croft, or they would take his sausages from him. At last he crept out, with his sausages in his pocket and a bag full of bits to burn, under one arm and a frying-pan under the other. I don't know where he got his matches. I only know that boys always do get matches and that it is very bad of them. It was dry weather and he soon got his fire going. Then came the difficult part of the business. Willie never had thought sausages would be so hard to cook. They stuck to the pan: they spluttered and burst: worst of all, they smelt so very strong and so very nice that he was afraid some passer by would be tempted and would come and take them from him. He looked such a funny little figure, kneeling there in front of his fire, trying to turn the sausages with a bit of wood to keep them from burning. At last they were done, after a fashion; they were black on one side, and very raw on the other, but boys are not particular and Willie felt quite satisfied with his cooking. He crept back home and put the frying pan in its place (the woman who did his father's cooking could not think what had happened to it, the next time she used it). Then he wrapped his sausages and jam-tarts up together and went to bed, quite tired out.

The next day when they started for the hospital, Nellie's mother saw that Willie had a parcel and asked him what it was. 'He answered: Oh! just

something for John Henry' and mother, never suspecting, and knowing that children like to have secrets, said no more.

When they got to the hospital, there was John Henry lying in a pretty little bed. There were a great many more children in the room. Some of them had toys and picture books to look at and play with. Some were lying very quietly, feeling too ill to do anything. John Henry had a book full of pictures and had been amusing himself with it very happily until he saw mother and Nellie and Willie come in.

There were tears in Nellie's eyes as she kissed her little brother, but he had long left off wanting to cry. He was very glad to see Nellie; but he felt quite at home and happy in the hospital. 'You mustn't cry, Nellie,' he said, 'It isn't allowed here. Nurse will be cross if you do.'

Nurse was a pleasant, kind-looking woman. She stopped by John Henry's bed a minute and said, with a smile: 'Sister is not going to cry; are you, little one?' and she put her hand on Nellie's head and turned her face towards her.

'No ma-am, thank you, ma-am,' said Nellie shyly.

Then Nurse spoke to mother and drew her away from the bed for a minute, wanting to tell her some little things about John Henry.

This was Willie's opportunity. He pushed the parcel of sausages and tarts into John Henry's hands and whispered, 'Put it under the pillow. It's sausages and jam tarts.'

John Henry's eyes glistened with delight, and he made haste to do as Willie said. Then they all talked together and made plans for what they would do when he came out, and by and by it was time for them to go. Willie was in high spirits at the success of his plan. Hear now what came of it.

John Henry waited until Nurse was out of sight and then he put his hand under his pillow and drew something out of the parcel. The tarts had got a good deal broken and were mixed up with the sausages. So first he got a bit of tart and then a bit of sausage.

He kept on nibbling away until it was tea-time. Then John Henry did not want any tea. Nurse looked at him rather anxiously. What seemed funnier to him was that he did not want any more tarts and sausages though there was still a good bit left. Then, presently, he began to feel very uncomfortable, and then he was dreadfully sick and ill.

'John Henry,' said Nurse, 'What have you been eating?'

'Tarts,' said John Henry, 'And sausages. They're under the pillow.'

Nurse felt under the pillow and drew out the dreadful, messy, sticky parcel. 'Who gave you these,' said she. 'I'm sure it was not your mother.'

'No,' said John Henry, 'It was Willie.'

CHAPTER VII.

WELL, my story is coming to an end. I suppose, though, before we say good-bye to Nellie and John Henry and

Eliza, you would like to see John Henry safe home again. I know that I should. The days passed on and grew into weeks and the weeks grew into three months before mother had all her three children together again. You see, when John Henry's leg was well enough for him to get out of bed, he was a very pale, thin, little boy indeed. He had to use crutches too, and it was a very long time before he could do without them. The doctor said instead of going straight home, he had better go to the seaside for a few weeks; so he went to a beautiful house by the sea, where there were a lot of little boys and girls all getting strong and well together. But at last the day came for him to go home again. Can you fancy how excited they all were? All, that is, excepting little Eliza. The old lady had asked mother to let her be there when John Henry came home, and Nellie, when she came in from afternoon school, met her on the doorstep. She had a great big basket in her hand, almost too big for such a little old lady to carry. She and Nellie unpacked it together. There was a large cake in it, and a loaf, and a big pot of jam, and some tea and sugar, and butter.

'It's quite a tea-party,' said Nelly.

'Yes,' said the old lady. 'Your mother says we may ask Willie and Joe to tea to-night. Go and tell them, Nellie, before we set the table.'

John Henry was to come at six o'clock. All the children put on their best things, excepting poor Joe. He

had not got any best things. They were ready long before the time. But when six o'clock came a cab turned into the street, and mother ran to meet her boy. She took him right out of the cab in her arms, and sat down with him on her knee. 'My own lad,' she said, 'My own lad.' And John Henry put his arms round her neck and cried a little for joy, and said 'Oh! mother, I will be good, I will indeed.'

I wonder whether he was good. What do you think? At any rate, they are all good now and happy. I think we will leave them so for the present. Such a merry tea-party is a good thing to finish off with, I think. Nellie and John Henry and Eliza, Willie and Joe, all talking and laughing and eating as hard as they could, and mother and the little old lady watching the boys and girls with happy, contented faces.

FAR away, and yet so near us, lies a land
 where all have been,
 Played beside its sparkling waters, danced
 along its meadows green; . . .
 And it grows not old forever, sweet and
 young it is to-day—
 'Tis the Land of Little People, where the
 happy children play.
 And the things they know and see there,
 are so wonderful and grand,
 Things that wiser, older folks cannot know
 or understand.
 In the woods they meet the fairies, find the
 giants in their caves,
 See the palaces of cloudland and the mer-
 men in the waves,
 Know what all the birdies sing of, hear the
 secrets of the flowers—
 For the world of Little People is another
 world than ours.

Bible Verses for Sunday Lessons.



THE following selection of short passages of the Bible has been made in order to help those teachers who, having hitherto used the 'reading round of a chapter' system, are now desirous of finding a better way of familiarising their scholars with some of the grand thoughts contained in those ancient Scriptures.

So far as possible, the selection follows the lines of the YEAR OF SUNDAY READINGS; and a reference to those, therefore, will usually be found helpful in giving emphasis and illustration to the lesson.

Let me say a few words on the method of preparing and using these passages,—passages which, being short, are generally well fitted as the text *only* of the lesson. This being the case it follows that it will not be enough for the teacher to wait until he takes the class before looking up the verse. The teacher *must*—if his or her work is to be of any value—prepare the lesson. But this need not take up a long time; one half-hour on the Sunday evening, and odd moments of thought during the week can, and should, be spared by anyone who takes up the privilege of trying to teach others; and this will be sufficient if carried out with method and order.

First, the teacher should have a

pocket note-book and pencil handy. On the Sunday evening the passage for the following week should be copied out, and *thought* over until the *Lesson* therein contained is clearly revealed. The words that need explanation should be underlined (these, at odd times during the week, the teacher should think out, so as to find the best way of explaining to the class) and the divisions of the passage for teaching purposes should be numbered. Under the selection—with spaces left for filling in—the following headings should be put, *i.e.*, Aim of lesson: preparation, formulation, illustration, application. Please do not be discouraged by these words; it may seem a somewhat formidable list to begin with; but, believe me, any teacher who *will*, can make use of this method; for it really is simple, and so far, the preparation can be completed in a short half-hour. The teacher starts the week, then, with the thought for his next lesson clear before him; and, in his pocket he has his note-book ready to jot down any thoughts that may come to him during the week, or any illustration which newspaper, workshop, or book may suggest. And it is curious to see, if one has taken a thought into one's mind, how frequently things come to our notice which bear upon that subject.

Here is a rough specimen page of note-book, as it might be made out on the Sunday evening:—

January, 1st Sunday.

1. *To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens.*

2. *A time to be born, and a time to die;*
3. *A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;*
4. *A time to kill, and a time to heal;*
5. *A time to break down, and a time to build up;*
6. *A time to weep, and a time to laugh;*
7. *A time to mourn, and a time to dance;*
8. *A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;*
9. *A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;*
10. *A time to get, and a time to lose;*
11. *A time to keep, and a time to cast away;*
12. *A time to rend, and a time to sew;*
13. *A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;*
14. *A time to love, and a time to hate;*
15. *A time of war, and a time of peace.*

Eccles. iii. 1-8.

AIM OF LESSON.—1. *General*; Order and fitness. 2. *Special*; (New Year) Time to plant good resolutions.

PREPARATION.—Seasons; advantage of being sure of regular times. Catching trains, difficult when they are not punctual. Going to school. Good to know what to expect.

FORMULATION.—A time for everything. Specialize Nos. 1 and 3.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—

APPLICATION.—If there is so much advantage in order and regularity, is it not worth while for us to imitate God's method? New Year; a time for planting afresh seeds of industry, purity, love, a time to pluck up the weeds—idleness, cowardice, untruth, etc.

Thus the skeleton of the lesson is ready, and during the week, as I have said, various items are filled in.

Then when the class meets the lesson is commenced—not by stating the aim—but by the preparation, which should be made bright and attractive. In the case of the lesson referred to above, it would naturally begin by a talk of New Year's day, and what it means. This would lead to the Seasons, and the good of knowing that they do follow each other, because then we can prepare. Almost insensibly here the formulation of the lesson can come in. Birth and death, seed-time and harvest, breaking down and building up, weeping and laughter, casting away and gathering together, showing affection and restraining one's self, getting and losing, silence and speech, war and peace, among the rest, give a splendid selection out of which the teacher may draw forth from the class the thought of the beauty of order and fitness. Not till then should the Bible be opened. The teacher, having pointed out how men of old, as well as we of to-day, found this regularity and fitness around them, will tell scholars to find

Eccles. iii. 1, and let them read it. The teacher's note-book will show, by its numbered sections, how the reading may be divided. The whole class may well take part in the reading; the passage being taken as many times over as is required; each time read with more power and emphasis; and very often the lesson may finish with the teacher and class reading it over together. The teacher should endeavour so to have presented the thought that the words are but a gathering together of the lesson in beautiful language.

And every lesson should commence with a few questions upon the last one; in most instances (although there is no decided sequence in these passages) a link between the two may easily be found.

Selected Passages.

Jan.	1st	week, <i>Eccles.</i> iii. 1-8.
	2nd	" <i>Psalms</i> xxiii.
	3rd	" <i>Matthew</i> xxv. 1-13.
	4th	" <i>Luke</i> ii. 40-52.
Feb.	1st	" <i>Mark</i> x. 13-16.
	2nd	" <i>John</i> ii. 7-11.
	3rd	" <i>1 Corinthians</i> xiii. 1-7.
	4th	" <i>1 Corinthians</i> xii. 12-21.
Mar.	1st	" <i>Psalms</i> c.
	2nd	" <i>Proverbs</i> xxiv. 27-34.
	3rd	" <i>Matthew</i> xiii. 3-8.
	4th	" <i>Psalms</i> cxxi.
April	1st	" <i>Matthew</i> vi. 27-33.
	2nd	" <i>James</i> iii. 3-10.
	3rd	" <i>Eccles.</i> xi. 6-9; xii. 13, 14.
	4th	" <i>Matthew</i> xxvi. 6-13.
	5th	" <i>Gal.</i> v. 13-18; 22, 23.
May	1st	" <i>Isaiah</i> lxi. 8-11.
	2nd	" <i>1 Corinthians</i> xii. 4-11.
	3rd	" <i>James</i> ii. 14-18.
	4th	" <i>Psalms</i> xix. 1-6.

June	1st week,	Psalm xix. 7-14.
	2nd "	Luke vii. 36-47.
	3rd "	Ephesians iv. 1-7.
	4th "	Mark xii. 41-44.
July	1st "	Psalm civ. 1-13; 24.
	2nd "	Mark xii. 28-34.
	3rd "	Philippians iv. 4-8.
	4th "	Matthew xxv. 14-29.
	5th "	Proverbs xx. 6-13.
Aug.	1st "	Proverbs iii. 13-24.
	2nd "	Matthew vi. 19-24.
	3rd "	Romans xii. 10-21.
	4th "	Proverbs iv. 5-13.
Sept.	1st "	Psalm xxxiv. 1-14.
	2nd "	Romans xiv. 3-8.
	3rd "	1 Thess. v. 11-23.
	4th "	Ephesians vi. 10-18.
	5th "	Proverbs iv. 14-20.
Oct.	1st "	Psalm xv.
	2nd "	Gal. v. 25, 26; vi. 1, 2.
	3rd "	Luke x. 25-37.
	4th "	Luke xii. 15-21.
Nov.	1st "	Luke ix. 51-55.
	2nd "	Psalm cxxxix. 1-10.
	3rd "	Isaiah lv. 6-13.
	4th "	Luke x. 30-37.
Dec.	1st "	Ephesians iv. 25-32.
	2nd "	1 Corinthians xiii. 8-13.
	3rd "	Matthew v. 1-8.
	4th "	John xv. 8-15.
	5th "	Isaiah lxxv. 17-25.

Lessons on Truth.

A FEW SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS FOR THE
TEACHER.



It is so essential for our children to learn to be truthful that it seems to me that each class at the Sunday school should take up the subject for a few afternoons every year.

But we shall never be able to teach our scholars properly until we ourselves have realised two points :

First : The importance of truth.

Second : The immense difficulty there is in being really truthful.

To me it is a constant source of wonderment to hear the frequent exclamation of a 'grown-up' on finding a child has told a falsehood, 'Well, anyhow, he might have told me the truth,' as if that was the easiest thing imaginable. Now, we know perfectly well that the speaker, like the rest of us, finds it one of the most difficult things to do. Indeed, if we ask ourselves the direct question, 'Am I always truthful?' in the spirit of Whittier's words :—

'Stand still, my soul, in the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me ;'

I think the answer will often be very humiliating. We find it so much easier to say a pleasant thing; we find it so much easier to pervert the truth a little, in order that we may appear better or wiser than the bare truth would show us to be. If we are relating an adventure, we prefer to put the naked truth in a pretty dress; while if we are conscious of wrongdoing, we try to cover it over comfortably by a—yes, let us use the word—by a lie. This temptation comes to everyone. How is it, then, that we do learn to conquer this tendency to untruth more or less? Is it not mainly because experience has taught us the grave importance of truth, and the fact that truth after all is best on the

one hand ; and, on the other, the necessity for arming ourselves well for the battle, on account of the strength of the demon of untruth ? For in this, as in all warfare, it is a big blunder to despise the power of the enemy.

It is our first duty, then, to develop in our scholars a sense of the importance of truth ; taking in turn, truth in the home, truth in school, truth in our work and in our dealings with other people, truth in the State. All these are easy of illustration, and, according to the age of the scholars, the teacher will dwell more especially on one group or on another.

Point out that truth is a virtue, which is more important, the more people mix with one another. Robinson Crusoe, when alone on his desert island, had no one near to deceive, so he would not be tempted to lie ; but when we are closely dependent on one another, it is most necessary that we should be able to rely on each other, to trust one another ; and also that, though difficult, truth is the best way in the end. Truth is like a straight line. ————. It is the nearest way between two points. Crooked paths are always longer.

1. *Sins against truth in speech*, inaccuracy, exaggeration, prevarication, fies or white lies, lies.

We must be very careful not to class all sins against truth together as all equally bad, for by so doing we offend the sense of justice, for we know in our hearts that there are many gradations of guilt.

2. *Sins against truth in action*, cheating, deception, theft.

It is well to point out that, as a rule, the sin of untruth means two sins, one behind the untruth and responsible for it. Carelessness, vanity, cowardice, covetousness, or malice— one of these it is which usually brings the temptation to be false.

Having done our very best to awaken ourselves and our young people to the importance of Truth, let us warn them of the pitfalls and difficulties that we must meet on the way. The following story, amplified by the teacher, may help to make them understand the importance of being on guard :—

THE STORY OF FIDES.

Fides was the son of a king, and, as a lad, he was brought up at court, amid all its pleasures, and as yet he knew nothing of the world outside.

One day the king, his father, came into the room where he was, and tossing a packet on the table, bade his son take care of it. Fides was busy at the time, and so, taking it up, he thrust it just inside his coat, which was buttoned across his breast. In the evening the king asked his son for it, but alas ! it was not there. No doubt while running about the parcel had slipped out. The king was very angry. ‘You careless boy!’ he cried. ‘Why, in that parcel was the rarest gem in the world!’ And he would have punished him severely, but on looking at the lad he noted a puzzled look on his face.

'Well, what have you to say for yourself?' he asked, impatiently.

'Oh, father,' replied the prince, 'indeed, indeed I am sorry. But you did not tell me that it was so valuable, or I would have taken better care of it.'

'True, true, my boy,' returned the king, feeling the justice of the rebuke. 'Yes, it was my fault for not telling you; but I took it for granted you knew. So I forgive you, and we will go together and look for it, and next time you will understand.' The father and son went over the grounds seeking the lost treasure, and, after a few hours' search, Fides caught sight of it under a tree.

A month later the king called his son and said: 'I want you to carry this precious packet to your mother, who is in the country a hundred miles away.'

Now, Fides had never been away from home alone before, but he was glad with the thought of going, and glad to be able to take the beautiful gem to his mother. He carefully placed it in an inside pocket, and, to make it doubly safe, he pinned it in.

The country through which he was to pass was lonely and wooded, but Fides did not mind; he did not know that robbers frequented the path, and so he set out unarmed and quite unprotected. That evening, just as night was drawing on, he heard footsteps behind him, and, turning round, saw three men coming up. Not liking their looks he hurried on, but it was too late. They had caught a glimpse of the prince's face, and had recognised

him. Dashing forward they seized him and threw him down; then, stripping him of most of his clothes, made off with them at the top of their speed. Bruised by the fall, it was some minutes before Fides was able to get up again; but as soon as he was sufficiently recovered he sadly retraced his steps.

Directly the news was known at the palace, soldiers were sent to find the robbers. 'But how was it you went alone, my son, and unarmed?' said the king.

'Because I knew not there were such wicked men abroad, father,' replied the prince. 'Oh! had I but known!' And he fairly burst into tears at the thought of the lost jewel that he had carried off with such pride at the commencement of his journey.

Then the king saw what a mistake he had made in sending his boy out without preparation, without warning; and when, after three days, the jewel had been found and the robbers cast into prison, Fides was asked if he would try once more to make the journey, the best armour was prepared for him, and all the probable dangers and temptations explained and warded against. So Fides set off, not with such a light, careless heart as before, but with a confidence born of knowledge; and as dangers met him, or temptation crossed his path, he was able to recognise his foe and do battle valiantly. Thus he won his way, and came to his journey's end, receiving his mother's blessing, when he at length gave the jewel into her keeping.

The Sunday School :

ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.



HE name of 'Sunday School' is relatively modern, but the thing itself is very old. There was some provision for the religious education of children among the Jews, certainly after the Captivity, if not earlier; and in New Testament times, religious schools for the young were established in connection with the synagogues. At five years of age, children were made to begin the study of the Scriptures; at ten they began the Krishna, and by the age of thirteen they were supposed to know enough of the law to become bound by its precepts.

Among the early Christians, considerable attention was paid to the religious training of the young. Soon arose those classes of catechumens which were primarily intended for the instruction of candidates for baptism; they were held on Sundays before the time of public worship, and although those classes were chiefly frequented by adults, it is certain that younger people were not neglected.

During the Middle Ages, the Church continued the practice of catechising, a method of teaching to which some of us may now be disposed to take objection, but which, in those days of universal ignorance of letters, was probably the only possible method. The teaching had to be entirely oral, and simple enough to be retained, without too great an effort, in the children's memory.

At the Reformation, Luther in Germany, John Knox in Scotland, opened schools for the training of children in religious knowledge, while in England, Richard Baxter and others regularly gathered young people together for religious instruction. But all this represented the isolated efforts of enlightened and devoted men. There was no systematic plan, no recognised scheme for the teaching of the young.

Thus we reach the latter part of the eighteenth century, when a man arose in this country whose memory should be held in honour by all who have at heart the work of Sunday schools. His name was Robert Raikes; he was born at Gloucester, in the year 1735. His philanthropic work in Gloucester gaols had taught him to see the fatal connection between crime and ignorance, while his intense love of children led him to ponder over the means of shielding them from the terrible effects of ignorance and poverty, of which he saw too much evidence in the streets of his native city. His first attempt was to engage four women who kept dame-schools, to instruct on the Sunday a number of children in reading and the Church Catechism. For this service he gave each of these women one shilling every week. At first, it was found that the total ignorance of the little scholars was so great a hindrance to any serious religious teaching, that Raikes used his Sunday school chiefly for the purpose of imparting the elements of knowledge, reading, writing and a little arithmetic, in combination

with simple moral lessons, such as the pupils were able to understand. In this way, the work grew, and a wonderful improvement soon became visible. The poor children of Gloucester who, left to themselves and entirely neglected, used to fill the streets with noise on the Sabbath-day, and learnt there the arts of mischief and the dissolute ways of their elders, now were carefully gathered together early in the morning and again in the afternoon, and taught, with the most necessary elements of knowledge, the first lessons of religious morality. We believe that public attention was first directed to those important results in a letter published by Raikes in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1784. In the same year, the Rev. Rowland Hill opened the first Sunday school in London, an example which was soon followed in all the principal towns of England. By 1789, there were already 300,000 Sunday school scholars throughout the Kingdom.

Later on, an important change took place. Instead of paid teachers in Sunday schools, a number of schools began to obtain the gratuitous services of young men and women. It is said, we don't know precisely on what authority, that that movement first originated at Oldham. Soon, however, the practice became general, and with it a higher class of teachers came to offer their services. The Sunday schools ceased to exist for the poorest children alone, but children of a better class also came to be taught, and thus was established

in this country that great work of the Sunday school which according to statistics supplied by the Sunday School Union in 1890, reaches in the United Kingdom alone more than six and a half millions of scholars, gratuitously taught by more than 700,000 teachers.

In presence of these facts, our first thought naturally is: what an instrument for good we have in the Sunday school; and our second thought must be: what ought we not to do to render such an instrument more and more efficient for the work to be done!

In the first instance, we notice the great change that has taken place in this country. The primary education of children is no longer left to the uncertain and spasmodic efforts of private enterprise and benevolence. Much remains yet to be done to render our educational system more general in its applications and more perfect in its methods. But, at any rate, the system exists, and the Sunday school has no longer to do the work of the day-school. The duty of the Sunday school teacher is now essentially and exclusively the moral and religious training of the children entrusted to his or her care. And a glorious duty it is. We can hardly imagine a higher and nobler sphere of work for any earnest man or woman, than that of a Sunday school teacher. Work more important, more delicate, more unselfish is not to be found. The good done by such a work will tell powerfully upon the rising generation; it will affect necessarily the religious, social

and political issues of the future. The conscientious Sunday school teacher, because he is an educator in the higher sense of the word, is at the same time a patriot, a benefactor of his country and, through her, of humanity. Here then is a work to be undertaken in the highest spirit and from the highest motives, since it is undertaken for the highest of purposes.

No one who feels a call to such a work should be discouraged, but rather helped to accomplish his heart's desire. At the same time, the very sacredness of the duty to be performed should persuade us of the obvious truth that mere good-will cannot be a sufficient qualification for the work. It would not be a qualification in any other branch of teaching, and Sunday school teaching has peculiar difficulties of its own.

The truest sign of aptitude in a Sunday school teacher will, therefore, be an intense desire to be taught; to know the most approved methods, the best sources of information, the best books to be used, and above all to know how to develop that power of sympathy for the young which is hardly learnt from books.

Everywhere, at the present day, we hear of training colleges for teachers; our age has discovered that there is such a thing as a science of Pedagogy, and that teaching is an art to be learnt like any other art. One of the sources of weakness in Sunday schools, one reason why so powerful an instrument is yielding comparatively inadequate results, is that, as a rule, teachers are

improvised, not made. The field is immense but the skilled labourers are few. Hence an irresistible temptation to enlist the services of anyone who is willing to help, regardless of actual capacities or of past training. Any young person who 'likes doing something' is at once given a class, and a strange idea seems to be abroad that, if he or she has had no previous experience, a class of very young children will be just the thing for him or her. As if the difficulties of teaching were less in proportion to the tender years of the pupils! We are convinced that the next step forward in connection with Sunday school teaching will be the recognition of the fact that teachers, there as elsewhere, must learn to teach. Why should we not have evening classes for Sunday school teachers in the week, just as we have Evening Continuation Classes, University Extension Classes, etc., etc.? Such evening classes could be made as interesting as any others; they would scarcely take up more time than that which any conscientious teacher gives to the preparation of lessons, and one of the effects of the training would be to enable teachers to prepare their lessons much more promptly and satisfactorily. In some religious denominations such classes are held already, and with great success, under the name of Bible-classes, for teachers and advanced scholars, but there is yet room for something more comprehensive, and better adapted to the needs of those who feel that a minute study of the letter of the Bible

is not always the shortest road to a knowledge of its spirit.

Another advantage arising out of such classes, recognised as an integral part of our Sunday school system, is that many who, with the best intentions and zeal, have not become really good teachers, could in this way overcome their difficulties with comparative ease and promptitude, while those who perhaps suffer from undue confidence in themselves, would find a wholesome corrective in the work of the classes.

Another thought is suggested by these remarks. We speak of Sunday school *teaching*. What is really implied by that word? Its meaning is not doubtful. It means: to convey knowledge of some kind progressively, according to a certain logical order; proceeding from the known to the unknown; imparting *facts*, whether they be facts intended to enrich the mind or to affect the will. It means, therefore, a certain order, steadily respected and scrupulously maintained. The acquisition of all forms of knowledge is subject to those conditions; we should, therefore, see that we are not forgetting those conditions while imparting religious knowledge. To choose subjects from Sunday to Sunday without any reference to a plan, merely placing a number of disconnected ideas successively before our scholars, may prove interesting, may be easier and more pleasant, but it is not *teaching* in the strict sense of the word. And, sooner or later, the re-

sults of such desultory treatment of religious knowledge become very obvious. The scholars have received a good many notions into their minds, but they have no real grasp of them, because they cannot perform for themselves the serious labour of co-ordination in respect to those notions. This is one of our chief sources of disappointment in connection with Sunday schools. It seems as if we had been labouring in vain, when we see our scholars drifting into directions little related in any logical way to the teaching they have received, or when we see with sorrow how weak they are left, in spite of our lessons, in presence of trials and temptations.

We must be quite clear that to occupy our scholars pleasantly with wholesome stories on various subjects Sunday after Sunday, or with disconnected studies on various portions of Scripture, is not teaching. It is only dealing with the raw materials of teaching. Real teaching implies a definite object, and a method founded upon some principle of order. Good teachers always manage to sustain the interest of their scholars, even while treating serious matters seriously, because they have a way of securing the attention of the children. Bad teachers have recourse to so-called amusing ways, but the time soon comes when the children will not listen to anything that is not amusing; to keep them quiet, the dose of amusement, as in the case of opiates, has to be gradually increased if it is

to be effectual. Such a situation is lamentable, for not only have we not real teaching there, but we create a mental state in the children whose effects cannot be morally wholesome in the long run.

In our study of Sunday schools we meet with various theories as to the good which should follow from the regular attendance of scholars. Some churches principally aim at imparting doctrinal knowledge, moral development being left to the machinery of a sacramental system. The chief object of a Sunday school in those churches is to fix deeply in the minds of children certain principles, certain views and modes of thought in the form of dogmatic definitions. For this purpose, nearly all of them trust chiefly to the use of a catechism, and their trust is largely justified by results. Other churches, looking at the matter from a totally different point of view, and having no sacramental system to fall back upon, consider the Sunday school as an agency mainly for the purpose of fostering the moral and spiritual formation of their young people. They profess to impart little or no doctrinal knowledge, and to aim only at the general training of character. For this, they place little reliance upon catechisms, liturgies, or formularies. They trust to personal influence on the part of teachers, who are left free to say and do very much what they like under the general direction of a superintendent. His duties are not always very clearly

defined and his control of the teaching staff is often more theoretical than real.

Other churches again, like our principal non-conformist bodies, for instance, hold that the Sunday school should combine both offices, the teaching of definite doctrine and the training of character at the same time. Here, the use of a catechism as a means of securing unity of teaching, is replaced, in most cases, by the direct authority of the minister, who controls the teachers, examines the scholars and sees that the principles of the church are not lost sight of in the teaching given.

It would be out of place here to criticise these various interpretations of the office of a Sunday school. Each interpretation represents the logical application of certain principles, and it is, therefore, with those principles that we should join issue, not with that which naturally flows from them.

In our Free Churches we can never rest satisfied with purely doctrinal teaching in our Sunday schools. Our aim is higher, wider; and besides, we must do, while our scholars are with us, that which could not be done for them, given our organisation, in any other way. We must, while we have the opportunity, train the young in the principles of the spiritual life, form them into men and women in the highest sense of the word, develop their righteous instincts, check wrong inclinations, set before them an ideal in life.

How far all this can be done apart

from any theory of religion is a delicate question ; it is, perhaps, as if we should ask how far it is possible to explain the succession of vital phenomena upon the earth apart from any theory of evolution. We must deal with the human mind as we find it, and respect the necessities of its constitution. But just as, in science, we value a working hypothesis only in proportion to its use in the discovery of facts, so in religious teaching we shall value doctrines chiefly in proportion to their use in the realisation of spiritual ideals. We shall not lay undue stress upon our little systems that 'have their day and cease to be,' but we shall try rather to make such systems as we are obliged, for the time being, to use as the best expression of our present vision, stepping-stones to higher knowledge and larger wisdom. It can do no more harm to a child than to ourselves to state honestly what we see to-day ; harm would only come if we presumed to affirm that no more may be seen to-morrow.

It is sometimes said that the original object of Sunday schools, as realised by the founders of our Sunday school system, has ceased to exist, and the maintenance of the system is thus brought into discussion. But while admitting that the conditions under which Sunday schools first arose have changed, we believe that they are as necessary as ever to the life of our churches. Only, it is with Sunday schools as with everything else ; they must conform to the stern laws of evolution. Dis-

used organs must be replaced by new ones, new functions must be provided for, and fossil forms must not be mistaken for living types. We must adapt our methods to the changed conditions of modern life ; we must be prudent in recommending innovations, but at the same time we must not allow an excessive conservatism to perpetuate anomalies and render artificial a work which ought to be ever instinct with fresh life and renewed energy. The highest use that our churches can make of their freedom is to face resolutely the present needs of our young people and to satisfy those needs in a spirit truly broad and free.

L. DE BEAUMONT KLEIN (Liverpool).

Work, it is thy highest mission ;
Work, all blessings centre there ;
Work for culture, for the vision
Of the true, and good, and fair.

'Tis of knowledge the condition,
Opening still new fields beyond ;
'Tis of thought the full fruition ;
'Tis of love the perfect bond.

Work : by labour comes the unsealing
Of the thoughts that in thee burn ;
Comes in action the revealing
Of the truths thou hast to learn.

Work in helping, loving union
With thy brethren of mankind ;
With the foremost hold communion,
Succour those who toil behind.

For true work can never perish ;
And thy followers in the way,
For thy works thy name shall cherish :
Work, while it is called to-day.

F. M. WHITE.



From Photograph of Mr. James View Dillard

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

SUMMER SESSION

FOR

Sunday School Teachers,

Held at Oxford, 30th June to 8th July, 1899.



It is pleasant to feel that the proposal made in the pages of *The Helper* of last year to hold a short Summer School at Oxford was so favourably received, that the Committee of the Sunday School Association decided to carry it out last July; and that, with the valuable co-operation of the Principal and Professors of Manchester College, the scheme was then brought to a most successful issue. Teachers, to the number of one hundred and forty, gathered from the following forty centres:—

Belfast,
Birmingham,
Birkenhead,
Bolton,
Bridport,
Brighton,
Bristol,
Bury,
Cirencester,
Chesterfield,
Derby,
Evesham,
Gateacre,
Gateshead,

Godalming,
Halifax,
Holywood(Ireland),
Horwich,
Huddersfield,
Hull,
Hyde,
Leeds,
Leicester,
Liverpool,
London,
Manchester,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,
Northampton,

Norwich,
Nottingham,
Oldham,
Oldbury,
Oxford,
Plymouth,

Padiham,
Reading,
Rochdale,
Stalybridge,
West Bromwich,
Wilmslow,

and thanks to the efforts made by Mr. J. H. Woods, who kindly acted as Local Secretary, and to his band of helpers, all friends were pleasantly located within walking distance of Manchester College, where the sessions were held.

The object of this gathering, as stated in the invitation circular, was twofold, namely:—

1. To endeavour to raise the ideal of Sunday school teaching by infusing that enthusiasm which naturally results from the union of those who have interests in common; and by the devotion of a certain time to the study of subjects bearing upon their work.

2. To give the members the opportunity for visiting the colleges and other places of interest in Oxford, and for meeting together in friendly intercourse.

That this object was accomplished to a very gratifying extent was certainly the verdict of everyone who looked upon the earnest, happy faces that were to be seen each day assembled in the College Chapel, where, after a short and appropriate morning service, a couple of lectures, with a half hour's interval between, were followed with unflagging interest. Then came the mid-day meal, so well arranged for and prepared by the energetic Steward of the College, Mr. J. Soundy, and his good wife; this was always a merry, enjoyable time.

The afternoons were devoted to visits to the other colleges, excursions to places of interest, or to pleasant calls on Oxford friends; while some of the evenings were taken up with music, conversation, the discussion of interesting topics, or by the presentment of lantern slides. The first of the afternoon visits deserves special mention, for after an interesting visit to the M.C. Library, under the able guidance of Miss Toulmin Smith, the Librarian, we had the pleasure of seeing Mansfield College, where we were welcomed by Dr. Fairbairn, the genial Principal, and Mr. Vernon Bartlett. The latter acted as guide through the college, and then, having brought us to the most interesting part—the chapel—we were rejoined by Dr. Fairbairn, who explained its various points, and made special reference to the great men of the Nonconformist body—‘our common ancestors,’ as the speaker truly called

them—the statues of whom are placed around the inner walls of the chapel.

‘What’s done is what remains,’ says the poet; and all who listened to the utterances in Manchester College that week must have felt a strong desire—which was indeed several times openly expressed—to have a record of the lectures, not only so that the counsels therein given might ‘remain’ and bear fruit within themselves, but in order that other teachers, who had wished to come but who had been unable to do so, might share in the pleasure and profit of that happy week’s work.

It was, therefore, decided that the chief portion of *The Helper* for this year should be devoted to the proceedings of the Oxford Summer Session. But I should like to say at the outset that I have availed myself of the privilege of the Editor to its utmost limits. In some cases I have only been able to put in part of the lectures given; in one or two cases a little has been added; but the greatest alteration has been in the order of the lectures. In arranging these for our present purpose I have thought well to combine them into one gradually developing whole, so that a better sequence might be obtained.

Therefore, after a few sentences from Dr. Drummond’s beautiful opening address, I have gathered my material in the following order:—

Object of Sunday School Teaching.—

J. J. Wright.

Some Day School methods applicable to Sunday Schools.—*Frank Taylor.*

On Discipline.—*Henry Rawlings.*
Teachers in Council.—The Ideal Sunday School.

Method of preparing and presenting a Lesson.—*Edith Drummond.*

How to give a Bible Lesson.—*Joseph Wood.*
 WHAT can we teach, and HOW?—

Marian Pritchard.
 Religious Lessons from the Book of Nature.—
Joseph Freeston.

Teachers in Council.—Our Senior Classes.

Three Sunday School Lessons.—*J. Upton,*
A. H. Biggs, E. C. Turner.

These comprise the practical help for Sunday School Teachers in their schools. Then follow the lectures for their own individual culture:—

Relation of Ethics to Religion.—
C. B. Upton.

Growth of the Old Testament.—
J. E. Carpenter.

Life and Epistles of Paul.—
James Drummond.

Development of Liberal Nonconformity.—
J. E. Odgers.

Work and Teachings of G. F. Watts, R.A.—
Lucking Tavenor.

In this ingathering, although in the case of the academic lectures, only a portion of what was said could be garnered in, we may feel that we have a splendid harvest of thought and inspiration for future use. Then follows a **Teachers in Council**, on the subject of 'Bringing our Young People to join our Churches and to remain with us'; and,—after a word or two about the Lantern evening—the whole is brought to a fitting conclusion by some passages from the Rev. J. E. Carpenter's inspiring address, given at the Sunday service.

Passages from Dr. Drummond's Opening Address.

Text: 'We are God's fellow-workers,'
1 Cor. iii. 9.



HOSE of us who are striving to take up our high calling as fellow-workers with God have in our minds two convictions which must help to encourage and strengthen us in our labours. The first is that we believe that Supreme Goodness is at the heart of the Universe, that its Ruler is full of divine Truth and Love, and that to work in harmony with Him is the secret of a true life. This thought has been steadily growing from the early ages, and, since the time of Jesus,—who set it forth both in his life and in his teaching, with such wonderful power and beauty,—earnest souls everywhere have found courage, hope and strength from their conviction of its truth. They could not always see the goodness lying at the heart of things; they found facts here and there which were difficult to reconcile with it; but yet, deep down in their hearts they felt sure that the Light of Truth was shining, even though their eyes failed to see it because of the clouds of sadness and sin which intervened.

And the second conviction—one that should spur us on with ever returning vigour to our task—is that

the world is needing our help to raise it out of the evil which is so persistently throwing its shadow over it. Sin, sorrow and suffering are with us here and now; and if we are worthy to be called fellow-workers with God, it behoves us to do our best to raise men out of evil and to seek to establish the Kingdom of God.

* * * *

Only when we go to our work with the sense that the Goodness ruling over all is ruling in our hearts also, and is able to work through us, can we devote ourselves hopefully and with trusting faith, to the purpose we have set before us.

Yet it is not enough to love and be *passively* filled with faith in God. We must learn to love wisely, and so act wisely. Much mischief has been done by zeal misdirected because of ignorance and want of skill, much mischief is constantly done by kindly people who do not train and discipline their minds and their hearts. It is for the purpose of giving some help in the matters of training and discipline that this Summer Session for Sunday School Teachers has been organised.

The training in special knowledge required is of two kinds, knowledge of proper method, choice of proper subject. In the Sunday School we need to do our utmost to learn how best to manage our class, and how best we may lead our scholars to gain true thoughts of God, true inspiration to go forth to do their part in the service of man. But it is not only preparation

for our own lesson that is required, it is necessary also that we should train ourselves; and to help this forward it is good always to have some independent course of reading on hand, in order that our world of thought may be enlarged; and more particularly, we should give an earnest and intelligent attention to that grand literature which we call the Bible.

* * * *

‘We are God’s fellow-workers.’ Christianity has always been a redemptive religion. It clearly recognised the evils in the world, and Christ’s life was consecrated to the overthrow of those evils.

In this spirit must you, Sunday school teachers, go forth to your work; first feeling the redemptive power in your own hearts, and then seeking to save those entrusted to your care from the evil that besets their path. You may go forth with exultation in your labours, feeling its sublimity, since it is God who worketh in you, both to will, and to do. In proportion as you forget yourselves in the glory of the work, in proportion as you are ready to bear and to forbear, to strive and to be patient, seeking only to further the coming of the Kingdom of God, will you,—lifted up above the petty vexations that must, of necessity, lie around your path,—be enabled to fulfil nobly the duties and responsibilities pertaining to all those who truly desire to take up their glorious privilege of being ‘fellow-workers’ with God.

Object in Sunday School Teaching.



BJECT in Sunday School Teaching is the one important point to which I ask your attention.

And will you notice at the outset that I do not say *the* Object? Because there may be more than one Object.

My purpose just now is to show that *some* Object is surely needed in all Sunday School teaching; and that having an Object may make all the difference between pleasure and irksomeness, interest and weariness, success or failure in one's work.

For example: here is a young teacher who has but recently taken a class. He is bright and willing, not without brains, has a good heart, can talk pretty well, has some ideas, is fond of communicating, and likes the idea of being a teacher.

For a few Sundays all may go well with this fresh young worker. The boys like him, he likes the boys. He feels the pleasure of *interesting* them.

Some weeks pass—maybe two or three months—and then a change comes over this young teacher's mood. He now feels that somehow he is not succeeding, although he is as earnest as ever.

Such a teacher—for this is a real young teacher that I am talking about, and I know that he is typical—such a teacher stands up at a Meeting of Teachers, and, in effect, says:

'No, I don't want to give up. I'm willing enough to teach. But I've been *thinking*. And *this* is what troubles me. It has come into my mind that I have never learned how to teach. I've just jumped and tumbled into it. Two things I now want to know:—There must surely be a *way* to teach: can't somebody tell me the *way*? And it seems to me, too, that I ought to know what I am teaching *for*. If I knew what to *aim* at I think I could work better!'

There you have the sincere and earnest cry of a young teacher. And the cry is natural.

See! the ordinary teacher is engaged, as a rule, in some definite daily occupation. Suppose she is a dressmaker. She then knows that *dresses* are to be the outcome of her work, and that there are *ways* of making dresses. The same principle applies if she is a learner or teacher of music, or of painting.

Let the young teacher be a spinner, a weaver, a carpenter, a builder, a technical school student, a lawyer's clerk, a young medical student, and he can easily see *some* Object in these things.

What Object then can the ordinary teacher set before himself in his work? Keeping at present to the concrete, I would say that to educate his scholars for future membership in the Congregation, including attendance at Chapel, work for and support of the Cause, is surely a *worthy and definite Object* in Sunday School teaching. As natural as it is for boy and girl to become man

and woman, so natural ought it to be for Sunday School scholars to become the men and women of our churches. This seems to be as clear as day. 'The Nursery' surely leads, not to the streets and the world, but to the *other rooms* of the house. We expect the children to become the adults of the family, and act accordingly.

But there is a more immediate Object than this. Preparation for membership in the congregation may take years. Meantime life is going on. And there is a *character* being made or marred in each boy and girl every week,—every day. Here is immediate and unique work for the Sunday School. Its speciality is indeed CHARACTER-BUILDING. We have Schools of Music, Schools of Painting, the Sunday School is the *School of Character*.

A constant and an essential Object of the School teacher, therefore, is the building up of character in young people. Books, knowledge, facts, illustrations, are just material and scaffolding,—of use only in the Sunday School as they go to build up *character*. 'Tis the possible manhood and womanhood of his scholars that the Sunday School teacher should always keep in mind. An admiration for the good, a fine regard for the truth, a love of duty,—these are the things which Sunday School lessons and teachings should excite and inspire. As you see, it is character—character-building—all the time!

But now please notice that not even yet have we reached the most important

Object which may be aimed at in Sunday School teaching. The *supreme* thing has not yet been named. What is it? In order most vividly to realize what this supreme Object of Sunday School teaching is, let me ask you now to think of the actual boy or girl who meets you in class. Look at him as he really *is*,—flesh and blood, mind and soul. Take it for granted—as you safely may—that he loves the good and not the evil—that he would like to be genuinely good—that he does try! Why should he not? It would be unnatural if he didn't! For, you must not forget the elementary fact, that your *actual* boy, though bodily he belongs to Nature, yet spiritually he *is* a child of God. And that in no figurative sense. Really and essentially he is a son of God. That is, he is spirit of God's Spirit. Descended from God—so much God out of God—however hampered by body, or hindered by environment—that boy, and every boy and girl, is of divine origin and descent; and hence his love of the good when he sees it, his admiration for noble deeds of duty when he hears of them, his faith in glorious possibilities—all these things are natural to him, just because he is essentially divine.

But there are *two* other elementary facts to be remembered about your actual boy or girl.

(1). His character is necessarily imperfect, in that he is only just beginning to make it; not *bad*, but imperfect. What a rough block of marble is to the statue to be made out

of it, so is this young consciousness to the personality it will some day be. Out of all the past, and from God, this boy has only recently received a life—*his* life—*himself*, and he by no means understands it yet,—much less does he know what to do with it!

(2). Unlike the boy Jesus, but like the boy Samuel, this boy may not 'yet know the Lord.' Though a nature divine is his, though heavenly instincts are in him, the ordinary boy or girl cannot know without teaching what his highest nature relates him to and implies. This may be true though all the time, he or she, under the training and influence of parents and others, is on the whole, obedient, faithful, truthful, kindly.

Look again now at the actual boy or girl in your class. Think of him or her as they will be on Monday, and Tuesday, and through the week, in their homes, in the street, at their day school, or in their workshop. Think what a week's *life* means to these boys and girls—the push and pull of it all—among all kinds of companions, among all sorts of men and women.

It is fairly easy for young human nature to be good in good company. It is not hard to be 'not evil' in easy circumstances.

Boys and girls in their homes, with their parents, are, as a rule, *kept* from serious evil. They are surrounded by an authority, a love, a law of suggestion, a spirit, which, as a rule, are all in favour of the good. It is somewhat the same when those boys or girls are

with you as their teacher, whether in class or otherwise. Their surroundings support and vitalize the *good* that is in them.

But follow this boy through his work on Monday,—this errand boy, this office boy, this mill-boy, this pit-boy. Follow this shop-girl, this mill-girl, this warehouse girl.

Note how changed are their surroundings then! Why, many a Sunday School teacher would scarcely know his scholars if he saw them amid their everyday surroundings. They are so altered,—they look like a picture out of its frame, and in an unusual place.

Mark you, I do not mean to say that in passing from their homes and Sunday Schools these boys and girls necessarily enter into *evil* surroundings. By no means. Shops, and mills, and offices, and other such places are centres of hard work, not centres of evil. There is often no time for either good or evil in them.

But my point is this: that your boy or girl hasn't got *you*,—hasn't got teacher or parent with him when he goes out into the busy world. He goes *alone*,—alone into new surroundings—into glorious, into terrible possibilities.

And he carries with him into those new surroundings just what he *is*. So much *character* as he has is now going to be tested. Human forces, such as he has never dreamed of, will play upon his young life on all sides to try him. And remember he is *alone*. He is out of the haven, on the open sea.

This may be just at a time, too,

when there are natural forces waking up within himself which surprise him, which he does not understand, which he hardly knows what to do with or how to manage. And, of course, the same thing is true of a girl.

Think of this young life,—this dynamo—this more than dynamite of possibilities! Our noblest citizens, our vilest criminals, are made out of such lives!

Follow your boy, your girl, into shop, and office, and mill, and pit, and other workplace. I have said the best word I can of these places. But when you have said your best, you are bound to say—if you know what you are talking about—that in these places, where all ‘sorts and conditions’ congregate, there is evil, danger, temptation, trial, such as boy or girl never met with in home or school. Besides, the moral temperature is never high; too often it is very low. And the great law of suggestion—that law which works through words, looks, customs, conduct, surroundings, calling up in our natures and setting in operation trains of impulses, ideas, actions,—that law of suggestion is always at work in these places as elsewhere, and too often on the side of what is downward rather than upward.

It is in the midst of these surroundings—surroundings which don’t help him—that our ordinary boy, within a few months or years at most, has got to settle for himself the momentous issues upon which all *his* future and character, and his share in the moral

soundness of the world, depend. To put it definitely: Is he going to be honest? Is he going to be pure? Is he going to be trustworthy? Is he going to be diligent? Will he be sober? Will he keep a clean mouth and a clean mind? Shall there be reverence in his soul? Will he hold his character as his dearest treasure?

I will not ask the opposite questions. But, as I myself have passed through all this, you will see that I *know*,—and you will believe me when I tell you that every boy and girl, on leaving the home-nest for shop and mill, and other ordinary workplace, has got, in some fashion, this *moral battle to wage*.

Picture him or her, I pray you, for the first time in the thick of it. Sobriety, honesty, purity, reverence assailed, sometimes in shocks of moral surprise, more often in the daily downward tendency of his new surroundings. A young moral existence in the midst of all this, how shall he stand? What will help him? What will give him power to resist? Or, if he fail in the first encounter, what will restrain him from falling utterly? What will bring him to himself again?

That is the moral battle of every boy and girl, every young man and young woman. It is being fought out to-day,—even now while we are here—in thousands of young hearts. To me there is nothing more momentous;—because on this battle depends not only their own future but the future character of the world.

Yes, *your* boy and girl—the boy and

girl in *your* class or home—goes out to face this character-making or character-ruining battle. To conquer or be conquered he goes. And *you* cannot go with him! The time has come when, in the order of God's providence, this young life must go alone, and fight a lonely battle.

But the thought of *you* goes with him. And all that you have done for him,—all suggestion and ideal of goodness which you have given him—now goes with him, *is* part of him.

But is that enough? It is—oh so much!—that which you have done for him—that which you have been to him. But is it enough? I think not. I know it is not.

What then? Besides all this, believe me, there is a something else needed, a something which it is difficult to put in few words, but which I will call a *sense of God*—what in olden phrase was called 'The fear of God which is the *beginning* of wisdom.' Yes, a sense of God is needed in each young soul that goes out into the world, if it is to conquer and not be conquered, if it is not only to reach the full measure of its personality among men, but to have the blessed life of relationship with its Father in Heaven.

Yes, a sense of God will uphold it, give it power, restrain it, exalt it, give it dignity and humility.

The sense of God,—*that* is the secret of self-government, the spring of highest human character, the source of noblest strength. And in varied

measure, in due order, this sense of God is needed alike by young and old.

As you see, I make much of this! And you will find it on analysis, and more especially by experience, to be the root of the whole matter. That is why I have spent so much time in trying to show you, in attempting to make you feel, that to *cultivate this sense of God* in young people by our Sunday school teaching is an object which *underlies* those other objects already named,—of character-building, and of preparation for membership in the congregation. Indeed, were I asked to tell in one sentence what is the object of Sunday school teaching, I should at present say: to *cultivate the sense of God in young hearts and minds*, with all that this implies.

Note that I say 'to *cultivate*.' The sense *is* there, of course, in every human child, as is the sense of time and space, of music, or numbers, of admiration, justice, or love. There in the child, or we could never put them there! To awaken these senses, to call them up, to exercise them, to develop them,—that is what man can do.

And so with this deepest sense of all—this sense eternal—this sense of divine relationship between a human child and the Great Father—in some young souls it is wondrously vivid and lovely, in others it is strangely dim and crude, but in all it has to be cultivated. And hence the Sunday school has no higher object than the wise and reverent cultivation of this sense of God in young hearts and minds.

Perhaps I ought here to guard you against one possible mistake of my meaning. I do not plead for the cultivation of this 'sense' in young people merely as a *regulative*—merely that the sense may be a 'regulator' of their moral conduct. Had I time I should endeavour to show and illustrate the fact that this vital relationship between a young soul and its God may begin with a sense of *dependence*, then grow to a sense of *responsibility*, and then rise and ripen into a sense of *love*.

But the unfolding of all this would take another lecture.

Suffice it now to say that though the religion of a child, a boy, a youth, and a man, cannot be the same, yet in each and all it is a touch, a tie, a bond, a relationship, between a human spirit and the Divine Spirit.

And oh, what a gain it is if this sense of God awakes in childhood, and if, when it does awake, it beholds *God in His Goodness*. 'It is in childhood,' says Richter, 'that the Divine is born within the human.' 'How can you plant the holiest more fitly than in the holiest time of innocence, or that which is to have influence for ever, better than in this period of life, when nothing is forgotten?'

Let me give two or three illustrations of this.

Here is what a very little girl said. Her cousin, of about the same age, and she were playing together on the nursery floor, utterly unconscious of any older presence, and this question came from her cousin :

'But how will we get into Dod's heaven? Will we open a door in the clouds?'

'Why, I know,' was the response. 'We will do up to heaven and knock bam-bam-bam, and Dod will turn the handle and open the door; and we will walk in, and Dod will say, "Why, how! 'ou tum to heaven, too?" And I will say: "'Es, Dod. Don't you know every night in my wayers I say, Take me to heaven?" And Dod will say: "Tourse I does, my baby,—tourse I does."' And the little voice took a tender tone that showed how truly she felt our Father's fatherhood.

And do we not remember how the good mother's training made Theodore Parker, when still quite young, though quite alone, exclaim: 'My Father in heaven' at every moment of awe, joy, or pain. Finding a scarce flower in the wet meadow, inhaling the piny odours, seeing first the spring blades in the garden, weeping at stories of Indian captivities, basking in the May sun at the top of the ledge, or in any new place, or in presence of anything striking in wood or field or street, or feeling the mother's heart in every room of the house,—'My Father in heaven' came naturally to his lips, and his little word with God about each thing seemed as natural as talking to his mother. (See Weiss's 'Life of Parker,' Vol. I., p. 33.)

An elderly lady, whose life has been richly filled with beneficence, and whose spirit seems to be in joyous touch with everything true

and beautiful and good, tells me (says Charles G. Ames in his 'As Natural as Life,') that, in her childhood, she stood by her mother's knee and recited lessons from a catechism written by Dr. Channing. One question ran like this: 'When I walk abroad what do I see?' The answer was: 'I see the blue sky, the bright sun, the grass waving in the breeze, the beautiful flowers, and the singing birds.' Then came the question: 'Who made all these lovely and wonderful things?' The object, as you see, was to direct the mind 'through nature, up to nature's God.' Thus all common things were associated with thoughts of the great and good and wise Author. The child was made aware of the spiritual order by means of the pleasant impressions made on the senses, just as the same child must have learned what love is through feeling the clasp of warm arms, and seeing the smile of a kind face. And my friend remembers at seventy, that, as she stood by her mother on a spring day, reciting this delightful lesson, 'the roses were blooming under the window, the dandelions looked up from the grass, the purple martins warbled among the trees, and the catechism itself seemed to be a part of all the loveliness of the world.' So (and this is the point to us of this incident) so her religious feelings opened like the flowers, and glad reverence for the Eternal was as spontaneous as affection for her mother.

You will, of course, kindly recollect that these are only illustrations, and that I must limit myself to two or three. The aim of them, however, should not be lost sight of. I am trying all the time to show, that whether it be through nature or through man, and whatever means or lessons be used, one primary object of the Sunday School is to cultivate this living sense of God in the young.

And it makes such a difference! Do you remember the Eastern fable in which the Garden says: 'I was common clay till roses were planted in me.' So was it with some boys and girls that I am thinking of now. They were 'common clay' until the seed of Religion—until the rose of Reverence—was planted in them; since when their young lives, in eye and face and tone and helpful action, have bloomed with pleasant fragrance.

And more than that! There are ordinary young women I know, who work every day amid foul surroundings, who live in mean streets, yet whose souls, I believe, are pure as heaven itself, whose countenances it is a delight to see, whose characters I more than esteem. Evil comes nigh them, it circles round them, yet it cannot touch them. They dwell, they toil, they pass each day unscathed, unspotted, white as the thought of an angel, through it all. There are ordinary young men of whom I can say the same.

And there are ordinary men and women who have passed through Sun-

day Schools, and who, with children of their own, have, in spite of much evil, amid which they must live and work, kept their characters solid and bright as burnished steel.

I look at these real instances living before my eyes; I know some of their histories; or I talk with them; and what do I find is the secret of their purity or their integrity? Why, it is just this sense of God of which I have been speaking.

And so, again, when I look into the biographies of really good men, and seek for the secret of their heroism, their endurance, their faith under all manner of hardships, I find them, not perhaps with any great *amount* of Religion if reckoned by length of creed, but at the very heart of them,—as in Livingstone with his life principle of ‘Fear God and work hard,’ and that motto on so many of England’s best, ‘Do your duty and say your prayers;’ and what is this but just what I am pleading for,—*a sense of God in the soul*. In other words, that the thing in life is to be good, as Jesus was, as God is, who is our Father and Helper. So you see I set that out as primary. Not that you can always begin your Sunday School lessons with that. No, indeed! Much may have to be done before you can *arrive* at that! But that is a primary object to aim at. And all lessons may lead that way. For instance, here is a case told by an American lady, which I years ago noted,

A young man, who had been very successful with a class of boot-blacks in one of our large cities, told her that in the beginning he gathered them up in the streets, by offering every one who would come for a certain number of Sundays a new box for his brushes and blacking, with his name painted in red letters on the outside. There were no other conditions, simply attendance for so many consecutive weeks. Much as the boys shunned the notion of belonging to a Sunday School, the allurements of the new boxes was too great to be resisted; and they came in goodly numbers. Now, I forget exactly the course of instruction pursued by this ingenious teacher, whether it was the story of Robinson Crusoe in weekly instalments or something else; but, at any rate, it was something of that order. And some way, at the end of the twenty Sundays, he had acquired, by one means and another, a singular ascendancy over his boys; and their attendance did not cease with the acquisition of the red-lettered boxes. I believe in time he succeeded in getting them interested in the parables, the Beatitudes, and the Lord’s Prayer,—subjects which in the beginning would have scattered his pupils.

Without intending to offer this as a model for securing attendance and attention from children, it will, at any rate, serve as an illustration of using means to ends.

Now, not everyone can tell, but it

would be interesting to hear how differently, under what incidents, amid what scenes, in what circumstances, any ten of us here present first came to the consciousness of God. Louisa Alcott, you know, relates how that central secret revealed itself to her when a wild romp of a girl. Says she: 'I remember running over the hills just at dawn one summer morning, and, pausing to rest in the silent woods, saw through an arch of trees the sun rise over the river, hill, and wide green meadows, as I never saw it before.

'Something born of the lovely hour, a happy mood, and the unfolding aspirations of a child's soul, seemed to bring me very near to God, and in the hush of that morning hour I always felt that I "got religion" as the phrase goes. A new and vital sense of His presence, tender and sustaining as a father's arms, came to me then, never to change through forty years of life's vicissitudes, but to grow stronger for the sharp discipline of poverty and pain, sorrow and success.

That was Miss Alcott's experience. No two experiences can be quite alike in this infinite matter. To 'Joan,' the rough but true-hearted pit-girl in Mrs. Burnett's 'Lass o' Lowries,' the sense of God came when gazing at a great picture of Christ. With most souls possibly the way to God has been through good men. They are the symbols—the suggestions—of the Infinite Good. Hence we do well to

awaken young people's admiration for heroes and heroines, and their reverence for noblest characters. Through man perhaps most men have been led to God, and through none so much as through Jesus Christ. Starr King was suggestive when he said that people may not be far wrong who think of God as an 'Infinite Christ.' Certainly the knowledge and love of Jesus may bring a real knowledge and love of God. And hence, as *character* and not mere information—as a real consciousness of God—is the object to aim at cultivating in the Sunday School, there is much truth in what one of our American Sunday School teachers says, namely:—'It is far better for a child at the end of a year to come out of Sunday School with a strong and vivid mental picture of the *character* of Jesus, and with genuine love and reverence for him, than to be able to *recite* in connected links even the story of his life and works.' And why? Because the *character* of Jesus, more than any mere words or incidents, opens the heart to God. Even as Jesus always seemed to be trying to do, especially on that occasion when somebody called him good, and, in effect, he replied: Good? Do you call me good? You should know my Father!

Well, but, Miss Alcott was right. The *beginning* of her religion was in her first consciousness of God. The sense of God, however it comes, is the starting-point of religion in any young soul.

Then, of course, other things follow which cannot be dealt with at this time,—prayer, cheerfulness, willing service with a wider outlook and a diviner inlook, patience, contentment, boldness against wrong, courage to do right, and faith in all things good.

But there is *one* thing follows upon this sense of God, which I wish at least to indicate and emphasise. I mean the sense of *Ought*,—the sense of Moral Obligation. This also we want to cultivate in our young people. There are few things more needed nowadays. That there are things which they ought—which they *owe it* to their natures—to do and be. That they cannot depart from the feeling of what they ought, without fault or sin; and that this *ought* holds good—imperiously commanding, lovingly exacting—even though the young soul be alone, or be in circumstances where control of parents or force of public opinion does not operate. This sense of ought gives human dignity to the commonest boy or girl, keeps him safe and sound, raises him from a mere creature of circumstances into the moral grandeur of a creator of character.

For example: we older people have learned by experience that even as a matter of *utility* it is better as a rule to practise the virtues of justice and kindness, and honesty and purity, and truthfulness and faithfulness, scorn of wrong and defence of right. And young people generally, *when they have had all our experience*, will find

out the same. Nor must we neglect, as far as we can, to teach them this side of these things.

But is there not a nearer and a nobler side to these things, which our scholars can learn while young as never after? We teach them that they are children of God,—sons and daughters of a Divine Father. Can we not, therefore, easily teach them, as Commands of this Father, and without regard to consequences, that they *ought*—it is laid upon them, expected of them—that it will be only like them and like Him—to be just and kind, honest and pure, truthful and faithful, fighters against wrong, upholders of right and righteousness? Teach young people that there is not only a loving but an imperious demand upon them to obey the moral laws of God, and all that is noblest within them responds with the cry: ‘We will!—Hard? Who calls Thy glorious service hard?’

And see what it means,—the giving of this sense of *ought* to the young soul. Real duties cease to depend upon mere likes and dislikes. That good people suffer for their goodness is not quite so great a mystery to young people, when once they feel that being good is obeying God. That the Moral Laws are as absolute and universal and penetrating as the Laws of Gravitation and of Light, becomes clear and reasonable to young people when they see that the Moral Laws are the Will and Heart of the All-Wise, All-Good Father.

And to obey these Laws—to be their glad and willing servants—becomes an honour to the young life which feels that this sense of nobler duty links him each moment to the Living God.

In 'Ian MacLaren's' story, 'A Scot's Grammar School,' three old boys, now a railway president, a big banker, and a corn millionaire, in an evening chat over a quiet smoke have drifted inevitably, as they always did, into reminiscences of their school days and into admiration of their grand old schoolmaster, notwithstanding the fact that in those days, and affectionately still, they called him 'Bull-dog.' Fifty-four years he had been master, and 1,200 laddies he had trained.

Jock was just telling the other two of a piece of mischief he was once in, during morning prayer-time, in the school, and the *consequences!* This reminds the three of the old man's prayers, and Jock says:—

'Sandie, div ye mind the *sins* in the prayer?' Lord deliver the laddies before thee from lying——'

'Cheating,' broke in Bauldie.

'Cowardice,' added Sandie.

'And laziness, which are the devil,' completed Jock.

'And the laist petition, a likit it fine: "Be pleased to put common sense in their heads, and Thy fear in their hearts, and——"'

'Give them grace to be honest men all the days of their life,' chanted the other two.

'It was a purpose-like prayer, and

I never heard a better, lads; an' he walkit up to his words, did Bull-dog, and he did his work well.'

Could we pray a better prayer?
Could we have higher or more practical
objects in our Sunday School teaching?

J. J. WRIGHT.

TWO WORLDS.

God's world is bathed in beauty,
God's world is steeped in light;
It is the self-same glory,
That makes the day so bright,
Which thrills the earth with music
Or hangs the stars in night.

Hid in earth's mines of silver,
Floating on clouds above,—
Ringing in autumn's tempest,
—Murmured by every dove;
One thought fills God's creation—
His own great name of Love.

* * * * *

Man's world is Pain and Terror:
He found it pure and fair,
And wove in nets of sorrow
The golden summer air;
Black, hideous, cold and dreary,—
Man's curse, not God's, is there.

And yet God's world is speaking;
Man will not hear its call;
But listens where the echoes
Of his own discords fall,
Then clamours back to Heaven
That God has done it all.

Oh God, man's heart is darkened,
He will not understand;
Show Him Thy cloud and fire;
And, with Thy own right hand,
Then lead him through his desert,
Back to Thy Holy Land!

A. A. PROCTOR.

Methods of the Day School Teacher,

AND THEIR APPLICATION TO SUNDAY
SCHOOL TEACHERS.



ANYONE, who has had much experience of both day and Sunday schools in this country, must have been struck by this fact, that in their procedure they are curiously like and yet unlike each other. The former, with its large classes, its elaborate machinery, its varied time-table, and its general air of intense industry is one thing; the Sunday school, with its classes of a dozen pupils, all or nearly all of them engaged in what seems to be a reading lesson, is another.

These points of unlikeness even a stranger would note at a glance, just as the difference in the dress of the scholars would also appeal to him. Perhaps also he might be led to contrast, if he visited several schools, the order, discipline, and general tone of the week-day ones and the means by which these were secured, with those of the Sunday school.

But it is the *habitué* of both classes of schools, who sees not only their unlikeness, but their points of similarity also. Now, let me say at the outset that in my opinion it is *undesirable* that the two kinds of schools should ever become one.

Their aims are different, their opportunities and circumstances vary greatly, and whereas in the day school one may rule the child in some measure through his fear of consequences, in the Sunday school one has to rely on his sense of right and his affections to deter him from wrong-doing. At the same time it is perfectly true that during the last twenty years there is no department of human activity in this country, wherein such progress has been made as in our system of national education. Not only are the school buildings and appliances wonderfully improved, the teachers better trained, the extent and scope of elementary education largely extended, but the methods and aims of the teacher have progressed to a degree which only those in the closest touch with our schools can realize. It is with this knowledge that the Committee of the Sunday School Association have thought it desirable to include in your course of papers and lectures this week, one by a day-school teacher, who, while recognising the inherent differences between the two sorts of schools, yet sees many ways in which the methods of the teacher may with advantage proceed on the same lines.

ORGANIZATION

is very largely dependent on the special and peculiar circumstances of individual schools, and the methods suitable in one case may be totally inadequate or even harmful in another.

In the day school the Education Department lays down stringent rules respecting not only the number of pupils every kind of teacher is considered capable of teaching, but also respecting the qualifications of the staff employed. In the Sunday school, however, the teaching staff is indeed an 'unknown quantity,' and general rules *re* its apportionment and qualifications cannot therefore be applied. In considering organization then, I shall try to confine myself to those matters which are applicable to all kinds of Sunday schools. Beginning with the teaching staff, let us first consider the duties and responsibilities of

SUPERINTENDENT AND TEACHERS.

And here note that I say, *Superintendent*, not Superintendents, for I hold that where one suitable person can be found, who is willing to undertake the entire duty, it is much better than having two or three. It is essential that the school should be under proper control, and to this end it is eminently desirable that it should be the *same* control from Sunday to Sunday. If this be impracticable, I would suggest that there be one superintendent for morning school, and another for afternoon, rather than the plan of two taking alternate whole Sundays. (What the day school would be with two head-teachers in charge, I am almost afraid to enquire). If two or more are appointed, they should attend occasionally on each other's

Sunday, in order to study each other's methods, and so secure something like uniformity of practice.

In some schools a bell is provided to call the classes to order, etc.; and I have seen, at one school, one superintendent ring the bell some half dozen times and hardly secure attention then, whilst his colleague would ring *once* and then warmly scold the scholars for their inattention. At another school I have noticed one superintendent announce the hymn in the midst of a babel of talk, and his colleague waste several minutes in requiring silence before so doing. It is evident that methods so widely at variance cannot both be good, and for the sake of the nullifying effect of disorder on the teaching to be given, it is desirable that the obvious remedy I have suggested should be applied. Laxity of control on one Sunday and its opposite the next, is fatal to good discipline. And just as in the day school, the head-teacher finds it pay to be in his place a little before time than after, so the superintendent should be early enough to receive his pupils with a smile and cheery word, and his teachers with the warmest of welcomes. The school as well as the church is the 'House of God,' but in the absence of proper control, the early boys often turn it into a place for play and mischief, to the detriment of the school furniture and themselves.

Just as the assembly of the school should be orderly, it is equally important that the dismissal should be so

too. And this is a part of the superintendent's duties, though its proper accomplishment depends on the co-operation of the teachers also. And here let me point out a very prevalent error on the part of some teachers. In the day school each teacher is considered to be responsible for the good order of his own class; and this responsibility extends from the opening of school to its close. But in the Sunday school, many teachers act as though they think that when their lesson ends and the superintendent begins the closing ceremony, their work as teachers is ended; in other words, that any efforts needed to preserve order thenceforward must be put forth solely by the superintendent. This is certainly a mistaken view, and the teacher who leaves his class at this stage, or who sits passive amid the inattention and disorder of his pupils, is failing in his duty at an important juncture in the school routine. The proper singing by all of the hymn, and the really reverential participation in the prayer, are worthy of any sacrifice, and I would earnestly appeal to every teacher to loyally second the efforts of the superintendent, to make the dismissal ceremony, a beautiful and impressive close to the class teaching. If it be less than this, be sure that the character of the place, and the effect of the instruction given, suffer terribly.

RESPONSIBILITY

sits lightly on the shoulders of some people, particularly if it be for efforts

put forth voluntarily. But personally I have never been able to draw any such distinction.

What should we think of a medical man, who, having undertaken voluntary duties in connection with one of our hospitals, tried to excuse any unfortunate neglect of his patients there, on the ground that he was not paid for such services, and they were therefore not binding upon him? But if the doctor is responsible in such a case where the *bodily* welfare is alone concerned, how much more are we whose field of labour is the soul? Having given ourselves to a work of the highest philanthropy,—and a higher I do not know—let us fulfil all its demands upon us to the best of our powers.

Having adopted the view then that the teacher in the Sunday school is as responsible as the day-school teacher (and I trust that you adopt it also), such matters as the regular attendance of the teacher and the subordination of his inclinations and desires to the general good of the institution, may be taken for granted. We are all working with one end and aim, and any differences of opinion as to ways and means should be considered at the periodical meetings of the teachers, and there decided. I have heard of difficulties in the Sunday school which I am bound to say a little, a very little, of the bear and forbear spirit would readily dispose of. Among such may be classed the distribution of the teaching staff, the promotion of the

pupils, the place to be occupied by each class, and the like. These may provide subjects for contention in a school whose teachers lack the true teacher's spirit; they will 'vanish away like smoke' in an atmosphere of self-sacrifice and love.

Before leaving the question of organization I should like to recommend one plan, only rarely adopted, but which I am convinced might be made use of with great advantage by all. This is the plan of having mixed classes of boys and girls. I have taught for years in a mixed day school, and for a longer period in schools entirely for boys. I have also had mixed classes and unmixed ones in the Sunday school, and can therefore speak from experience of the value of both methods. In the day school, the presence of boys and girls in the same class is an additional incentive to effort; in the Sunday school, it is an important aid to discipline. The gentler natures of the girls are a restraining influence on the boisterous spirits of the boys, while the smaller number of boys in each class promotes good order in a remarkable measure. Moreover, the opportunities for teaching due deference and consideration towards the gentler sex, which the plan affords, are most valuable. We sometimes hear of the decay of Chivalry in these days—here is a means of its restoration; and as such, and for the sake of its many other advantages, I warmly commend it to your notice.

METHODS OF THE TEACHER.

I now pass on to consider some of the methods of the teacher in our day schools, which his Sunday school *confrère* might usefully follow. Before doing so, let me again say that it is neither my wish nor my intention to advocate anything like entire uniformity, in procedure; indeed in one respect there is far too much similarity of method already.

For instance, in the day school, such subjects as history, geography, elementary science, are in part taught with the aid of reading-books. This seems to have suggested the plan of class lesson books for the Sunday school, and I am often disposed to the opinion that the course adopted has been fraught with greater evil to Sunday school teaching than any other one can recall. In the hands of a weak or unprepared teacher, the lesson is bound to degenerate into what one can only describe as an apology for a reading lesson. The teacher either consciously, or unconsciously, grows to think that *there* his lesson is in the reading books, and that all the class needs to do is to read it, answer his questions, listen to his explanations, and all will be well. Moreover, the questions and explanations can be easily framed while the reading proceeds, and thus it is extremely easy for him to grow into the habit of not preparing his lesson, and even of thinking that preparation is unnecessary. In this way his ideal of

the teacher's office becomes degraded, and, in consequence, he is frequently an absentee without substitute, because to teach like this (if we can call it teaching) is such an easy matter, that any one can take his place at a moment's notice, and very little harm will be done. Well, certainly, if the class lesson were the whole of the good influences of the Sunday school, not much injury, perhaps, would result from the loss of such a lesson to any scholar. Fortunately the day, the place, the hymn, and prayer, the superintendent's address, etc., all do their part towards securing for such a teacher's pupils something more than an utterly wasted afternoon. At the same time, I blame the teacher far less than the system. If class books are used, they should be as they are in the day school, as *aids* to the lesson, and not as the lesson itself, and I have been delighted to find in late years, the Sunday School Association publishing such books as 'Suggestive Readings,' 'Noble Workers,' 'Successful Life,' 'Home Counsels,' etc., which are evidently intended for use in this way.

But some superintendent who hears me may say, 'If you take away my class books some of my teachers will be helpless. They have not the education or the skill to conduct a class without.' I reply, 'Don't take them away, but encourage your teachers not to use them as reading-books Sunday after Sunday.' Of course such teacher must decide for himself or herself what the method in class shall be, but the

books are not such a necessity as they are supposed to be, even to a young teacher, after all. If instead of supplying sets of reading-books to each class, the school authorities would provide books for the teacher to assist him in the choice and preparation of lessons, they would cost less and yet serve the true purposes of our Sunday schools in greater measure. Now, when the teacher simply provides a reading lesson for his pupils, his teaching becomes an inferior kind of day-school effort, and is stale at the outset. What wonder if very soon the interest flags, and as a result, disorder begins? At the same time, such a procedure entirely misses the proper aim of our Sunday schools as they exist to-day. And what I would urge upon you with all the power I possess, is that the lesson is not a *Sunday school* teacher's lesson, unless it has either directly or indirectly the moral welfare of the children in view. The Sunday school has always existed for the good it could do; in these days it exists for a particular kind of good—the culture of the moral and religious side of the child's nature. I know it does something in this direction now, but I want it to do more. Much of the good done now is done indirectly, it comes from the character of the teacher as an upright, conscientious man, or a loving, noble-minded woman. I want it to come also from the

CHARACTER OF THE TEACHING.

A true teacher, in my view, is not

a moral *exemplar* only, he is a moral *guide* also. In mountain climbing, the guide who said 'Follow me' and then left you to make your way unaided through every danger, you would denounce as unworthy of the name, however well he knew the way. He would be the true guide, who, remembering your inexperience, kept as near as might be to you, and was ever ready with warning voice, helping hand, and encouraging word to assist you till the summit was won. Something like this is the teacher's duty to his scholars. He has travelled the path of life they are treading; he knows its temptations—what Bunyan calls the 'by-path meadows' which only lead to the dungeons in the castle of Giant Despair—and he can, if he will, show them the right way. Remember what parents send their boys and girls to our Sunday schools for. In the olden days of our fathers' boyhood, it was no doubt to learn something of the 'three Rs'; now I think they are sent for their moral welfare.

And this is a change from every point of view to rejoice over. We may rejoice that there is no need for the secular teaching, we may rejoice at the grander and nobler instruction we are called to give. To set a copy, to teach the elements of arithmetic, these are to be superseded by instruction in the art of right living. In the old days, the Sunday scholar learnt how to help himself; now he should learn his duty to his neighbours; surely, as I said, a grander and a nobler lesson!

How are you to know that your lesson has had this distinguishing feature? Ask yourself at the end of morning or evening school this question:—'Has anything been said or done to make my scholars better boys and girls? Has their knowledge of wrong-doing been enlarged and their power to resist temptation increased?' In a word, 'Have the nobility and grandeur of a good life been in some measure brought home to them?' Of course you can't be certain your seed has taken root, but have you sown the seed? Don't let me be mistaken. I do not mean that every lesson should be on the moral virtues *directly*, though an occasional one is eminently desirable if the teacher can make his lesson *interesting*. My point is rather, that somewhere in every Sunday school teacher's lesson, no matter what the particular subject may be, the Sunday school teacher's aim should be realised—to uplift, to inspire, to ennoble. This after all, is the chief part of the lesson, yet how often is it overlooked? The teacher giving a scientific lesson, appears to think the knowledge he is imparting illustrates so forcibly the majesty of the Creator, that his scholars are irresistibly made reverential by it, and moral good to them must ensue. Now for my part, I don't think boys are, as a rule, so ready to draw just the conclusions we desire. If you watch a lad reading 'Æsop's Fables' you will usually find he skips the beautiful moral drawn from each story, admirable though it

may be. At any rate I know I always did. No! if you want the moral aspect or tendency of your lesson to appear, don't leave it to chance. If you cannot lead your boys to refer to it themselves, call their attention to it yourself. This brings me to the point I have had in view throughout, viz., the need for the teacher to *prepare his lesson beforehand*. Now I am aware that teachers have heard this so frequently, that there is a danger of their relegating it to the region of the commonplace. Well, for my part, I shall never speak to teachers either publicly or privately on their work, without emphasizing the need for preparation with all my power. Why should teaching be the only art which anybody can practice without study and without forethought? The day-school teacher, though trained for his work, and practising it daily, is required by the code issued by the Education Department, to provide a syllabus of instruction for each class, and note-books for containing brief summaries of the chief oral lessons. Thus you see even he has to prepare his work, and one of H.M. Inspector's duties is to see that he does so prepare it, and that he prepares it well. Now it is worth our while to enquire what such preparation by the day-school teacher involves. Usually having decided the subject of his lesson, his next act is to decide what he will teach, and how he will teach it.

Suppose his lesson were on the Potato, he would take into his con-

sideration the age of his pupils, the time to be occupied by the lesson, the special purpose of it, the illustrations he could obtain, the definite information he could impart, the order of his procedure; and over and above all, his energies would be bent on developing the minds of his pupils, or, in other words, on drawing out their intelligence. To do this he would obtain their co-operation in providing his apparatus. One child would bring one or two raw potatoes, another cooked, pared, and unpared ones; others for purposes of structural comparison, an onion, an apple, an orange, etc., while he himself would probably obtain a large picture of the plant, and a sample of the plant itself—stem, root, tubers, and all. Throughout the lesson he would lead his class to carefully observe and accurately describe what they saw; his guiding principle being 'through the senses to the sense'; and in the hands of a skilful teacher, the scholars would be intensely interested, and therefore perfectly orderly and attentive. It would scarcely occur to any of them, that the teacher was doing anything more than teach them as much as he could about the potato; in fact were he to tell them at the end of the lesson that what it had been intended for was something quite different, they would open their eyes in astonishment. Yet as I have tried to show, to convey information to his pupils was secondary, to develop their faculties was the great purpose he had in view. And though

they are not cognisant of this as a rule sufficiently to tell you so, you can see that this exercise and growth of the powers is the zest which gives the lesson its absorbing interest to them. Now in this method of the day-school teacher, there is in my view a very valuable lesson for us. It is true that the goal we should have clearly before us is a different one, but the way of reaching it is worthy of our imitation. I came to Oxford this morning by train, but there were many others with me, some bound for this place, some for that, but we all employed the same means to reach our journey's end. The teacher on the week-days is busy giving lessons on various subjects, but he has one definite purpose dominating every oral lesson—to train the intellectual powers.

In the Sunday school in like manner, the teacher may teach a variety of things—religion, morals, science, history, and what not—but he also has, or should have, another purpose in view, *viz.*, to

MOULD CHARACTER,

and this purpose should be strong and constant. Note what an important bearing this has on the question: What to teach? You have only to ask yourself respecting any lesson you propose to give, 'Can I get direct moral and religious training out of it, or can this deep underlying purpose be secured indirectly through the illustrative story, poem, biography, etc., that I am about to use?' And here let me

say in passing that, in my opinion, this end is usually more easily reached, this purpose is better fulfilled, indirectly than directly. There is nothing which boys and girls resent more than mere preaching, but an appeal to their manliness or womanliness at a point where the lesson plainly suggests it, is often extremely effective. Too often, however, we regard conduct as an accomplishment which can be instilled into young people by endless iteration of 'You mustn't do this,' and 'I can't allow that,' instead of regarding it as something binding on all, and expected from all. But to return to the day-school method I am trying to advocate—What does it include, and what is its character? Firstly, there is preparation; secondly, there is co-operation, by the scholars in providing for the lesson and in its carrying out; and thirdly, in its character it is conversational.

Now in my opinion this is *the* plan for the Sunday school too. Note, please, that I say for the Sunday *school*, not for any particular class in it; for it is applicable for boys and girls of all ages, and is thoroughly effective, whatever the ages may be. I am aware that it makes great demands upon the teacher, but the satisfaction he is sure to feel at the improvement in his teaching will well repay the effort. His preparation will not consist in merely collecting material for his lesson, but he will also have to decide the order in which the various 'heads' shall be taken, to

search for suitable illustrations, and to map out to some extent a course of questioning. In the day school we divide questions into two classes—

(a) Those which *train*.

(b) Those which *test*.

And of course we look upon the first of these as of the greater importance. They are far more difficult to frame, for it is by their help that a child is led to discover truths for himself. In the Sunday school they are less necessary; and the easier, testing questions are more the rule. But even of this simpler kind of questioning there is much too little in our Sunday schools.

Don't leave all your questioning to the end of the lesson, but stop at convenient places to do this. Particularly when attention seems to be flagging may this be done to good purpose. But don't question from pupil to pupil round the class, if you wish to retain close attention.

I see no reason, either, why you should not adopt the plan of giving marks to your pupils. It is popular with the scholars, and often provides a valuable means of retaining attention, while, if it raises the spirit of emulation too strongly, a more difficult question than usual put to the too eager competitors, will always keep it in due bounds.

The great thing is to direct your teaching and your influence towards *every* scholar. Let none feel himself forgotten, but strive to convince each one that his help is needed to make the lesson a success, and that all are

objects of your consideration and regard. The giving of marks is in its way a very obvious form of apportioning praise and blame, and it does ensure the giving of some

PRAISE.

Too often I have found the bestowal of praise conspicuously absent both in Sunday and day-school teaching, where the bestowal of blame was just as prominently present. Both have their place, but the former is very much more effective, and leaves no sting behind it. Try to acquire the habit then of looking for praiseworthy things in your scholars, not only for their attention to the lesson, but more particularly for any instance of consideration for each other which may appear. *Many chance good deeds in this world do not grow into habitual ones for lack of kindly notice and a word of outspoken appreciation.*

And just as one delights to see the members of a class eager to stand well in the estimation of their teacher, so teachers and scholars should aim to stand well in the estimation of the entire school. My last word is therefore one which the day-school teacher knows the value of, viz. :—'Encourage

CLASS ESPRIT DE CORPS.'

Such things as a proper pride in the appearance of the class-room, and in the care for its appliances and furniture are commendable; but the animating spirit of a class which leads to regular and punctual attendance,

and an intense love for the institution is beyond all praise.

In conclusion, permit me to tabulate for your convenience the various criticisms and recommendations I have made. These are:—

To conduct your schools with *one* superintendent; or *two*, taking morning and afternoon school respectively, who should study each other's methods.

Those of you who are teachers to realise the responsibility of your position, and assist superintendent to maintain order.

To make your lessons conversational, and use class books to aid the lessons rather than as readers.

To have the grand aim of the Sunday school—to mould character—in view, in all your teaching, but to realise this by indirect methods, as in the way that the day-school teacher develops intelligence while teaching Geography, History, and the like.

To adopt the plan of mixed classes where possible.

And lastly, to make a free use of questioning, marks-giving, praising, and the cultivation of class *esprit de corps*.

FRANK TAYLOR.

BE not content—contentment means inaction;

The growing soul aches on its upward quest;

Satiety is twin to satisfaction;

All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Discipline.



ET me begin my lecture with a page of personal experience. It is the best introduction I can think of for what I have to say. It will, I think, bring home to any person of doubtful mind the importance of the subject before us. It will give you some explanation of the seriousness with which I regard discipline, of the urgency which I claim for it, of the hopefulness with which I look for good results from the study of it.

I commenced Sunday school teaching when I was between seventeen and eighteen years of age. The circumstances were peculiar. I was living at the village of Ackworth in Yorkshire, where the largest of the Quaker schools is situated. Here also was a small college for the preparation of teachers for that and similar schools. At the foot of the drive leading up to this college was a Primitive Methodist Chapel, and it happened, in ways which I need not specify, that we of the College became associated with the minister of the Chapel. One result to me was that I was asked to teach in the Methodist Sunday school. For some reason it was arranged that I was not to be present at the opening or closing of school; I simply gave my lesson to a class of ten or twelve boys from nine to twelve years of age, and then came away. I had my boys

in the chapel, and was quite alone with them, and I frequently entered and departed without even seeing the rest of the school or any of its teachers. Thus there was a singular privacy in this first effort of mine at Sunday school work, and at that time I thought there were good reasons for maintaining it. I was thankful for it. I was glad that no one knew what went on in that chapel.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century I may now for your encouragement and stimulus throw off the reserve with which I have been accustomed to treat this episode of my life, and make open confession. I could not possibly tell you all that my boys and I did together. But you will have some idea if I mention that not unfrequently on turning round from a map to which I had been pointing, or on other similar occasions, I would miss a scholar or two from each end of my row, and would forthwith set about discovering where they were. You can perhaps imagine the complications which would arise during the process. Suffice it to say that it took some time to gather my little flock together again from behind the pews in various parts of that solemn place, and that meanwhile there was no lesson given—except to me. In short, I could not manage my boys at all. I felt that I was a failure; my pride was humbled, and I was often very miserable.

How glad I should have been to find some excuse for giving up,

which would have spared me the additional pang of owning my weakness to others. I was by that time accustomed to the hardest tussles with sturdy *men* of Yorkshire on the football field. But those tussles were literally play, they were child's play, compared with the battles I fought week by week, timidly and hesitatingly, with those Yorkshire boys in that Methodist Chapel.

Now, I repeat with utter seriousness, I have given you this narrative for your encouragement and stimulus, and I hope you believe me. For your encouragement,—because I can testify that in Sunday school teaching, as in other things, difficulties and disappointments, however severe, develop your powers if you do not give in to them, and that work which may have seemed at first only a painful and unprofitable toil, becomes with perseverance a fruitful pleasure. Many persons give up Sunday school teaching because of the discouragements they meet with at the outset. Many others are deterred from making even a beginning because of the tales of woe which they hear—chiefly from those who have given up. I have added one tale more, but with the hope of producing a different kind of effect; for the moral I would draw from it is not one of despair, but one of good cheer.

My moral is this: to the perseverance of which I have spoken add STUDY OF DISCIPLINE, and you will not only overcome difficulties, you will learn

how to *obviate* many of them; fewer difficulties will arise in your path; you will find that in children, as in the physical world, the forces which resist and defeat you so long as you are ignorant, will do your bidding so soon as you understand them. It is to such knowledge of child-nature and of the methods of dealing with it as will secure these results that I desire to stimulate you. I was unhappy in my first essay at Sunday school teaching because I had no such knowledge. By a grave and strange omission, even the curriculum of our college for teachers did not provide for any instruction of that kind. In this respect I was no better equipped than any young teacher who enters our Sunday schools, and in my isolation my ignorance had more than ordinary scope for producing its natural effect. Such ignorance can, in my opinion, be removed by any one who takes Sunday school teaching seriously enough to go to a little trouble in studying discipline.

And let it not be supposed that discipline is a matter which concerns only a few teachers, namely those who have classes of thoughtless, restless, racketty boys. I might plead that human nature has certain permanent characteristics, and that there are principles of discipline which should be understood by all teachers, though the application of them may vary with boys and girls, and again with the elder scholars, the infants and the middle part of a school.

But I will not linger over that point. I will pass on to this consideration—that the more teachers there are in a school who understand discipline and can apply its principles in the most difficult cases, the better. The teaching staff in Sunday schools being voluntary, gaps are frequently left in it. And these gaps are often difficult to fill up satisfactorily, or even at all, because of the limitations of the powers of discipline in teachers. A teacher, say, is afraid of taking two classes together, even for once. Or she can manage girls, but towards boys she has feelings something like those of a certain personage in Mrs. Stowe's 'Oldtown Folks,' who said: 'I'd jest as soon have the great red dragon of the Revelations a comin' down on my house as a boy.'

All teachers are the more useful as their powers of discipline become greater. Even without such special additions of responsibility as those just mentioned, occasions are constantly arising when teachers may, and even must, influence scholars who belong to others classes than theirs. But perhaps the most important point of all is that there should always be among the teachers one or more who are ready to take the duties of Superintendent, and the Superintendent should know how to deal with all kinds of children.

And now I will formulate the first principle for which I beg your earnest consideration. Let me state it as a precept, thus:

Regard discipline as the primary condition and means of good influence in the Sunday school.

I hope that what I have told you of my own early experience will have prepared you to receive this principle favourably. But I know I cannot count on this with confidence. For there is amongst Sunday school teachers a vast amount of indifference to discipline, of scepticism concerning it, of aversion from it. And the cause is not by any means always laziness, carelessness, or want of real interest in the welfare of the children. On the contrary, painstaking, zealous and self-sacrificing teachers are to be found amongst those who deprecate discipline. Nevertheless, I am convinced that neglect of this part of the teacher's work is the principal cause of weakness and inefficiency in Sunday schools.

The objections to discipline usually take some such form as this: 'I don't want to be a drill sergeant to my class,' or, 'I don't want to be a policeman to them,' or, 'I don't want to be a mere schoolmaster to them.' Or the same feeling may be expressed positively instead of negatively, thus: 'I want to be a friend to my scholars,' or, 'I want to make school like home for them,' or, 'I want to make them love rather than fear me.' Now my reply to these protestations is simply this: 'As general expressions of feeling I heartily concur in them; but as general objections to discipline they are irrelevant, baseless, misleading.' Of course everything depends upon the kind of

discipline proposed for Sunday schools, and I know that I am at a disadvantage in pleading for discipline in general before I have dealt with methods in detail. But on the other hand, as in architecture the value of details varies according to the point of view from which they are regarded, so any particular methods of discipline which I may suggest will wear a different aspect according as you are sympathetic or unsympathetic to the *general idea* of discipline in the Sunday school, and I cannot disguise from myself the fact that a great many people are unsympathetic to the idea.

Well then, I beg you to note that no reference to the drill sergeant, the policeman or the schoolmaster has any point, except against a person who forgets that a Sunday school is not a day school, a street mob or a company of soldiers. The differences are sufficiently obvious, and are not likely to be overlooked by anyone who undertakes Sunday school teaching. The danger is almost wholly of the opposite kind. In fact the reference might be made to recoil upon those who indulge in it. For though the functions of the Sunday school teacher differ widely from those of the schoolmaster, the policeman and the drill sergeant, yet in all cases alike order,—and therefore, discipline,—is (to quote my principle) 'a primary condition and means of good influence.' It is, of course, important to remember that every part of the social organism has its own characteristics, but it is equally important

to remember that there are certain fundamental requirements which are the same for all parts. And certainly one of these is order. Hence the reference to the drill sergeant, the policeman and the schoolmaster confirms rather than weakens the plea for discipline in the Sunday school. In a similar way those protestations which imply that discipline is incompatible with friendship between teacher and scholar, that it destroys the home spirit, that it appeals to fear instead of love—all these tell against, instead of for, their authors, the moment it is realised that there must be order in the Sunday school as everywhere else in human society, and that the discipline pleaded for has no other object than such order as is *suitable* to the Sunday school. That is so far a foolish friendship or love which professes that it can do without discipline; it runs the risk of doing more harm than good. And as for the home spirit—what is a home without order? Certainly not a model for any kind of educational institution.

And now let me develop my first principle by means of two corollaries—one for each of the two principal objects of Sunday school work, which are (1) teaching in the strict sense of the word, *i.e.* the instilling of knowledge, the giving of lessons, and (2) the general training of character. My first corollary is:—

Never begin or continue your lesson until your scholars are orderly and attentive.

Now 'never' is a strong word, and in such matters as these, there is always some risk in using it—especially risk of being misunderstood. Perhaps some of you would reply: 'To *begin* the lesson is sometimes precisely the best way to *get* the attention of children. They attend the moment they are interested. To wait until their behaviour is perfect, and meanwhile to give them nothing to interest them, is to ask too much of human nature, and is sure not to succeed but to fail utterly.' Now the apparent force of this objection depends upon the fact that attention and order are matters of degree—and to that extent their meaning is ambiguous. Of course it would be possible to put too exacting an interpretation upon the words in the case we are considering. If a teacher always stood before his class with the air of the conductor of an orchestra, and if he always insisted upon the uniform alertness which is required when all instruments have to sound together, he would be a pedant. He would be liable to the kind of defeat which pedantry generally brings upon itself—as when Mrs. Burton took the young Richard and his brothers to a pastry cook's window, and after letting them feast their eyes upon a tray of apple puffs said: 'Now, my dears, let us go away; it is so good for little children to restrain themselves.' The little children, thus incited, did *not* restrain themselves. Sir Richard's own account of what occurred is as follows: 'Upon this we three

devilets turned flashing eyes and burning cheeks upon our moralising mother, broke the windows with our fists, clawed out the tray of apple puffs, and bolted, leaving poor mother a sadder and a wiser woman, to pay the damages of her lawless brood's proceedings.' Now I am quite aware of the risk of producing the opposite effect to that intended by pushing discipline too far in any direction. But please observe that, when a person says that children attend the moment they are interested, he assumes that there is some amount of attention at the outset—for a child who is not attending at all cannot even become interested. Sufficient attention for this purpose is all I insist upon, but it is my opinion that many teachers estimate the amount at too low a rate, and that their teaching is in consequence unduly arduous and disappointing to themselves, and in an equal degree unprofitable to their scholars.

Take as an example of the difficulties to be dealt with, the habit of talking, to which some children are so much given. The teacher who speaks slightly of discipline, and uses the benevolent phrases to which I referred previously, is apt to be very indulgent to children's prattling. 'It is so small an offence,' he says, 'if indeed it is an offence at all. It is so natural to the child. Surely, the teacher who is as sympathetic as he should be, may regard it as very pardonable.'

Again I say, my answer to this kind of plea is: 'irrelevant, baseless,

misleading.' There is a time for everything under the sun, and the question is: For what purpose do scholars and teachers come together on Sunday afternoon or morning? Not for indiscriminate prattle, but for learning on the part of the scholars and for teaching on the part of the teacher. This, of course, does not require that scholars should be doomed to absolute silence during a lesson, but it does require that the teacher should have absolute control of any talking that goes on, *i.e.*, that he should be able to check it whenever it is untimely, excessive, or in any way an interruption rather than a furtherance of the lesson.

And my point is this; that a teacher must be ready to deal very firmly with his scholars and should require prompt obedience in this matter, because, if he does not do so, he finds (and that very soon) that the offence which seemed small and pardonable becomes great enough to ruin his lesson and destroy his influence. The children, by mere ungoverned chattering, overwhelm him and defeat every object which his earnestness or kindness cherished. Of course this result does not take place without some kind of resistance on his part. And I only state a fact which I have frequently witnessed, when I say that the teacher who shrinks from (as he would say) '*obtruding*' discipline upon his scholars, obtrudes it upon them in the long run more painfully and continually than the prompt and firm disciplinarian. He is perpetually

talking to them about order. He becomes the nagging teacher—that most objectionable of personalities in the eyes of the scholar.

Now this is no mere trifling detail. There is great principle involved in it, and this principle I may state as my second corollary thus:—

Every act has a social as well as a personal significance. And the ultimate object of discipline is not mere repression of wrong-doing as a thing which concerns the individual alone, but the establishment in the child's mind of an ideal of behaviour such as promotes order and happiness in all human relations—for such an ideal takes away the very desire to do wrong.

Let me illustrate what I mean by a further consideration of the propensity to chattering. So far I have justified strictness in dealing with it only on the ground that it hinders teaching. But from that ground we should go to a deeper one, upon which indeed the first rests. *Why* is it wrong for a child to hinder teaching by chattering? Not merely because he misses the opportunity of gaining instruction for himself, but also, and much more, because he prevents many others from gaining it. From this point of view the offence appears far more serious than it does to the teacher who lightly apologises for it as natural, and tries to pass it by. Do you ask me: 'Can a mere change in the point of view (or, what is the same thing, a change of circumstances), alter the moral significance of an act?' Certainly, it

can. A Robinson Crusoe, alone on his island, may do many things which will be morally unlawful for him the moment he ceases to be alone. He may, for example, make as much noise as he likes. And if a scholar had a teacher to himself, he might be permitted many liberties which are impossible in a class—simply because the claims of others have to be considered.

Now this can easily be explained to a child; and such explanations may be made the foundations of a conscious and reasoned morality in the child's mind. Our life-long moral education, or a large part of it, consists in the development of our perception of the different effect of our actions under different circumstances, and in the growth of the power of modifying our actions according as circumstances change. Do not then merely say as the beginning and end of your method with a chatterbox, 'You must not talk.' Do not let a curt ultimatum be your whole guidance upon the point. You will not find it easy to follow that up with the requisite severity. But if you ask the child what would happen, if every scholar in the class talked at will; whether it is considerate to the rest of the class to cause these interruptions; whether it is polite to you to talk while you are talking—if, in such ways as these, you make the child realize that its offence is a *social wrong*, you will shew why an apparently small thing sometimes becomes great, and must be regarded seriously.

This is but an illustration of a method. Do not judge the method only by the one illustration or by my way of describing it. Think the principle out, and you will find endless applications of it. If I had a class before me I could show better what I mean, and in half the words.

But I hope I have made it clear that discipline in the Sunday school should be a training of character; that this should be made consciously and deliberately the aim of discipline; that discipline should not be regarded merely as a painful and unpleasant necessity, to be shirked as much as possible, but that every opportunity should be seized of widening, by its means, the moral vision and deepening the moral sensibilities.

The poorer classes of society are divided from the richer more by their manners than by anything else—more by their manners (using this word in a large sense) than by any difference in intelligence, or knowledge, or solid virtue. The longer period of school life which the children of the better-off classes enjoy, brings them more under strong leadership and control in their early years. The wider social intercourse into which they enter as they grow up, gives them a knowledge of various kinds of people and circumstances and a habit of ready thoughtfulness for others and prompt consideration for their feelings. It may be that this does not go very deep and that it depends upon other causes besides. But I think it is true

that one great difficulty in bringing the various classes of society into closer sympathy with one another is that, whereas some people have learnt a hundred and one little modes of behaviour which make life run more smoothly and pleasantly, others have a roughness and uncouthness of manner which is sometimes euphemistically styled independence, or unconventionality, but which is really self-centredness and unsocial thoughtlessness.

Now I believe Sunday schools have a grand opportunity of doing something to remedy this state of things. Through the mingling of richer and poorer in them a good deal is being done already. The voluntary intercourse of persons of refinement with rough boys and girls from the homes of the poor must help progress in the right direction. But it is too often supposed that discipline is a wholly subordinate matter in this relation, or even that it spoils Sunday school work. My view is the opposite. I hold that our Sunday schools should be as scrupulous in discipline as day schools, and that they should aim with a definiteness that is too rare in other schools, 'not at mere repression of wrongdoing as a thing which concerns the individual alone, but at the establishment in the child's mind of an ideal of behaviour such as promotes order and happiness in all human relations.'

I have dealt so far only with the most general principles of discipline, and, of course, much depends upon how they are worked out in detail.

If I had not worked out details previously and put my suggestions in the best way I could before all who care to study the subject,¹ I should have to acknowledge that the method of this lecture was extremely defective. You probably feel that you have not been helped very much towards the solution of particular difficulties. But one lecture, though entirely devoted to these difficulties, would not carry us far. And so my principal aim has been to point the general direction to be followed, and to deepen your sense of the importance of the disciplinary part of your work by shewing its wide scope and relations. I appeal to you to regard this matter seriously; to study it earnestly, not only by book, but also and much more, in your classes; to make persistent efforts and varied experiments, until you gain the object of discipline in particular cases; to realize that the Sunday school, by means of the discipline which should rule its life, even more than by Biblical or other book instruction, can be made a school for training in the principles of human intercourse, a preparation for the larger world the sweetening and ennobling of which is the real object of all religious teaching.

But before I close, I will deal with one point of detail which I regard as of prime consequence. The chief difficulty in the Sunday school is that there the external resources and aids of discipline are so limited. In the

day school the whole system makes discipline comparatively easy. The element of compulsion pervades it—not necessarily in an objectionable way—not at all. The day school is often very unjustly contrasted with the Sunday school in this matter. The real difference is that Society has recognised the absolute necessity of the day school education and has set up a vast machinery to carry it out. There is the whole force of this machinery behind every day school teacher; every scholar knows or he soon finds out (though it is, perhaps, all vague in his mind) that Society expects him to learn his lessons, and that it has set apart and pays a large number of persons to give him those lessons. There is a certain awe inspired by the whole paraphernalia of the day school system, and the weight of social opinion behind, gives it an irresistible might. Now this is not the case in the Sunday school. The very basis of it is voluntarism—free, spontaneous, individual desire to benefit or to be benefited. And this makes a great difference. Think, for example, what a difference it makes to an unruly child that he knows that he will never be *kept in* after school by his Sunday teacher!

Now the moral that some teachers draw is that their position as disciplinarians is essentially and fatally weak; that discipline in the Sunday school is impossible; that any attempt to enforce it only makes them ridiculous, and weakens rather than

¹ In 'Practical Hints for Sunday School Teachers,' 6d., S.S. Association, Essex Hall.

strengthens their influence; and that therefore they must not attempt to exercise authority, but must secure order by other means. Hence the tendency to coax and bribe, to indulge and divert, with no other purpose than to keep scholars in the school or in a tolerable humour for the time being, lest by chance you should lose the opportunity of doing them some good somehow at some future day. I submit that there is a serious error in all this. The *present* time is, for a teacher, as good as any—nay, it is far better than the vague future. You have always your best opportunity *now*—you have the opportunity of doing your scholars precisely the service they most need from you. The service disorderly scholars most need of you is handling which is not less firm than well-meant. By all means let Sunday schools be made as pleasant and attractive as possible. Let the teacher increase his influence and strengthen his control by all the indirect means he can employ. But as a rule it will be found that some amount of direct discipline is necessary, and that all substitutes for it fail. Children soon see through evasions of the problem of order; they exact new concessions, till an end is reached and the plan produces the climax of disorder—anarchy. Even suppose the system *could* succeed in the Sunday school, it is not a training for manhood; to bring children up upon it would be to disguise from them the real nature of social duty, and to

neglect one of the most important objects of the Sunday school.

No, the moral I draw from the difference between day and Sunday school is, not that substitutes for discipline should be found, but that the Sunday school should have its special methods; not that order should be secured by indirect methods only, but that such direct methods should be used as will give order the highest moral sanction. The apparent weakness of the Sunday school teacher's position is a reason, not for abandoning discipline, but for strengthening the moral appeal; not for disguising from the children the real relation in which the teacher stands to them, but for making it perfectly clear to them, and for teaching them distinctly *why* good conduct is required of them and what effects bad conduct must have. The children should be made to understand that, since they and their teacher come together voluntarily, their remaining together is possible only if there is *voluntary compliance with the natural conditions of such union*.

The method which I urge upon you as most suitable to this end is that of the *isolation* of disorderly children. And I beg you to note that this is only a leaf out of the book of those who maintain that the home is the true model of the Sunday school. For what is the most usual home-penalty for a child who is unmanageable, or who spoils the pleasure of his brothers and sisters in work or play? *Sending to bed*. This, while bringing relief to

his comrades, is to himself an inducement to ponder over the conditions of social harmony and the terms on which he may hope for reinstatement. Such moral study is precisely what discipline in the Sunday school should promote. And this can be best done by isolating the troublesome scholar, by dismissal from the privileged circle for a longer or shorter time according to circumstances. In some instances sitting aside from the class for five minutes may suffice; in others, nothing less than dispatch to the superintendent may be required. The superintendent should come to an understanding with his teachers upon the subject, for with his co-operation the method is capable of considerable variation and he can always strengthen its effect.¹

I appeal to you to be prompt and firm as well as patient and kind in *all* your methods. Do not imagine that you will thereby lose the affection of your scholars. Children *like* to have a high standard of conduct set before them, and, other things being equal, they like best a teacher who is clear, unhesitating and consistent in his requirements. Sunday school teachers are too apt to fear that their scholars will think them stern or unjust. Let me quote two authorities on this point.

'Boys' says the experienced author of 'a Book about Dominies,' 'have a great deal of natural faith; and it requires but little effort on my part

to make them believe in my wisdom and justice and dignity . . . on the whole they believe that they are far more likely to be in the wrong than I, and it is this belief which is the greatest power I have over them.' (p. 3.) The second authority is Mrs. H. B. Stowe, who has given some most sympathetic and discerning studies of children in her 'Old-town Folks.' She says very truly: 'People can be spoilt by severity just as much as by indulgence, and more hopelessly.'¹ Yes, that is true, and Sunday school teachers are very ready to believe it! But they are not so ready to believe that 'the temporary severities of kindly-natured, generous people never lessen the affection of children or servants any more than the too hot rays of the benignant sun or the too-driving patter of the needful rain,'²—which is equally true.

HENRY RAWLINGS.

At the close of this lecture a few questions were put. The two principal points taken up were the following:—

Ques. What can we do with the naughty boys?

MR. RAWLINGS. You will find that if you have order and discipline in the class the number of 'naughty boys' will be greatly lessened. But isolation, or the sending of the boy to the Superintendent, as suggested in the lecture, has a very good effect.

¹ This point is more fully dealt with in *The Helper* for 1898, article on 'The Superintendent.'

² Chapter xxii.

² Chapter xx.

MR. FREESTON. Sometimes you may overcome the tendency to naughtiness by making use of the very thing which has led to the disorderly behaviour. I was once given a class of rough lads, who were inclined to be unruly; one had a piece of liquorice, which he was eating in a most barefaced manner. Here was my opportunity. 'Ah, you've just got what I want,' said I. 'Give me that piece of liquorice; who can tell me what it is made of?' Forthwith all the boys came round to hear what I had to say, and the lads were interested, and therefore not 'naughty,' while I told them all I could on the subject.

Ques. Is it well to turn a lad away who is troublesome? In our school a boy had been so very unruly that at last it was quite decided to expel him; but at the teachers' meeting his teacher pleaded so hard that he should have another trial that it was granted. That boy became an excellent scholar. He heard all about what had happened at the meeting, and was so grateful to the teacher that he made up his mind to do better in future. Does not that show that we ought not to expel even our 'naughty' boys?

MR. RAWLINGS. Expulsion should *never* be used until all other means have failed; and then it is permissible because it is only by that means that the rest of the class can get the chance of being taught at all. With constant interruptions no class can do well; but I can quite understand how such an excellent result was obtained, and it is

exactly that combination which I believe to be so desirable. The boy had come to see that the strongest measure of discipline was to be applied; that he would not be allowed to continue as before. He knew of the proposed disgrace, and this brought him *to think*. On the other side he had heard how his teacher had pleaded for him, and this had awakened his sense of *love* and *gratitude*. Discipline on the one hand, love and sympathy on the other. With these two, even 'naughty boys' may be subdued.

' THIS I see.

God's burden lies upon us, brothers; let
It fall on shoulders worthy of the charge;
And let the greatness of our destiny
Assure us; for the universe will ne'er
Go backward, never fail of victory. . . .
The soul wins all things to itself,—the soul
Is lord; it cannot fail; and we are soul.'

Then all the radiant brothers lifted up
The voice, and chanted loud and sweet,
with cheer
Of heavenly trust, a welcome to their fates.

' Though weak the private will, in-
sistence
To obey its law is strong;
And we shall faint and we shall falter,
We shall mourn the journey long;

' But Life within us, Love within us,
Love and Life and Truth divine,
Serenely march through deep and dark-
ness,
March and reach their high design.

' The Best of Worst works out a better,
Light of Darkness makes a sun,
And Life by Death is made immortal,
Victory in defeat begun.'
WASSON (*The Babe of God*).

Teachers in Council

The Ideal Sunday School.



CONFERENCE on this subject was held on Thursday morning, Miss Marian Pritchard taking the chair. After explaining that the subject was not The Ideal of the Sunday School, which had already received excellent treatment at the hands of the Rev. J. J. Wright, and others, but The Ideal Sunday School.

Mr. Woodhead, Superintendent at Upper Brook Street Sunday School, Manchester, opened the conference by describing the conduct of what he should regard as an ideal school, basing most of his remarks on the one with which he was connected, a school which had had the great advantage of having been started by Mrs. Farrington, and superintended by her during sixteen years.

First, as to THE BUILDING; said he, this should be above ground, light and airy. Then the schoolrooms should be as pretty as we can make them. A few good pictures or photographs should hang on the wall. Watts' 'Love and Death,' Millet's 'Angelus;' or again, 'the Huguenot,' 'Diana or

Christ'; these are all very suggestive pictures, besides many which treat of Scriptural subjects.

ADMISSION OF SCHOLARS. Although we gladly welcome all children to our school we feel that the matter of their being entitled to consider themselves as really belonging to it ought not to be treated lightly. A child has to attend three Sundays consecutively, its parents are visited by the Superintendent, and finally it is formally welcomed as a scholar. It is a good plan to give a card of membership to be hung up at home.

PROGRAMME OF PROCEEDINGS. The superintendent should be in time to welcome teachers and children before the commencement, and friendly conversation may be permitted until the time for opening school, when all talking must cease. I do not like the method of the Roll Call; I prefer the attendances being marked by the teachers.

Every one should be present at the opening service, which ought to be regarded as an integral part of the school proceedings. The Superintendent having read the Hymn, it should be sung heartily; for, in the manner in which the reading and singing is performed, the keynote of the school

will be struck, the tone of the whole afternoon given.

A **ten minutes address** may follow, the subject having been chosen beforehand. Some passing event, some holiday incident, some deed of courage or of self-sacrifice; a few words on any of these—if given with earnest enthusiasm—will often be followed with breathless attention. A poem, a reference to one of the pictures—that of Love and Death, for example, would be most helpful in cases of illness and death in the school—a motto written on the blackboard, any of these will furnish a text for a few minutes' serious talk with the children.

Next comes the **dismissal into classes**, which must be done in order and quiet. Where possible, separate rooms are best, but failing this, the classes should be placed as far apart as possible. As regards the lesson I think it better to let the teachers be independent, and free to teach what they feel is the best course for them. As to marks, we give three, one for attendance, one for punctuality, and one for conduct. But these are all considered really as conduct marks, so that if a scholar behaves badly he may lose them all. In our school prizes are only given to the younger classes, elder scholars are expected to do the right thing without hope of reward.

When the scholars have gathered for the **closing service** there are usually a few notices to be given. Once a month we make out an Honours List, putting down the names of all the

boys and girls who have earned the highest possible number of marks. This is read out and afterwards put up in the schoolroom for all to contemplate for the next month.

We always choose a more devotional and reverential **Hymn** for the closing service, and after this we either say the **Lord's Prayer**, or the minister comes in and voices the aspirations of teachers and scholars alike, in a very perfect way. When by ourselves we conclude by repeating together the following simple prayer or benediction: *May the hope of a better world, a worthier life, a holier morrow, and a sweeter thanksgiving, inspire us all with patient continuance in well doing.*

It is an excellent plan for the Superintendent to keep a note book, or diary, entering in it the hymns that have been sung, together with any notes of items he wishes to remember. This plan helps him to avoid repeating himself too frequently.

Teachers' meetings from time to time, when they have the opportunity of comparing notes, speaking of their joint scholars, and helping one another over their difficulties, are of unspeakable service. And it is also most helpful to get that insight into your children's character which comes by visiting their homes. The method of filling in quarterly reports, showing the number of attendances, etc., made during the three months, and taking these round to the parents, affords an excellent opportunity for this kindly

intercourse. Again, this we do by our Parents' party, when Superintendent and teachers act as hosts and hostesses, the whole evening being carried on in an extremely friendly and unconventional manner. After the social tea the Superintendent gives his welcome, and all who speak are asked to avoid 'preaching at' the parents. A lively dramatic sketch, followed, perhaps, by a dance and a little refreshment, carry us through the evening, and at the close we all stand round with hands crossed, and sing Auld Lang Syne.

Then we have our RECITATION SUNDAY, inaugurated by Mrs. Farrington, and to this again—held once a year, on Palm Sunday—we invite the parents. We select an author—say Tennyson—and all long addresses are rigidly excluded, although the Superintendent is allowed to say a few words of introduction, telling something of the poet's life.

All the musical portion of the service is chosen from his songs, etc., which have been practised beforehand, and elder and younger scholars alike take part in the recitations. I do not know of anything in our school life which is a greater success. We all feel we have *our* public before us, and parents and friends delight in hearing and in joining with us.

Of collateral activities each ideal Sunday school must have its full share in order to appeal to the all-round life of their scholars. A Savings Bank to encourage thrift, a Library to induce a love of good books (though this, in

the opinion of many, is not so necessary in these days of public libraries) are important adjuncts. We have another in what we call our Camp. We take our children to Great Hucklow, in Derbyshire, where we have a chapel, and we spend a week there, a few children being lodged in the various cottages. A whistle is blown each morning after breakfast, calling them to assemble, when after a hymn and a few words, all disperse till the mid-day meal, for games, etc. So the week is spent, the children feel that their teachers are ready to help at play as well as at Sunday school, and, on both sides, a better knowledge of each other is gained.

One other suggestion I should like to offer, and that is that it is good to have some name—perhaps of some working man who has lived and worked in school or neighbourhood and has left his mark—as a special saint. We have one; ours is Arthur Thomas Hillman, and I always notice when his name is mentioned, how full of attention the children become.

In conclusion, I ought to refer to our children's services, conducted by some of the teachers in turn, for those who are not old enough to join the Church Service. Once a month, however, the whole school joins the congregation, when the minister delivers an address specially adapted to the scholars, and in this way we get a kind of union between the school and the church.

After thanking Mr. Woodhead very heartily for his practical remarks, Miss Pritchard suggested that various points should be taken up seriatim, with a view of eliciting various opinions; and in the following epitome most of the questions, answers, and suggestions have been gathered together.

ASSEMBLING.—In one case two plans had been tried. At first teachers and scholars met in their own class rooms, and after a chat adjourned to the large room for opening service. Afterwards they tried the assembling direct for the service, but found that teachers and scholars would straggle in late, not having the incentive of a chat to bring them together beforehand.

A Superintendent mentioned that many of the children came half an hour before the time of opening, and that he had had some difficulty in keeping them within bounds—he was not anxious for them to be quite still,—until he thought of the plan of getting some books for them to look at (several of Stead's penny booklets were most popular), and this he found the children thoroughly enjoyed. The importance of the teacher making use of this time before school begins for learning something of the personal life of his scholars could hardly be over-estimated.

ROLL CALL.—One teacher was anxious to know what method of marking could be used in its place.

Two speakers urged that Registrars should be appointed, one for the boys' and one for the girls' side. The Super-

intendent would give them their registers at the beginning of lesson time, and they would quietly go the round of the classes, which might take, in large schools, the whole afternoon.

Another method suggested was that, at the time of the opening, the doors should be closed, when each teacher would enter the names of those present, after which the late scholars would be allowed to come in.

A third suggestion was that the Superintendent should keep a register for attendance only, and that each teacher should have a small class register, where two marks, E. G.—for Early and Good—should be given towards the close of the afternoon. Children are always a check upon one another if there is a question as to whether a certain scholar was early or late. A single stroke / would stand for attendance only. This is a very simple, but effective, method of marking; and at the end of each quarter, the teachers' and Superintendent's books can be compared, and the quarterly reports accurately made out, signed by both, and taken round to the parents.

The Roll Call was objected to because—

1. It took up time needlessly.
2. It was depressing to listen to so many names to which there was no one to respond. This is exactly the reverse of the spirit of cheerfulness with which school should begin.
3. It leads to disorder, when a comic

propensity leads some little urchin to answer in a funny tone.

4. Owing to inattention on the part of some who do not answer, and of shyness on the part of others, so that their voice is not heard, the record is often inaccurate.

The pernicious system of counting every child who attends as a scholar found no supporter. One teacher said four attendances were necessary in their school. Another speaker thought the Superintendent was often too busy a man to call on the parents. This objection, however, could be partly met if some teacher could call instead; there are usually one or two who would have sufficient leisure for this.

CLASS ROOMS.—A suggestion was made that the room—where there was but one—might be divided off, without great expense, by baize curtains. One school, where benches with backs were used, had an iron rod, with moveable supports, placed on the top of the backs, and on the rod a baize valance, eighteen inches deep, was run. When in class this was pushed up, so that practically the back was raised to a height about the children's heads, and thus a certain amount of privacy was secured.

One speaker spoke of the advantage gained by partitioning off a corner of the chapel.

The importance, in any case, of having the children seated *around* the teacher, and not in long rows, which rendered it impossible to see and hear easily what is going on, was strongly insisted on.

It was generally felt that, wherever possible, the Infant Class should have a room to itself.

LIBRARY ARRANGEMENTS.—One teacher complained that these interfered greatly with the conduct of the class, or made a confusion during dismissal; how can this be prevented?

Two speakers spoke of the way it was managed in their schools. In one the librarian gathered the books when the scholars entered, changed them during the afternoon, and gave out the fresh ones before dismissal, the name of the desired book being given in with the old one. The same method acts well in the case of the Savings Bank; but this, of course, entails more workers. This, however, is not a real disadvantage, for it brings into active service some young people who would not be willing to take part in the school as teachers.

The other suggestion was that the Library should be placed in another room, into which those who desired to change books would pass quietly after dismissal.

SHORT MUSICAL SERVICES.—Two speakers asked for these, and were referred to *The Helper* of 1898, where there was one by the Rev. W. Jellie; and to *The Helper* of 1899, where three of the short services from Mrs. Farrington's 'Hymns for Heart and Voice' had been put to a simple musical setting. In all these there was no occasion for the children to have a copy, for the words and tunes could be very quickly learned.

Method of Preparing and Presenting a Lesson.



THE subject on which I have been asked to speak to you this morning is on the method of preparing and presenting a lesson; but before proceeding to do so I should like to say a word or two as to my own position. In the first place, then, I am not a Sunday school teacher. I have had hardly any experience of Sunday school work, my only attempt in that way having been to act as a substitute for half-a-dozen Sundays; and hence what I have to say to you now must be said from the point of view of an outsider—of a mere day school teacher. It is quite possible, then, that some of what I say may seem inapplicable, or I may seem to slur over difficulties which will at once occur to you. Of this I am fully aware. All I could go on is my belief that the principles of teaching are the same for all schools, and that what has been found to act beneficially for character and intelligence in the day school must be of some value in the Sunday school.

Then, again, in writing this little paper I can claim no originality. I am merely setting forth for you, in what I hope may prove an intelligible form, the principles of the method which is coming largely into use among trained teachers in day schools. Personally I owe a great debt to Miss Cooper, head

of the women's side of the training for teachers here in Oxford, not only for what I gained while I was studying under her, but for actual help in the preparation of this paper.

NOTES.

To begin, then, with the preparation of an actual lesson. The first thing to be noticed is that *notes* are necessary. I must take that for granted all through my remarks, but before passing on it may be as well to glance at some of the reasons why they are to be regarded as essential. And in the first place is the plain fact that it does force you to prepare your lesson. Notes for a special lesson to be given to a special class cannot be made without some real study. It makes it impossible to slip into the habit of taking up a book at the very last and running through something that 'will do.' It means undoubtedly thought and time, but without this there can be no real teaching. But even where time and thought are honestly given to preparation, the habit of making notes forces you to think methodically. It is comparatively easy to read through what you are meaning to take, be it what it may,—a few verses from the Bible, a biography, a story, or a talk on some more general topic,—and to think over what will do and how it must be put; but as soon as you try to throw your thoughts on to paper in systematic form you recognise the difficulties. Much has to be thought out again, and it is only by working on something definite and

concrete in this way that the matter gradually falls naturally into the right form. It is only in this way that you become so completely master of your subject that while actually with the class your whole mind and attention can be fixed, not on what you are teaching, but on the children themselves.

It thus becomes possible to use your subject matter, whatever it is, merely as an instrument by which you are enabled to reach the minds and thoughts of those you are teaching, while, having it completely in your power, you can modify as you learn. Your aim and your subject, *what* you want to teach and *how* you want to teach it, are both fairly clear before you; and thus, while you are enabled to modify as you feel necessary, you still have the lesson completely in your own hands, and are saved from the danger of being led by the class into by-paths, which waste time and in the end lead nowhere. And even if this should occur you have at least got your notes to refer to, and here a further use of them comes in. It is possible after every lesson to ask, 'Have I accomplished what I meant to do?' and your notes enable you to give a definite answer; and however humiliating it may be to realize how very seldom one does accomplish what one means to do, it is at least a good thing to know this and make sure that it is not the essential things which are left out.

In speaking of notes, I am of course taking for granted that the

notes are made by the teacher who is to give the lesson. Ready-made notes may help in the preparation of your own, they cannot take their place. The thoughts of another must be assimilated and completely recast before they can be of the least use in any individual lesson. It is hardly possible for one mind to work completely on the lines of another, and what you teach *must be your own first*, or it will never be possible to make it living to others. The class too, those who are to be taught, must be constantly in your mind during the preparation of the lesson. This, of course, means that the scholars are known individually by the teacher, but this is a possibility which must be made a reality before there can be really good teaching. The lesson then becomes an interchange between the minds of the teacher and the taught; and hence the notes prepared for one class will seldom do in exactly the same form for any other, though the modifications will be slighter when they are used by the same teacher than when used by another.

As to how far notes should be used in class, I think it is a matter which must be left purely to the individual. They may be useful to have by for reference, but the more spontaneous a lesson seems the better, and hence it is in the preparation rather than for direct use in the actual presenting of the lesson that they are so necessary.

PLAN OF LESSON.

Having settled, then, that notes are

necessary, it is evident that it would be a great help to have some plan, or method, on which to draw them up and think out the lesson. Now you will agree that such a plan, to be of much use, must be based on the laws by which the mind acquires knowledge. The mind does not, and cannot, take in all that is presented to it. It takes only what it is adapted to receive, and what is presented in a suitable way, and hence, since we want what we teach to develop the mind and become part of it, and not be rejected as unprofitable, it is evident that the more teachers can base their teaching on the laws of mind so far as they are known, the more profitable will their teaching be. Now it is certainly true that we cannot all for ourselves study philosophy and psychology, but division of labour here as elsewhere is a very good thing, and we can at least benefit by the thoughts of others who have given their lives to this study. Some of the great thinkers have themselves applied their theories, the results of their study, to the work of education, while much more work has been done by those who, themselves thoroughly masters of the practical side of teaching, have studied and applied the work of the philosopher to that of the schoolmaster. The method I now propose to sketch to you has been based on such a foundation. It has been originated by great thinkers, modified by practical teachers, and aims only at laying down the broad lines on which a subject should be approached.

It divides the lesson, in its actual presentation, into five sections or steps, which follow each other naturally. They are intended to follow as nearly as possible the way in which the mind acquires knowledge, and hence it is the most suitable way for the teacher to present any new subject to the child. These steps I propose to consider shortly in turn, but before speaking of the actual presentation of the lesson there is one point that comes first in its preparation.

Aim. The first thing to be decided about any lesson is naturally the *Aim*.

Whether there is much preparation for it or not you must at least decide what it is you are going to try and occupy the children's thoughts with before you take your place in class. It may be only a story you have decided to read, or a poem, a piece of the Bible you are going to talk about, or a biography you are meaning to tell, but at least you have some definite facts, something settled and concrete which forms the substance of the lesson. This is something; but it does not quite give you your *aim*, for this can hardly be decided till you consider how you want to treat your subject, and as soon as this consideration begins it will be possible to separate the aim into two, or rather to say that you must have two aims before you. In the first place, there is what we have already spoken of, the definite concrete facts, and these you want to make the children understand and remember, so as to give them a definite piece of

new knowledge, which will widen their minds by putting something in which was not there before. This imparting of some new piece of information may be called the *concrete aim*, and must be kept steadily in view throughout the lesson, for, though it is not the whole, it is a very valuable, or rather, an absolutely essential, part of the teaching. But, having decided this, the question at once arises, Why do we teach these facts? What is it we want the class to learn from them? More, evidently, than the mere facts themselves, for we want their meaning to be understood, some inference to be drawn which will help to widen the life of the child in a very different way from the mere imparting of facts. And hence we get what may be called our *abstract aim*, in contrast to the concrete. Now these two aims must be kept perfectly distinct by the teacher if a confused impression is to be avoided. Remember that it is only through the concrete facts that the children can get at the abstract ideas, which are perhaps as real to you as the facts themselves; so you must give them, therefore, every chance of really understanding the facts before you attempt to proceed to what must be an inference from them.

Let me give an example. Take a lesson, or, better still, two lessons, to be given on the parable of the Prodigal Son, and here your aims are at once evident. On the one side you have the actual story, the facts of the narrative, which you want to be as vivid and real to the children as one of their own fairy tales

or favourite stories; and on the other, there is the meaning of the story, or the part of the meaning which you here select, and which we may here say is forgiveness after sincere repentance. I have already said that the two aims must be kept distinct; it is equally important to limit yourself to *one* definite aim of each sort. It is only too easy in teaching a poem or a Bible story, especially if the text of the Bible is being used, to go off on tempting side issues. The words mean so much, and it seems a pity to pass them by without saying something of what they do mean; or you have perhaps selected a part of the Bible, or a biography, and are meaning to talk about it, and thus start half-a-dozen different threads which mean nothing, for none are completed. This is, no doubt, more likely to occur in the treatment of the abstract aim, but it confuses everything, and spoils the lesson by not leaving something whole and completed in the mind. The only really safe way, if this is to be accomplished, is to have the aims very clear in your own mind, and keep to them.

Preparation. We now come to the first step in actually giving the lesson, the stage that is technically known as the *preparation* in the five step method. To prepare the way for the actual lesson may seem to some a matter of course, but it is by no means easy to do, and it requires very careful thought. The better the teacher knows the class, however, the easier it will become. The children come

to school with their minds filled with a medley of many things—what has been going on at home or in the street, or something that has happened at the opening of school, or they are chafing at being kept in school and are determined to ‘make a row,’ or their attention is caught by something passing and in a moment their mind is off far from school. Now with all this the teacher has to reckon, and he must use it for his own purposes. To plunge straight into the lesson which the children do not in the least care about or want to care about, and with their minds as far away as possible is absolutely useless. You may have got your lesson up carefully, and you may even in one sense give it well and succeed in keeping order, and yet it will all be really of no use at all for the children, for even though they hear they do not understand. As the late master of Uppingham put it, there is no good pumping while all the lids are on the kettles. You may pump away cheerfully in full confidence that much is being received, and yet very little will find its way in, and the kettles will remain almost as empty as ever.

This was said of day schools, but it is undoubtedly equally true of Sunday schools, and would explain many a sense of failure resulting from honest and self-sacrificing effort. The first thing then is to get the lids off. The children have plenty of ideas, plenty of interest, and it is

the business of the teacher to see that it is guided in the right direction, and fixed where it is wanted. Exactly how this is to be done must vary enormously with the subject matter, the age of the class and the relations existing between the teacher and the class; but there are two or three kinds of preparation which may be mentioned, and which might all very well occur in some one lesson. In the first place then we want to call up appropriate ideas and banish all those which are merely a disturbing and obstructing element, and this may often be done most easily by introducing some familiar and well-known thing in which the children are interested for its own sake. Their attention is thus caught, and it is not really difficult to catch it in this way, for it is not as a rule fixed for long on any one subject. For the moment then they are ready to listen, and if once the interest is lost now it is difficult to regain during the whole lesson. Exactly how this introduction of the familiar will be effected will vary with the subject matter; sometimes it is as well to do it with something tangible and visible, or it may be an allusion to a recent event, or it may be to get the children to describe some well-known sight or occurrence; in any case it will not be dwelt on long, and one of its chief objects, besides banishing other thoughts, will be to induce the children to talk. The teacher should encourage the

class to express their own ideas, and he thus gets to know something of what is in their minds already with regard to the subject matter of the lesson. The lesson itself is thus led up to, if it is a disconnected one; but, if it is part of a course, something else is necessary, for what has been done previously must be recalled, part of the last lesson be gone over, and the new one be linked on to the old.

In this preparation something will have been done to introduce both the concrete and the abstract aims, but most likely the whole of the preparation for the abstract cannot be done at this stage.

Presentation. The next step is known as the *Presentation*, and in proceeding to the actual subject matter of the lesson, it is evident it will have to be modified partly by the Preparation stage. Not till the state of the children's minds is known can the form and content of the new be absolutely decided, and hence the great importance of being absolute master of the subject, so as to be able to adapt and modify in exactly the right direction. Once more I must say that it is only the broad, general lines I am now indicating, and the exact form which the Presentation stage will take must be left to the individual teacher, for no hard and fast rule can be made. Something will be said on the subject in the remarks I shall have to make on questioning at the end and I therefore pass on to the third step of *Association*.

Association. Anything new can only be understood by the old ideas already in the mind. It is only by the already understood that the previously unknown can be interpreted, and hence it is quite possible to say that the same thing may not be the same to any two minds, since the contents of no two minds are alike. But be that as it may, it is not till the new has been thus interpreted by the old and so linked to it, that it becomes a part of the mind and a real living force. We all know ourselves how we have heard things and learnt them and yet they have meant nothing to us till seen suddenly in a new light and explained by something we are familiar with, and then their full meaning flashes upon us. Before, they were only inserted, stuck in like pins into a pin-cushion, now they have suddenly become part of a living, growing whole.

Carlyle says somewhere that we see only what we have been trained to see, and this contains a great truth. We know that a landscape will produce totally different effects on different people, according to what they look for in it. The landscape itself is the same, the senses of the persons are alike, and yet the impressions left will vary greatly. Again, a picture which to an artist is full of beauty and meaning, to someone else with equally good sight may be absolutely unmeaning, and this we can only explain by saying that the minds of the two men are different. In neither case do the

senses play false, but the mind is active, not passive, and interprets the new idea or sensation according to what is already there, according to what has been previously known or experienced. This is familiar enough, and yet in dealing with children we are apt to forget it, and to imagine that what is full of meaning to us must be so to them too. The lesson on which we have expended the greatest care, and which to us may be full of truth and meaning, may leave the pupil's mind in the state of that of the child who, on his return from the British Museum, was asked what he had noticed? All that had struck him was the enormous size of the door mats. These he understood; he had something with which to compare them, and the rest to him meant nothing. And so the greatest art in teaching, it has been said, is the art of finding links and connections between the isolated facts, and of making the child see that what seems quite new is really an extension of what is already in his mind.¹

Now we do not want anything of what we teach to remain in what has been called the 'pincushion' stage. We want it to go home, to be understood, to become part of a living force, and hence it is our business to *associate*. Something has already been done in the preparation stage to link the new with the old, and anything too absolutely remote from the minds of the class has thus been avoided, but some-

thing more definite must be done now. We must be constantly trying to connect the new with the old, to show it and interpret it by its light, and hence, we may remark by the way, the great importance of the teacher knowing the pupil as well as possible, that he may know the right means to use.

There are various ways in which association may be used in a lesson, but there are two main kinds which may be distinguished. On the one hand we must be constantly connecting the new with what has been previously taught, by comparing or contrasting similar examples, and this has the double advantage of causing both old and new to be better remembered by means of each other; and on the other hand the new matter must be constantly connected with familiar, everyday examples. This serves, perhaps, rather a different purpose from the other kind of association, for it is here that the understanding by means of the already known comes in. A little question, a problem of right and wrong perhaps, which is quite without meaning to a child, and the answer to which would certainly make no impression if it were merely told, is at once seen and understood if the same difficulty is put into the familiar dress of some well-known incident in the life of the child. Henceforth the new has become a part of the old, and is itself now capable of being used for the interpretation of still more that is new. The association which connects the whole aim of the lesson with something similar comes

¹ Rooper, 'A Pot of Green Feathers.'

most naturally just after the presentation, which it thus helps to impress, at the same time that it renders it more intelligible, and it may therefore be regarded as a distinct and separate step in the lesson. But the association of minor details, either with past knowledge or familiar experience, must be scattered through the whole of the presentation. It thus gives greater understanding and vividness throughout the lesson, and serves to keep up the interest and attention of the class. How far and when these different kinds of association are to be used must be left to the discretion of the teacher, but if once the object of it is understood it is not difficult in any particular case. Thus, in telling a story, which you want to impress vividly on the children, it is just as great a mistake to break off to introduce little side bits of association as it is to thrust on the abstract aim before the story as such is known and enjoyed. The continuity would be merely broken in this case, and nothing would be added to the vividness to compensate for it. On the other hand, in treating, for instance, a biography, the vividness and general comprehension will probably be greatly enhanced, and the hero become a far more real man if the incidents and difficulties of his life are constantly associated with those of the class.

Formulation. We have thus completed the first three main steps of a lesson. The mind has been properly prepared, the new has been

presented, and it has been driven home so as to be understood and remembered by means of association with the already familiar. Two important steps remain, however, without which the whole would be incomplete. If the lesson has been systematic, clear, and definite, the class should feel it as such, and should be able to formulate for themselves what has been learnt. This *Formulation*, the fourth step, which should be done as much as possible by the children, will be really a little summary of the lesson, and will correspond to the abstract and the concrete aims with which the teacher started. With the concrete it will be to run over the main facts on which the lesson has been based; if it is a story one of the children might be got to tell it shortly, and this is in itself an admirable training, while with the abstract it will be frequently to formulate some simple rule based on the concrete facts which have already been discussed in this light. Thus to a certain extent the memory is trained and makes more sure of what it has learnt, while at the same time the teacher has the opportunity of seeing how far the lesson has been really understood. It is quite evident, however, that many lessons would not admit of much formulation, and it requires very careful thinking out of the whole to make it possible. The parts must be carefully adapted, irrelevant matter kept out, and the aim be steadily realized. In this case it is not at all a bad

way for the teacher, in preparing, himself to make a formulation after the aim has been decided on, and before arranging the preparation and presentation.

Application. But even yet there is something more for each lesson to do, one more step to be fulfilled, that which has been called by the not very appropriate name of *Application*. The new we saw could only be understood by means of the old, and even so the new, once it has been understood, must reach forward to something beyond. Each new acquisition which thus becomes something living in the mind, means new power to stretch forward and grasp things incomprehensible before. New knowledge of any kind is not complete till it has this growing, expanding power, and hence we must ever train the mind to *apply* what it gets. Application has to do with both the concrete and the abstract aims of the lesson, but its uses in the two cases are of necessity different. The application of the **concrete** consists chiefly in making sure that the facts have been learnt with the understanding and not merely with the memory, and hence in some ways it might be better to call it **recapitulation**, while with the **abstract** more real **application** is possible. Here the principle applies not only to the facts of the given case from which in this instance it has been deduced, but to numberless others; and hence the class can be made to give fresh examples, or small problems can be put which the children are able to answer

if the principle has been grasped. Thus knowledge becomes power, and the mind makes each new acquisition a step to further gain.

We have now completed a brief sketch of the five essential steps of a lesson according to this method. The aim has been to make it conform to the natural way in which the mind acquires knowledge, and, though the psychological foundations could not be gone into now, it is hoped that enough has been said to show that the plan is a natural one. It prepares the mind, presents the new matter in a suitable way, unites it with the past, formulates it, so as to make it a permanent possession, and finally applies it to the hitherto incomprehensible. Thus something complete is formed; something which is connected with the past, with the present surroundings, is a reality to the mind, and should be of use in the future.

Questioning. Now before passing on to consider in what way this method is really practically useful, and how far it needs modification, I want to say a few words on a subject I mentioned, but passed over, when discussing the presentation stage, and that is questioning. It is, I think, obvious that the method I have sketched could be used pretty nearly as well for a sermon, a lecture, or an essay as a lesson, and that it does not at all imply any actual mode of presentation, but as the object here is to consider in what way it is to help the preparation and presentation

of lessons, the use of questioning naturally comes up. A safe rule is to do as much as possible by questioning. Lecturing is not teaching, and is certainly not suitable for children. They need the constant stimulus of being appealed to, questioning makes the lesson at once more bright and interesting, while it is about the only way to make the children really work and think. This last is by far the most important consideration of all. If the children's minds are not working and working hard, there will be very little good done. Without effort there can be no progress; formulation and application are out of the question, in their right sense, as done by the children, and the whole aim of teaching is thus lost. It is not possible, however tempting, for the teacher to do the work and merely put what he would into the child. The mind only possesses what it has itself grasped, and hence we come on the same principle that we touched on in considering application; we are to make knowledge a living thing, we are to make it become a power, and this can only be by making the child think. This, after all, is the real aim of the teacher, and his subject he merely uses as an instrument. Now I do not deny that there may be effort and real working even when no questioning is done, but the great difficulty here is that it cannot be in any way tested.

But quite apart from the point of view of the pupil, it is almost impossible for the teacher to do his

work well without questioning. We have seen how important it is that he should know as much as possible what is in the mind of the class, and this can only be done by skilful and well thought out questions; while he needs also to make sure how far he has been understood; and here once more questioning must instruct him. Questioning is perhaps the most difficult of all the arts of the teacher, but it is undoubtedly one of the most essential. To throw the question into exactly the right form, so that it will cost the child an effort to answer, will bring out what he knows and tell the teacher exactly what he wants is by no means easy but it is very necessary.

From what has been said I think it will be evident that there are two kinds of questions, which are applicable at different stages of the lesson, questions of fact, and what may be called problem questions, where the child cannot know the answer without some real work and thought. Both these kinds of questions are necessary in teaching, but they answer somewhat different purposes and come most naturally into different parts of the lesson. The former, questions of fact, are often used to keep the children awake, to test the memory and see if the class is following, the latter shew the teacher much more of the children's mind, and are of real educative value. Any hard and fast rule it is impossible to lay down with regard to questioning, but in running over the different steps we see at once that the Prepara-

tion must be largely question and answer, for without this it is almost impossible to draw the class on to the side of the teacher, or for the teacher to know the state of mind he must go upon in giving the lesson. Presentation on the other hand may often be given without questions. It may consist of a Bible story or short biography which may be simply told by the teacher; (whenever possible, do not read) and whether this is, or is not to be interspersed with questions must depend largely on the graphic power of the teacher. If he can hold the attention of the class while he is speaking, well and good; if not, he will find some questions a very great help.

The Formulation stage may of course be helped out by questions, the aim being to get the children to do as much as possible for themselves. Association and Application however depend largely on questioning; the teacher must help the class to give other similar examples, to apply the underlying principles to some actual case perhaps of their daily lives; and this should be as far as possible a free talk between teacher and class, though of course guided always on the right lines by the teacher.

Such then is the scheme which it has been thought might prove of help to Sunday school teachers, as it undoubtedly has done to those in day schools. To some it may perhaps appear too elaborate and pedantic, it may seem as though a form of this

sort would take all originality and spontaneity out of the teacher. All I can say is that I do not believe this has proved so in actual use. The steps are after all only what every good lecturer or essay writer or teacher follows more or less naturally in attacking any new subject, but this does not at all detract from the help it is to have them set forth clearly.

It must, however, be remembered that no form is to be followed blindly. I hope I have shown clearly enough throughout my remarks how much must depend on the individual teacher, and if such a form as this were used so as to confine and restrain instead of to support and help it would be bad indeed. Very much must of course always be left to the individual teacher, but the outlines here suggested are so broad as to leave plenty of scope. The mechanism must always be taken up and worked by the individual mind, but to have some mechanism founded on a genuine attempt to get at the laws of the mind must be a help. It does not in the least do away with the fact that love of children, and quick, keen sympathy are the first essentials of all, for without these the form would be dead. All arts have their mechanical side through which the love of the artist works, and without which it could hardly express itself, and teaching is not exempt. Seen in this way the form must prove a help not a hindrance; to those who

have doubts and difficulties it gives something definite to work upon, while it is good for us all to have something by which we can and must check our work.

One or two suggestions as to use may be given. The plan, though it appears perhaps stiff and formal, has many variations which will quickly be found out by use. It is not, for instance, by any means necessary that every short lesson should be strictly divided up into these five parts which must follow each other in due order, and this for two reasons. In the first place it is the complete aim which is to be developed in this way, and it is by no means always possible to complete the aim in one lesson. To recur to an example used before, the parable of the Prodigal Son would take two or perhaps three lessons, and it is not each of these lessons which will be worked out in the five steps, but the whole which forms in itself one lesson with its two complete aims. In the first we might not get beyond Preparation and the Presentation of the concrete, some account of the actual story. In the second there might be some recapitulation of the concrete, together with some more special preparation for the abstract and the developments of the abstract aim, while in the third again the association might form the bulk of the lesson with the Formulation and Application. In this way the steps would all be completed when the aims

have been fulfilled, but there would be no attempt to divide each lesson up in a way which would greatly hamper the teacher and destroy much of the effect. And, once more, it is by no means necessary that the steps should each form a separate division. I have already touched on the different kinds of Association, and shew that it need by no means form a separate step, but may run all through the Presentation, and in the same way some of the Preparation may be scattered through, while sometimes the beginning of a lesson may serve at once as Application of the old, at least of the concrete part, and Preparation for the new, by calling up suitable ideas into the mind. There is thus a great deal of freedom possible, if only care is taken that the whole is thought out carefully at the beginning, and that something of each step is got in so that a complete impression is left in the mind.

Illustrations. And now, perhaps the best way in which I can illustrate what I have been trying to explain, will be to take some example and shew roughly in what the notes of lessons would consist, and something of the form they would naturally take. Once more I must say that the fulness with which these notes would be drawn up beforehand, and many other details must be left to the teacher, and I can only suggest the sort of lines in which one lesson would run. I will take then a familiar example, in which I hope you will see that

the working out on the form we have been examining does not differ so very greatly from the form which would be given by every good teacher. The great advantage is,—and I must say it once more,—that we have the form analysed for us. It is brought down to its simplest elements, we are shewn on what it rests, and so can apply it to any lesson.

The subject I propose to take is the parable of the talents. In lessons on the parables it is perhaps exceptionally easy to see what an abstract aim should be; it is given *for* us, as it were, and for this reason perhaps you will think that it fits in too exceptionally well with the formula. But it is not my business to advise, nor have I any intention of saying anything here as to *what* to teach, but only *how* to teach it, and I think I may fairly take for granted that anything selected by a teacher is selected for some purpose, and that that purpose can therefore be worked into what we have called one abstract aim. In some lessons no doubt the abstract aim will *seem* to play a much more subordinate part than in such a lesson as I have selected, it cannot be so fully worked out before the class as it can with one of the parables, for example, but it will be there all the same and will be well worth the consideration of the teacher, even if the pupil is quite unconscious of it.

To turn then to the parable of the talents. It will, you see, fall

naturally into a lesson with the two aims, the concrete and the abstract, the former being to impress on the children the actual story, and the latter to shew that we all have gifts and talents which we are bound to use and cultivate. But the working out of these two aims would not naturally come into one lesson. In fact the whole might well extend over two or three lessons, and thus the complete arrangement of five steps will extend over the whole two or three times, though, as I have said, some part of each might be got into each lesson. The whole, however, which we want completed is to give a clear and vivid impression of the story which the children will remember, which will enlarge their views of life, and will carry with it the new idea, which if possible we are to make fruitful in their lives, that every power or capacity which they have is a gift entrusted to them to be revered and valued and used and increased for the glory of their Master. This may seem to be demanding a great deal, but something of this can surely be given to the children, and an ideal must always exceed what we can accomplish. The five steps will cover this to some extent, and should leave some such impression when the whole is completed. The aims then which at first at least, must be kept distinct are, (1) to teach the story of the parable of the talents, (2) to draw therefrom the moral that all gifts are entrusted

to us to be,—not neglected—but cultivated. These are evidently aims which the children can get hold of clearly and well, for the story is interesting, and the abstract aim is one which can be made to come quite within their experience and understanding. Our first lesson would consist in telling the story and getting the children thoroughly interested in it. It must be made as vivid as possible, and it is often a good thing to aim at making such a story stand out as a series of pictures. Actual pictures are of course a great help, but the teacher must not rely on these entirely, for it is better for the whole manner of presenting the story to be such as to call up a picture before the child's mind. And besides the fact that it is often a much better training of the imagination not to have the subject always represented in the concrete form, we have to remember in dealing with such children as we often get in our Sunday schools that the pictures themselves need much interpreting. — We often think that to shew a picture of a thing brings it vividly before the children, and so it does if the children know enough about it first. But to a child who has no idea, for instance, of a waterfall or the sea, it is doubtful whether the most beautiful picture of these would convey more than the impression of a flat surface with lines on it. A description given in familiar terms will often mean more for the very reason that it

is possible for the child to link it on to what is already known. Many will say, I know, that story telling is a natural gift, and to a great extent this is true, but it is also true that anyone can improve and cultivate it.

From what has been said, it is quite evident that the Preparation will depend on two things—first, the age and nature of the class, and secondly what has just gone before, whether it is one in a set of lessons on the parables. But here we must remember that at present it is only the concrete aim we are dealing with, and that for the understanding of the story very much less preparation is needed than for the developing of the abstract idea. Children are usually ready to listen to a story, and their imagination works more quickly over the concrete facts where their sympathies are aroused. Here, if the children are sufficiently advanced, it might be possible to begin with a few questions as to what trade is, why it is necessary, and how men get rich by it, thus bringing out the idea that it can only be by work and not by idleness that there can be true increase and growth. Passing then to the presentation stage, the story would be given, and here it would be much the best not to use the Bible words at first with the children, but for the teacher to tell it as graphically as possible, adding any sort of detail that would add to the vividness, and questioning the children constantly

as it proceeds. The first picture to be given would be that of the master who was to travel into a far country, leaving behind his business, by which he has made his wealth. Before he goes he leaves some of his possessions in the hands of his servants to keep till he returns. Here some discussion would naturally follow as to how he would divide it, what principle would guide him and what he would expect of those he left in charge, while he was away. Then various means of using money might be discussed, enlarging a little the idea of the preparation, while some association might thus be got in with the children's own lives and experience. Such questioning shows the teacher much of what the pupil really knows, the atmosphere in which he lives, and the answers should be carefully noted as they serve as most important guides later.

What we may call the second picture now follows—the behaviour of the servants during the absence of their master; the one who has received most, upright, honest and capable, loving his master, proud that he has been thought worthy to receive so much, and determined to make the best use of it; the second trusting completely to his master's choice, eager to do the most he can for him, and not in the least jealous that he has not been given more; and the third, mean and discontented, knowing he has received least because he was least worthy, yet not trusting

the choice of his master, blaming everyone, but himself, and sowing, not with joy and gladness, but with fear and hatred. Here again there will be ample opportunity for discussion with the children, and they should be drawn out to talk of the different characters by such questions as 'was the decision quite fair?' 'Which had the most cause to complain?' 'Which shewed the noblest spirit?' and many more such which will readily occur to any teacher.

Then for our third and final picture there is the scene of the time of reckoning, the home coming of the lord, who will try each servant, testing how far he has been faithful to his trust. Years perhaps have gone by, and they have worked on, not knowing when he would return, and now he has come back to his land on which the servants have been living. He calls to each to render his account, and as they come up and show in what manner they have discharged their office they receive their reward or punishment. Some more discussion as to the justice of the master's action should close this lesson, and would be some preparation for the next, in which the abstract aim would be developed.

In the following lesson the *preparation* would consist partly in calling on one of the children to repeat the story of last time, and then it might be read in the Bible words. The introduction of the word 'talent' would naturally need some explan-

ation, and the modern use of the word gives an excellent link by which to join the two lessons. The class can be encouraged to give examples of different talents, saying how they are to be used, and thus they can be made to see gradually that all powers are gifts which by a little change could be easily taken from them. The *presentation* which would then follow should be the actual translation, as it were, of the words of the parable, the story being already familiar, into the life and experience of the children. This must be done step by step by careful questioning, to make sure that nothing is accepted merely on the assertion of the teacher, for the only real benefit that can be got from this is that it should be discovered as it were by the children themselves. They should be *led* by questions, and should not be pushed or be expected to go further than they can see and understand. Actual notes of such a talk as this cannot be given very well, for it depends so entirely on the teacher and the class, but the aims should always be the same—to make the children get to the abstraction and formulation for themselves. The actual *formulation* in such a case as this would come really to the clear statement by the class in their own words of the abstract aim; while for *association*, if the other parables have been taken, some connection might be made between this and the other parables of servants left by their master, but otherwise

it would be brought in rather all through than at the end, by constant appeal to the children's daily lives. The *application* will consist partly in recapitulation, partly in the children giving fresh instances of the way any talent may be regarded; or some story might be given of a struggle against difficulties to which the principle arrived at in the lessons might be applied. Thus the five steps will have been completed, not exactly in the formal order in which they are for convenience set down, but each step, taking the two lessons together, has been got in; and by the end the children should have a clear idea not only of the actual story, but of a new aspect of life which should help to urge them forward to fresh endeavour. I have not here given the notes exactly as they should be written down, partly because that is difficult except for some particular class, partly because all teachers have their own way of remembering the form after they have thought it out, and partly because I thought it would be more useful to give the main lines, and explain as I went along, instead of giving merely disconnected jottings, and leading questions of which, after all, most notes consist.

One word in conclusion. In writing this I have confined myself purposely to the merely technical matter of notes of lessons, and even if it has not been interesting or inspiring, I hope it may at least prove useful. Genius perhaps may do without

method, but most of us cannot; and though enthusiasm and real love of the children are the all essential things in any teaching, we must welcome any help by which we come into closer, quicker touch with those we teach. Personally I have found the method I have here tried to sketch very useful, and I give it to you for what you may find it worth.

EDITH DRUMMOND.

THE TWO SACKS OF CORN.

AN eastern story tells how a man, being about to set out on a journey, called a couple of his neighbours and asked them to take charge of his two sacks of corn during his absence. The neighbours consented, and, each taking one of the sacks, they departed, wishing him a pleasant journey.

After a time the man returned, and going to the first of his two neighbours, he asked of him the sack. 'I will fetch it for thee,' answered his friend; and he fetched it up from the cellar where it had lain all the time. But alas! the damp had rotted the corn so that it was completely decayed and mildewed. Vexed with his loss, the man hurried to his second neighbour and made the same request. This one smilingly replied, 'Come with me, and you shall see it.' And forthwith he led him out into the open, and, pointing to a field of waving golden grain, all ripening in the sun, 'Behold,' quoth he, 'the fruit of the sack which thou didst commit to my charge.'

'Oh, faithful friend,' replied the man, 'thou hast indeed kept thy promise in spirit and in truth; but as for the other, he was content to fulfil the letter only. Therefore, I pray thee, when the time of the harvest hath come, that thou givest me two sacks of corn to replace those I left behind me; and for the rest, it shall be thine own; do with it even as thou wilt.'

How to give a Bible Lesson



FOR my purpose to-day many matters connected with Biblical instruction must be left aside. I assume that whatever other books are brought into the Sunday school the Bible will remain the teachers' chief manual of moral and religious teaching, and that whatever other lessons are provided Bible lessons will form the main part of the training we give our scholars. I say this while fully alive to the special difficulties of the Bible in the hands of the child. Still, I may be permitted to doubt whether these difficulties are really so great for the child as older people sometimes imagine. We are not afraid of fairy stories for our youngsters, and no inconsiderable portion of the Bible is the fairy story of religion. We know that through the medium of the magical, the miraculous, and the supernatural, the child's imagination is touched and his moral sensibilities quickened in a way that does no harm to him in later life when he learns that the machinery of the fairy tale is all an illusion. The difficulties of parents and teachers are graver and far more perplexing than those of children. Only last week a member of my congregation wrote to me: 'I want to ask you about the religious teaching of my little lad. He is now old enough to appreciate stories—has, indeed, a passion for them—and I wish to tell him some of

the Bible tales, but find myself handicapped by not knowing how to deal with them. Both my husband and myself were brought up on the old orthodox lines, but I cannot repeat to my little one what were told as truths to me and are now no more than curious or beautiful myths. At the same time, I should like to invest the peculiar class of traditions of which I speak with something more of sacredness than the ordinary fairy story, but do not quite know the way. Even a very young child has an awkward way of prefacing one's efforts with, "Is it all true, mother?" and so rigid and literal is a child's conception of absolute truth and absolute make-believe that I find myself in a difficulty. Putting aside stories of talking asses and man-swallowing whales as extreme examples of the mythical element in the Bible, that element is more or less present in the accounts and the lives of its most interesting personalities, and their biographies are scarcely recognisable without it. Coming to the New Testament, the life of Jesus which one would wish to handle with all reverence, presents even greater obstacles. Can you give me the names of a few books to help me?' Finally, she adds: 'One almost wishes for the comfortable security of the old moorings out of the pitch-and-toss of this uncertainty, but it is impossible to get back to them even if I would.' I am certain the last sentence of my friend's letter is echoed in many a home. I suppose every one of our ministers has

received letters like that, and every teacher in our Sunday schools has felt the trouble here expressed.

My first answer is this: 'Don't be afraid of the illusions that always accompany the first step into moral and religious consciousness'; and secondly, 'Don't be *too* rationalistic with children!' So long as you don't impose on them theories of inspiration and authority you may trust to their own healthy instincts in reading the Bible. It is treating the Bible as sacrosanct that produces all the mischief. Treat it as you treat Homer or Milton, and half your difficulties vanish. While you are careful not to teach anything the children will have to unlearn in after days, you will not burden them with the critical difficulties which beset a thoughtful adult. It is not wise to give solid meat to babes who require milk, nor is it prudent to bring before the child who has not realised any difficulties, the critic's doubts and suspension of judgment. It is as a manual of moral and spiritual instruction we value and use the Bible, and all questions of historical and scientific accuracy are quite secondary.

For here I would emphasize the point made by Mr. Claude Montefiore in his admirable preface to his admirable book, 'The Bible for Home Reading.' When discussing the place of the Bible in the home in the light of modern criticism, he makes an important distinction between the merely historically true or false and the morally true or false. 'It matters comparatively little

if it be implied that a given statement is historically true when it is believed to be historically false; but if it be implied that it is morally and religiously true when it is believed to be morally and religiously false, the injury done is far greater educationally. For example: It does not much matter if we imply that the story of a man called Samson, carrying the doors and posts of the city gates of Gaza on his shoulders, is to our minds as much an historical fact as that on the 18th of June, 1815, a battle was fought in Belgium between the English and the French. But it does matter very much indeed if, believing the story of the hardening of Pharaoh's heart and of the ten plagues in its literal meaning, and as intended by the narrators, is morally and religiously false, we allow our children to believe it to be morally and religiously true. It does not much matter if we suffer our children to believe that a certain man named Elisha made "iron swim"; but it does matter very seriously if we allow it to be believed that God deliberately sent two she-bears out of a wood to destroy forty-two children because they happened to say a rude word to a passing stranger. "God is true and God is good," is a canon or standard of moral and religious assessment we must never swerve from. The kind of truth or untruth involved in many supernatural stories is of small amount or concern to us. But the story of Elisha and the she-bears is untrue in another and more serious sense—it is

morally untrue; it contradicts our fundamental ideas of right and wrong.'

When all difficulties are admitted, I plead for a more liberal use of Old Testament stories in Sunday school teaching. Shall I be thought too audacious if I say that in neglecting Genesis we neglect one of the most quickening moral and spiritual forces we can bring to bear on the minds of children? Genesis is immensely superior to the other books of the Hexateuch, and inferior only to the great prophetic utterances of later date. Its worth lies in the fact that it deals with the simple primitive elements of right and wrong in characters, which are drawn in broad, strong, human outline. The great value of these stories is that they paint for us the portraits of representative men, and depict in unfading colours various aspects of the human nature, which is the same in all ages. They are largely and broadly human, and therefore typical. In truth, in the earliest times life could not but be typical. Men lived in free and open intercourse with Nature and with their fellow-men. The conventional swathing-bands within which society has imprisoned itself were unknown. Men lived boldly from within, and what they did and said had that broad human significance which forecasts what men will do and say to the end of the Book of Time. The painting of life and character in Genesis is wonderfully vivid. Nowhere else, except in Homer, have we anything like such large and graphic portraiture.

And the book is none the less precious because historically and scientifically of little value. Mr. Felix Adler, in his 'Moral Instruction for Children,' has remarked on the striking likeness of Genesis to Homer. 'The stories in both possess a perennial vitality, an indestructible charm. They both depict a few essential features of human nature, and refrain from minute analysis and minor traits. They both present us with universal types. For they speak of man at a time when life was less complex than it is at present, and when the conversation, the thoughts, the manners, and the motives of men were more simple.'

Mr. Adler, the head of the Ethical Societies of America, would make a freer use of Genesis than even Mr. Montefiore. While the latter considers the early part of Genesis too full of moral and spiritual difficulties for children, and would begin with the story of Abraham, Mr. Adler begins at once with Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden. Only he does this after the manner advocated by Mrs. Humphry Ward, by first absorbing and then retelling the story in the light of a moral and spiritual imagination, in touch with the life of childhood and with the spirit of modern times. And if you want to see how the story of the Fall may be re-told so as to be true to universal experience and to a child's own feeling, read Mr. Adler's paraphrase at p. iii. of his suggestive book.

Indeed, there is much to be said for Mrs. Humphry Ward's method of

giving a Bible lesson. Listen to her in her address on 'New Forms of Christian Education.' 'My own belief is that Sunday school teaching among the poor cannot for some time to come be too experimental. The language of popular Christian teaching is too often a language worn and blunted by long conventional use. In teaching the poor the Bible has been used so clumsily and so short-sightedly that it often seems as though the best way to win a coming generation to a new conception of Christian reality must be to put the Bible aside for a time altogether. By which I do not mean, so far as the New Testament is concerned, that we should dream of putting the Christian story and the Christian material aside. Far from it. But what I would like to see would be the growth of a teaching among the less educated classes, depending less and less on the direct use of books—even of the Bible—and more and more upon a certain spiritual and imaginative power in the teacher. In work of this kind the Christian texts want to be first absorbed and then re-told. By the use of words and illustrations familiar to their common life, by a vivid telling of the story in a fresh set of phrases, so far as may be, and with the help of different kinds of association; by a free employment of pictures, and by a running comparison of old with new—of the life by the Sea of Galilee with the life of their own courts and lanes—I believe the attention of the poor may once more be caught and held, and the

Christian lessons once more enforced through a kindled imagination.'

This, you will remember, was the method adopted by 'Robert Elsmere.' But the reply is obvious: it is not one teacher in a hundred who is in the smallest degree a Robert Elsmere. Such teaching makes a greater demand on the teacher than the old method, demands more knowledge, more imagination, more mental power, and the quite exceptional faculty of vivid story-telling. Most of us, I suspect, must be content with a less arduous method.

Let us suppose, then, that a teacher has before him a class of a dozen children between the ages of eleven and thirteen, and that the lesson appointed for the day, perhaps to be given simultaneously in all the classes, is the 'Parting of Abraham and Lot.' What course shall the teacher pursue? Shall he turn at once to the Scripture passage and begin to read? I think not. His first duty is to create some interest either in the personages or in the ideas and lesson of the story. The idea in this case is Magnanimity, Great Heartedness; and it will be wise to begin with a hymn, or the relation of some incident from common life by way of preface and illustration. The story might be of Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen, or the hymn might be 'Oh, what a world,' etc.

Then will come the reading from Scripture. May I suggest that the old-fashioned plan of reading verse by verse, scholar by scholar, should be abandoned. If the lesson is to be read

by individual scholars, let it be read in complete paragraphs, or in connected sections, or as a whole. Whenever it is possible, where separate class rooms are provided, the lesson should be read twice, once by individuals and once collectively, in a low reverent tone of voice. This may be done even in a large room with other classes present, provided the room is not too crowded. Collective or simultaneous reading is found to be extremely effective in day schools—why not in Sunday schools? Another form of reading, when the matter permits, as in the Psalms, Proverbs, Beatitudes, Parables, is that of alternate or responsive reading, one verse by the teacher and the next by the scholars in unison. You have to consider how to secure attention. The old-fashioned plan of verse by verse all round the class may be retained as an occasional variety, but as the usual method it leads to inattention—the child waits until his own turn comes before looking at the page, and then does not know the verse he is to read unless he has counted! I do not, in fact, recommend any one plan to the exclusion of all others. On the contrary, I advocate the utmost variety in the methods of reading, since the love of variety is inherent in human nature, and is very strongly developed in childhood and youth.

Once at least the story should be read straight through, without any break whatever, and free from question or explanation.

The second part of the lesson will

consist of the exposition which should be as largely as possible by the Socratic or Catechetical method. You have first to find out by questioning what your scholars understand of the lesson, of its words, allusions to places, and customs, etc. It is necessary to ascertain what is their stock of information before attempting to increase it. For children are like adults, they don't thank us for telling them what they already know. A lesson is dull and commonplace if it only repeats that with which every one is familiar. So we need to persuade our scholars to tell us, instead of our telling them, what is already known and understood by them.

Now the first step is to find out what the words mean to your class. It is an excellent moral as well as mental discipline to compel people to face the words they use or read, and ask themselves what they mean. It is astonishing how quickly people are floored when asked to give the meaning of a word. But children are very much interested in words, and their explanation can be made a most attractive feature of the lesson. The mere finding of synonyms is a good exercise. Take this same story of Abraham and Lot. Every verse has its word which a teacher should be quite sure his scholars understand. Take such simple words as 'kindred,' 'blessing,' 'families,' 'departed,' 'substance,' 'pitched,' 'sojourn,' 'grievous,' 'strife,' 'brethren,' 'separated.' All these words may be dimly understood, and yet the

children cannot at first tell you their meaning.

Then will follow questions on the things, places, persons, and customs mentioned, since it is a good plan to group your questions. Where are Bethel, Egypt, Hai, Sodom, and the Plains of Jordan? Here the map should come in. What is an Altar? What is a Herdman? Explain here the nomadic life. All this play of question and answer is of course very different from preaching. To get the right answer the question must often be varied. The teacher must hark back and come upon it along another line until he is sure the class, and every member of the class, understand what has been read. The real teacher will make clean work as he goes along. He will not only teach the child but satisfy himself that the child is taught. He will never allow a child to leave the class with the impression that an *impotent* man and an *impudent* man are the same thing, or that ten *lepers* are really ten *leopards*, or that *partridge* and *patriarch* are synonyms, or that to *prosecute* is to *persecute*!

After this will follow a still more important part of the questioning, *i.e.* as to the matter of the story and passage read. Have they really got it into their minds? The test of this is to close the book and get the children to relate it in their own words. Set one to tell the story and the others to listen and criticise. If they fail in this make them tell the story by answering your questions. / But in

doing this preserve continuity and order. Don't skip about from one part of the story to another. Each question should grow out of the last answer, or be in some way logically connected with it. Consider the way in which a skilful barrister employs the art of questioning. You read in the newspaper the evidence given at a trial and you are struck with the clearness and coherence of the story when you know that it was related by a quite uneducated person under all the bewildering excitement of publicity. But in fact no such story as you read has been narrated.

The barrister has elicited fact after fact by a series of questions, and the reporter has given you the answers only. And the method chosen, and absence of irrelevant matter which strike you so much in the evidence are due not to the narrative power of the witness but to the skill of the lawyer who knew exactly what he wanted the witness to say and in what order the facts should be presented. It is sometimes extremely interesting in court when a barrister, not well up to his work, has muddled his examination and bewildered the witness so that he is ready to admit that two and one may perhaps under some circumstances make five; it is interesting then to see the judge intervene and by a skilful three or four questions bring the story into order. Now in getting a story, or the ideas of a psalm, or the incidents of a parable from your pupils, ask yourself when all is over whether the

answers in the order they were given would make a readable narrative, and if they would not, then be sure the fault is in the questioner much more than the questioned. You have not yet mastered the art and craft of catechising.

After this there comes the important duty of illustration. Here questioning ceases for a time while you engage the attention of the class on some parallel case or something that lights it up as bringing a lamp into it lights up a dark room. Illustrations are even more important in the schoolroom than in the pulpit. But they should be illustrations with a difference. The teacher's illustrations must be simpler, more direct, and more in detail. A cultivated congregation will not stand very much detail in an illustration. It must be like the arrow on the wing and not like a wheelbarrow on the road. It must hit the mark at once and having done so must at once be abandoned. Nothing is more wearisome than an illustration done to death. In a sermon you follow the method of a good raconteur, you cut your story down to the bone and get to the point as quickly as possible. An allusion, a line of poetry, the mention of an historic name, a picturesque word, an epithet is enough and you pass on. But that will not do for children. They *love* detail. With them you must amplify, and when you say 'It is like,' you must show in definite ways how and where it is like. Only to amplify should not be to multiply.

Some teachers make the mistake of giving too many illustrations. It is like a meal off sugar plums. One good 'illustration' well worked out is, as a rule, enough.

In Bible lessons the old Evangelical rule of proving Scripture by Scripture, which often led to most ludicrous results, yet suggests a most excellent method of illustration, especially for teachers whose opportunities of reading are few and who are not familiar with many books. Nothing is more effective than illustrating one Bible story by another. The great instruction of the story of Abraham and Lot is magnanimity; the readiness to give way; the refusal to stand on one's dignity, dues, and rights; the largeness of nature which, because it is large and strong, can be courteous and considerate, and give the first choice to the weak; the willingness to waive our own rights generously and gracefully, to make allowance for the young and ignorant, to meet advances a great deal more than half way, to forgive without reminders or reproaches. The Bible has many such instances of magnanimity; perhaps the most beautiful and appropriate, by way of supplement to that of Abraham and Lot, is the story of David and Nabal, where, in widely different circumstances, David displays the same qualities of chivalry, nobleness, and large-heartedness that we see and admire in the Patriarch. Or if you prefer modern literature, take Tennyson's pathetic 'Enoch Arden,' which sets

forth the greatness of a nature which can sacrifice itself and refuse to stand on its own legal rights if the peace and happiness of those it loves may be secured. But don't attempt to bring both illustrations into one lesson.

Finally, let your illustration lead up to the application. Here again the catechetical method may be used with immense advantage. We have come to look upon 'applications' with suspicion. We rather resent the personal appeal at the end of a sermon. We say, if the sermon does not apply itself all the way through, but needs a kind of finger-post at the end, it is a failure. No doubt that is so where the application is a mere tag, and does not grow naturally out of all that has gone before. But a sermon should concentrate and culminate so that its last word is the most emphatic. I hold that a sermon is a mistake which does not 'apply'—that is to say, which has no definite end of moral or spiritual instruction which it seeks to bring home. Of course an application which has to be formally answered in anything like the old-fashioned way—'lessons taught by the foregoing consideration'—is a clumsy expedient. Remember Emerson's question, 'Which blow was it broke the trunnions of the cannon?' 'Every blow.' Some applications remind one of the old sign at the inn on which was painted in fiery colours a marvellous beast, and underneath the legend was written, 'This is a lion.' Now if picture, or lesson, or sermon needs that kind of comment,

it cannot have been painted very well. Not even to an audience of little children should it be necessary to say, 'This is a lion.'

Yet the conclusion of a lesson should be its most important part. The lesson should have something definite in view. Too many lessons are like too many sermons, about, and about, and about—nothing in particular. They aim at nothing, and they marvelously succeed.

But in the case of children it is not difficult, by means of question and answer, to get them to make the application for themselves. The final questioning should be personal, ethical, sympathetic. It is not the testing of knowledge you are now after, but the formation of character. You want to persuade the child's own sense of right and wrong to express itself; you want to call forth its own moral judgment, its own approval or disapproval; you want the child himself to fit the lesson into his own life. This can best be done by questioning, only the questions must not ask for answers merely of assent or dissent, yes or no. Do not ask such a question as 'Was Abraham's conduct right?' Or again, 'Was Lot's behaviour what it ought to have been?' Of course the children will say yes or no at once, but yes or no do not necessarily mean any moral judgment on their part. You want by your questions to call out their own powers of moral discrimination. The questioning might take this form:—

Which of these men was the elder?

Which the younger?

If it comes to a dispute between the elder and the younger, or if the interests of the two appear to clash, which ought to give way?

Why ought the younger to give way?

What makes it specially beautiful when the elder gives way?

What were the circumstances that made Abraham's conduct so admirable?

When a man thinks of others before himself, what do we call it?

Are consideration for others and courtesy always possible?

Give instances in the home, at school, at play, at work, where children should give way?

By a series of questions of this kind the children themselves are brought to a state of acute moral consciousness, and when once this is achieved the application is already made.

You may think that I have dealt with too strong an emphasis on the catechetical method. But the catechetical method, all experience shows, is the most effective and successful instrument in the teacher's hands. Only distinguish between catechisms and the catechetical method. It may be doubted whether we have not too much neglected catechisms, although I quite appreciate the great objection to learning by heart the printed answers of a catechism, viz., their assumption that every theological question admits but of one form of answer, which is scarcely true of one question in a hundred. Moreover, nothing can be truer than Dr. Fitch's warning, in his

book on teaching, that 'the worst effect of the use of printed catechisms is that produced on the teacher. So far from encouraging and helping him in the practice of questioning, the use of a book has precisely the opposite effect.' 'I wish to speak,' he goes on, 'with all respect of catechisms, some of which, such as the Church Catechism and the Shorter Catechism of the General Assembly, are connected with the history of religion in this country in a way which entitles them, at least so far as their substance is concerned, to veneration. Moreover, for parents and clergymen and others who are not teachers by profession, it may often be useful to see what is the sort of knowledge which should be imparted to children, and in what order the parts of it should be arranged. But nobody who has the most elementary knowledge of the teacher's art would ever degrade himself by using a catechism and causing the answers to be learnt by heart. I remember with what pious care I was taught the Church Catechism in childhood, and how many hundred times I have recited that formulary. I remember, too, there was one question, "What did your godfather and godmother *then* for you?" in which I always thought *then* was a verb! But I never asked. It seemed, though a strange expression, to fit in well with the generally quaint and antiquated character of the rest. And to the best of my recollection that question was never once turned round and

translated into a form in which it was more intelligible to me. Even the worst of my teachers would, if the responsibility of framing the question had been left to him, have been compelled to ask such a question as I could have understood. But the fact that the authorised question was printed in a book released him from all responsibility. He regarded the Church's words, when learned by heart, as a sort of charm, possessing a value quite independent of any meaning they might actually convey; and the result was that, though the lesson was called a catechism, there was no true catechising, and that instead of an exercise which should appeal to intelligence and conscience, there was a barren ceremony which made no impression on either.'

Very different is the catechising which goes on in the Roman Catholic Church under an intelligent priest. A 'catechism' there is not a book but a service, and a moral and mental exercise for which the catechist as carefully prepares as for a service. The great French Bishop, Dupanloup, in his 'Ministry of Catechising' relates his experience when he was the Catechist at the Church of the Madeleine in Paris, and his catechisms were attended on week-day afternoons by hundreds of children drawn from all the social grades to be found in that great city, from the children of royalty to the children of the gutter, and when the galleries were filled with attentive adults. The Bishop insists that cate-

chetical instruction must be careful, precise and thorough. This he points out, will require much labour on the part of the catechist.

'It is impossible to give a good catechetical instruction without having prepared it with the greatest care. For my own part it would have been infinitely easier for me to preach a sermon without preparation. A good catechetical instruction demands from five to six hours of careful preparation. I have sometimes had two or three days of continuous work in preparing for some special instruction.'

Well now, such lengthened preparation is impossible for most of us. But then we have not children for two hours at a time as had the Bishop. Nor have we the complicated and difficult system of doctrine to explain, nor the elaborate ritual to unfold which formed so much of the Bishop's instruction. Our task is simpler. But I quote from the Bishop to show you how necessary the ablest and most learned men think preparation to be, and also to show how different is catechising from a printed catechism.

Finally let me give a few brief counsels as to the art of catechising.

I. Catechising should always proceed from the known to the unknown. Begin on the sure standing ground of the scholars' actual attainments.

II. Catechising should be simple, unambiguous and direct. All unnecessary words should be cut away, the questions should deal with one point at a time, and in language which admits of no mistake.

III. Catechising should not be of generalities but of particulars. Every question should aim at a definite point in the answer. (Dr. Fitch gives an amusing instance of the danger to be avoided. A teacher described a drowning man, and brought out that he died for want of air. 'Now,' said he in triumph, 'what is the thought that occurs to our minds?' Well, I am sure I could not answer that question; a good many thoughts occurred to my mind, but as I had no clear knowledge of the thought that was in his, and which he expected from his class, I should certainly have been silent—and so were his pupils.)

IV. Do not ask questions the answers to which must be guessed. Questions must be of knowledge imparted, or of direct inferences and conclusion from knowledge imparted. Eschew the riddle form of question.

V. See that each question requires a little mental exercise for its answer. Questions that are answered in parrot like way, without a moment's thought, are hardly worth the asking.

VI. Cultivate great variety in the form in which you put your questions, and when receiving a clumsy answer don't repeat the question in the same form as at first, but give it a different expression.

If I might add a final suggestion, it would be this, encourage the children to question the teacher! That is the best proof a teacher can have that he has succeeded in arousing their interest and quickening their intelligence.

JOSEPH WOOD.

What can we Teach, and How?



WHAT *can* we teach? This is a question which comes home to everyone who takes part in Sunday school work. It is asked over and over again by every teacher from the beginning to the end of his career, sometimes with the emphasis laid on one word, or sometimes on another, of the four that make up the question.

And the answer. May we not best find it in the old words, **Seek, and ye shall find.**

Many people are contented with *asking*. They ask for books to use, for instance, and think that that is enough, especially if they actually *buy* a manual for the purpose. Now there was once a French Professor who advertised that he would teach the French language in twelve lessons, for five guineas; and for years he had no lack of pupils. These paid their money and came the first, second, and perhaps the third time; but they had not calculated upon the *something else* besides money that was necessary. They were not prepared for the hard work; and so, after a few lessons, they tired and came no more, leaving the canny Professor to pocket the guineas. These pupils did not *seek*, they only tried to buy.

Again, there are two ways of *seeking*. In a once popular play there is an incident where a certain document

is missing and two ladies come to search for it. One begins most energetically, turning out drawer after drawer, looking into this cupboard and that, but all in vain. Turning to see how her companion is getting on she finds her seated in an armchair, looking into the fire. Indignantly she asks, 'Why waste time? why, don't you try to find the paper?' 'I *am* trying,' replied her friend. And so she was. She was busy thinking as to which would be the most likely place of concealment, and when one occurred to her she would quietly get up and make a careful search. Presently her 'thinking' was rewarded, and the paper was found. Do we not all very often act like the impatient seeker when we are wanting to find 'something to teach'? If we set to work, giving real thought to the search, should we not be more likely to find an answer?

But there is one essential condition necessary, even before we can 'seek and find'; and that is, we must know what we are looking for. In other words, we must make up our own minds what is our aim in going to the Sunday school at all; what is the goal towards which we wish to guide our children; what we *want* to teach, in fact.

In answering this question let us bear in mind that two points have to be remembered, namely, **THE REAL** and **THE IDEAL**. The Ideal is the goal towards which we set our eyes, the Real is the concrete means;—the everyday sort of boys and girls we have to influence,

and the tools which are actually in our reach for use. Neither the one nor the other can be neglected with impunity; without due regard for the Real the teacher will become but a useless dreamer; without a proper reaching towards a high Ideal he will be so much taken up by the obstacles around, that he will be unable to distinguish between the things which are but accidents, as it were, of the present, and the things which are eternal; and his work will be dull, mean and discouraging.

What then is our aim? What do we *want* to teach our scholars? What is our Real, and what our Ideal conception, of Sunday School Work?

Is not this our Ideal? To point the way to the Home of Truth and Love, even to the Kingdom of God. To inspire our scholars with a belief in the beauty of Holiness, an enthusiasm for whatsoever things are true, and pure, and of good report; and to awake in them a desire to live worthily, so that they may give themselves freely to good works, for the love of God and of their fellow-men.

But how can we bring down our Ideal to work in harmony with the Real, that with which we have to do in this prosaic, work-a-day world,—as many people are too fond, alas! of calling this beautiful earth of ours. By speaking of Truth and Righteousness and Love in the abstract? Never.

Let us learn a parable from Science. We know that light and heat come from the Sun. But we have been

taught that its rays impart none of their power to the pure ether through which they pass; that indeed it is not until these come into contact with some concrete substance that their virtue goes forth. Let them, however, passing through the air, meet with but the tiniest grains of dust,—and behold, they are straightway glorified, and become a rosy beam of golden light. And further. We know that some substances gather in, and so can give out, the light and heat much better than others; therefore, when we wish to spread radiance and warmth in any direction, we are careful to choose those substances which possess this power in the highest degree.

You will readily see the application of this parable. We desire our children to be warmed and illuminated by Love, Truth and Righteousness—those rays of Light Divine. Let us, then, first be careful that our teaching lies in the path of those rays, then we shall be sure of intercepting some of their magic power; secondly, let us seek earnestly to find and to use those subjects which are best calculated to conduct this divine Light,—of Love, and of enthusiasm for goodness and truth,—into the hearts of our scholars.

What subjects then can we best use? The value of the Bible and how to teach it has already been set forth so well by the Rev. Joseph Wood that it needs but a passing reference from me. The Book of Nature is full of parable and inspiration for all who have read therein, but here again I will not pause

to enter upon this subject because the Rev. Joseph Freeston is to speak to us upon it. I therefore will pass on at once to the two subjects which, taking our schools throughout the country, I think may be considered as the two chief mainstays of the ordinary Sunday School Teacher; I allude to the Hymn and the Story.

And let me say at once that I do not think any better and more fitting subjects than these can be found, IF only,—oh! but it is a big if—they are taught properly; that is, with due care and preparation.

Now I propose to place before you a little scene, to let you see for yourselves the kind of thing that does take place sometimes; you will know whether you have ever met with anything at all of a similar nature. Let me call my sketch

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

(Scene: Corner of large schoolroom. A young lady sitting down with a class of some six to ten little girls round her. Visitor standing near.)

Teacher, to Visitor: We always begin with a hymn, and my children usually say it very nicely. (Turns to class.) Now, Mary.

(Mary stands, gives book to teacher.) That verse, please, teacher. (Points to verse, and says very glibly, with scarcely a pause)—

All unread by outer sense
Lies the soul's experience;
Mysteries all around us rise,
We, the deeper mysteries,

Teacher: Very nicely said, dear. (Returns book.) Now Clara.

Clara, giving her book: Last verse, please, teacher. (Repeats the following, laying stress on every other syllable, and somewhat hesitatingly)—

This man is freed from servile bonds
Of hope to fall—no, hope to rise—and fear
to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet 'ath hall.

Teacher: No, Clara, not 'ath hall—hath all.

Visitor (aside): Ah! More careful of the sound than of the sense!

Lizzie (rises, and, giving her book, says the verse with a happy smile, suggestive of something most pleasant and satisfactory)—

My little craft sails not alone,
Ten thousand ships glad every zone;
What blows to me a favouring breeze,
May wreck another on the seas.

Teacher (when all the rest have said their verses, looking rather triumphantly at the visitor): That will do, my dears. Now, remember, all of you, to learn the next verse for next time. Don't forget; the next verse.

Clara: But, teacher, mine was the last verse.

Teacher: Oh, was it? Ah! very well, then, you must choose another hymn for next time. Choose a nice one, mind, won't you?

Clara: Yes, teacher.

Teacher (to visitor, looking as if expecting him to go now): I usually read a story when they've done their hymn.

Visitor (aside): Done! What a fitting expression. (*Aloud.*) I don't think you could do better than read or tell a good story. What is the name of the one you are going to take?

Teacher: Oh, it's one that Mary's grandmother gave her last Christmas; I haven't read it myself. Where is it, Mary?

Mary (rather ashamed): Please, teacher, I forgot to bring it.

Teacher: Dear me, how very careless of you, dear. Very careless, indeed. Well, never mind, I will get a book from the Library. (*She starts off, and presently returns with one.*)

Visitor: What book have you chosen after all?

Teacher: Oh, it's called 'For Better or Worse.' It looks interesting.

Visitor: You don't know it, then?

Teacher: No, but (*seeing a doubtful look on his face*) it is all right, I am sure; for they are very careful in choosing library books here, I assure you.

(*Visitor takes his leave, hoping that the book is not only a good one, but that it is suitable to the little class he is leaving.*)

Now, I ask you, is not this the way that hymns and stories are used in many classes? I will not, of course, presume to say that *we* have ourselves ever treated them in this fashion. But anyhow, we may well ask ourselves two questions,—Can such teaching be said to further the *AIM* of the Sunday school in any way? And further,

What had that teacher done to *deserve* success in her work?

Have we any right to give so little when we take up the duties at all? No wonder that Sunday school teaching is held in such small esteem by those who see young people going Sunday after Sunday to the class without giving anything of *themselves* in the way of preparation.

TEACHING BY HYMNS.

To those who wish to use hymns as their tools for teaching, I would give this as the essential condition: **Each one in the class must learn the same verse**; and by 'in the class' I mean teacher as well as scholar, except, that so far as *learning* goes, the teacher should always be one verse in advance of his or her scholars. I know the objections commonly raised to this method, and have met with them and wrestled with them many and many a time. The children are so different: one will learn and the next won't. If some children are absent, will you keep the forward ones back, or what? Well, I will tell you how I managed; that, perhaps, will be the best contribution I can make to the solution of this difficult problem. First, I asked myself,—What do I want the hymn for? I want it to give me a text for a little serious chat; I want the children to learn the words so that that chat may remain in their memories. Secondly, I said to myself: These children go to the Board school; they do not want any ordinary home lessons—

when can they learn the verse, then? Best let them learn it in school, I thought. So, when the day's verse was said (we each repeated it in turn, all books being shut; the one sitting on the right hearing her neighbour, and so on round the circle), we opened our books and learned the next verse—it never took more than five minutes—and then 'we expected each other' to say it over at odd minutes during the week, and to think about it; the teacher having learnt the verse in advance is prepared to explain it *before* the quiet five minutes when the class is to learn it. We used to keep a list of all the hymns we had learnt in the year, and now and then would have a repetition Sunday, while the choosing of a new one was always a matter of debate and mild excitement. If a scholar was away she knew perfectly well that the next verse would be taken, and would often learn it up so that she might not be behindhand.

The hymn may be used in so many ways, and is adaptable to almost every class. I think in senior girls' classes it would be good to give them a copy of the Congregational hymn-book, and introduce them to some of the beautiful thoughts that find expression there, telling something of the writers and giving other selections from their works. Or the hymn can be made the basis of a series of lessons; and, as an instance, let us take the first verse of the well-known one:—

HYMN LESSON.

We are sailing o'er an ocean
To a far and foreign shore;
And the waves are dashing round us,
And we hear the breakers roar.
But we look beyond the billows
Through the darkness of the night,
And we see the steady gleaming
Of our changeless beacon light.

Oh the light is flashing brightly
From the calm and distant shore,
Where we hope to cast our anchor
When our voyaging is o'er.

This would be suitable for classes of boys and girls from about eight to ten years old.

If treating this hymn as text for a course of lessons, I should not begin by saying anything about the hymn for the first two; I should follow somewhat this order:—

1st Lesson. WATER. (Draw on blackboard¹ *streams, river, lake, sea, ocean, with shore.*) Describe the movement of the waves, how they dash up the white foam, how stones are rounded by the force of the waves. Say how the waves rush along and break and fall in spray—breakers; and how the little hills of water are called billows. Write down the words *shore, ocean, wave, breaker, billow*, and be careful to connect the meaning with the words, using them over and over again. Make the children feel how wonderful is the power of the water; try to make them

¹ Filling a blackboard, white chalk on brown paper is very effective. Do not be afraid of using the blackboard. With a little practice anyone can draw a few lines which—filled in by the children's strong imaginations—will serve the purpose of illustration.

imagine the beauty of the ocean. 'Behold, it is very good!'

2nd Lesson.¹ MAN. Tell the children how the strength of the sea is sufficient to beat the strongest man to death, but that man is yet able to use the sea as his servant. How? Because he can think; he can contrive things. Draw a *boat*, a *sail*, telling the children that here man uses air as well as water as his servants; also a *harbour*, *beacon light*, and an *anchor*, describing what they are for. Call forth the sense of wonder at the power of man, and sense of awe at the name of Him who created him.

3rd Lesson. Draw ocean with foreign shore and beacon light, and boat. Describe the scene vividly, ask them if they can fancy themselves in the boat. Say to them, Let us pretend that we are sailing o'er the ocean to a far and foreign shore—all say it together; and so on, *acting* the verse, as it were, a couple of lines at a time, until the words are said and thought of as a natural way of describing the journey they are taking in imagination. Then tell the children that life is like an ocean and that each of us has a little boat to steer across. Father and mother and teachers can help us a little how to manage and guide it aright, but there is only one way to be sure of safety. It is to keep our eyes fixed on the Loving Wisdom of God and to follow this light always.

Taught in some such manner as this

¹ Always question well on former lesson before beginning a fresh one as preparation to this.

a hymn is one of the best helps a teacher can have, in my opinion.¹

THE STORY.

I often feel a little jealous for the honour of The Story's place in our teaching. We are all glad to use it, but too often we are half ashamed of doing so. No doubt that we are right in feeling—not half, but wholly ashamed—if we take up anything that happens to be handy, without preparation or even knowledge of what it is about. But if we use the Story, and do not abuse it, we shall find it as valuable as a help, as it is fascinating to our class. (A story *may* even be truer than a biography, because undue partiality or other reasons may have led the writer astray.) In making choice we must put on one side those goody goody narratives that are so nauseous to a healthy mind; nor need we only choose those that deal with good people, for we often learn from a 'shocking example' more than from an immaculate hero or heroine. But the one essential of the story is that its writer must be on the side of Right. That which a man sows that also shall he reap, should lie at the heart of every true story; there must be no weak sympathy with the sin, or any pandering to it, however gently it may deal with the sinner. Every story should have been read carefully through first by the teacher; personally, I have scarcely ever come across one which is

¹ Another illustration is given by Miss Effie Turner on page 187.

not the better for some pruning or alteration, in order to fit it for any special class. With this preparation too, we give ourselves a much larger choice. For instance, part of the Old Curiosity Shop is admirably adapted for our children; but I *have* heard a teacher reading to a class of young lads all about Quilp's sudden appearance at his wife's tea party, and I wondered whether *that* portion had been chosen of set purpose. I should rather think it had not. Again, for elder classes, *We Two*, or *Donovan*, by Edna Lyall, are excellent as affording an interesting opening for a serious chat; but selections only should be read, and the rest told in few words, otherwise the short half hour, weekly, will not be enough to prevent the story from 'dragging.'

Books of travel and biography in the hand of an enthusiastic teacher, are delightful. But these also need preparation, for unless the teacher can catch the spirit of the traveller, or of the man or woman whose life is being told, the narrative but too often sounds bare and uninteresting. It is so good, however, for boys and girls to learn to admire and reverence noble lives, that this means of exciting these emotions should not be lightly put on one side.

In all our arrangements for class teaching, however, let us never forget that Sunday is a day for re-creation. Therefore we do not want to burden our children with extra lessons, needing home preparation, when they already go to day school; nay more,

in our marks, I prefer that conduct and punctuality only, should count 'officially'; if but to show the distinction we draw between the Sunday and the Day school—the former of which is essentially for moral and spiritual teaching—the outcome of which is Conduct; while in the day school it is, perhaps, more particularly connected with the training of the mind; and therefore the preparation of lessons or the neglect to do so, is of more serious importance, and the emphasis should therefore be laid on that also.

At the same time it is to the professional teacher, the teachers of the day school, that we look for help in the study of method, of discipline, of organization; for without these nothing can be properly taught at all.

DOCTRINAL TEACHING.

You will note thus far that I have said nothing about doctrinal teaching. In those schools which are composed of children drawn from the neighbourhood round, rather than from our congregations, children who remain until they are fourteen or fifteen years old, and then probably leave, I think we shall do well to use all the small amount of time we have in instilling into their minds and hearts the two great commandments of love to God and Man—commandments accepted by all Christendom. Indeed, I think, with these scholars, we should aim at emphasizing our points of union—broadening them, of course, where possible—rather

than pulling down where we have not the power of building up.

The only exception I would make to this rule is in the doctrine of hell, which I would plainly show—and as strongly as possible—that we think it absolutely out of harmony with a belief in God's justice and love. But even here I console myself for this seeming inconsistency by the thought that in every section of Christianity the belief in this—to me blasphemous doctrine—is gradually weakening its hold.

But then you may say, But if you do so the school is not the nursery of the Church. Exactly, that is what I do say; *with the children of whom I am now speaking* it is not, and cannot be. They leave before they are old enough to 'weigh and consider.' But please remember that I am now only dealing with *one* portion of our scholars. These, who have no old association with our modes of worship, who leave us before they can think for themselves, who day by day are thrown among friends and companions who do not even understand our position—these we cannot expect will join our Church. But is our work, therefore, of none avail? No, a thousand times no. Let us strive to say with Whittier, hard though the task may be:—

What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day?
So the right word be said,
And life be sweeter made.

If we have honestly sown the good seed it will bear fruit in purer deeds,

nobler thoughts, a higher life, in whatever Church our scholar may go; and this faith will comfort us whenever we do have to suffer the pain of separation.

We can look very differently, however, to the other section of our schools. When we are dealing with our senior scholars, who are of an age to think, or with the children of our own congregation, whether in our Sunday school or not, we have a very distinct duty to perform, and one which, I fear, is often sadly neglected. Our fathers fought for freedom of thought, for the right of private judgment. Our children have a right to know something of all this; they ought to know the reasons underlying the position of Nonconformity; they ought to understand why we cannot accept certain doctrines. At present we too often find our young people joining the Roman Catholic service because of 'the music,' or the Anglican Church because 'their friends go,' regarding all these varieties as only so many small differences in trivial details, not seeing the vital principles involved. Now, if we believe that our simple faith is the best for us, does it not behove us to show them why we are outside the Church, and why, too, we cannot accept many of the doctrines that are held by other communities? It is to this portion of our Sunday schools, the children of members of our congregation, and to the senior classes—those who are able to think for themselves to some extent, at least, and who can be led to think

more—that we look upon as the future mainstay of our Churches.

But we must ever remember that our primary duty is to strive to build up character, and to help our scholars to be worthy to be called the children of God, no matter what Church they join.

Thus I have tried to indicate some means of satisfactorily answering the ever-recurring question,—*What can we teach, and how?*

Ah! but it involves so much trouble, do you say? Do you know anything in this world worthy the name of work that does not? I know of none. Things are generally worth what they cost, and the reason why so many people hold Sunday school work in such low esteem is because they have met with persons who take it up more as a harmless pastime than anything else. Let us see to it that this high calling is not shamed by our indolence, by our lack of preparation. By our taking it up at all, we tacitly acknowledge it to be a good work; and, if so, is it not worthy of our *best* endeavours? I say *best*, for in the Sunday school I believe more in a lesser man's best than in a greater man's second best. God demands of none of us more than we can give, and give, too, with due regard to other duties which have an equal claim upon us elsewhere; but less than *the best we can* we ought to be ashamed to offer in this corner of God's service—the service of uplifting the lives of the future men and women of our country.

MARIAN PRITCHARD.

Religious Lessons from Natural Objects.

'ECHO' OF LECTURE BY THE
REV. JOSEPH FREESTON.

'Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who *sees* takes off his shoes.'

These words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning exactly describe the two-fold lesson that our veteran Sunday school teacher tried to instil upon his hearers, in order that they, in their turn, might pass on the inspiration to their scholars. Although the following is only taken from notes made at the time, I have ventured to reproduce an 'Echo,' in spirit, at least, rather than content myself with the tamer method of speaking in the third person.

THE EDITOR.



SOME of you find a difficulty in teaching in the Sunday school, you say, because you do not feel you can give lessons from the Bible. Well, but you need not be discouraged on that account. What have we teachers to do? Have we not to bring out and develop the faculties of the young mind, to awaken thought, quicken the conscience, and draw forth a spirit of thankfulness to the Giver of the abundance of blessings showered around us on all sides? We need not necessarily go to the past for that. It is a simple thing to awaken religious feeling. Religion is simple. It is not difficult to teach children how to be grateful to the good God, and to help them to look up to Him, and to trust Him.

But suppose you wish to teach this,—don't go straight to your subject; your children's minds need to be prepared first. Get them into a receptive attitude; when that is gained, watch for your opportunity. You may take twenty minutes out of the half hour's lesson before that comes, you may take even longer than that; but when the opportunity does come, then drive the lesson well home. Let us try to direct the taste of those with whom we have to do, and elevate it. Displace the meaner thoughts by giving them something better and more beautiful. That is the secret of leading our scholars onward and upward.

Ebenezer Elliot, working at a Sheffield foundry, tells how he was rescued from a life of intemperance. After one of his drinking bouts, when he was feeling in a penitent mood, he called on an aunt of his. She, like a wise woman, did not begin to lecture; but she began to talk brightly, and presently brought out a picture of wildflowers to show him. How real the primroses looked, he thought. She led him on to see their beauty, and at last induced him to go down to the fields with his cousin to gather some. New interests and better occupations gradually took the place of the lower pleasures of the public-house, and Ebenezer Elliot came to throw off his evil habits. And surely this is the way that intemperance and other evils can best be conquered.

Let us take it for granted that young people have naturally a love of the beautiful; our duty is but to quicken

it. Someone tells the story of how, walking behind two little children who were passing through a field, he saw one tiny mite bend down caressingly to look at a daisy, saying as she did so, 'Dod bess 'ou, 'ou pity sing!'

What shall we teach the little ones? There are subjects ready for us everywhere. One day I was put to teach an infant class. I wasn't used to it; I could have managed a class of rough boys easily, but, I said to myself, what am I to do with these small children? Presently a little one helped me; she was shuffling her feet. I looked, and saw that she was trying to call attention to some new boots. Yes, that would do. So I began by asking who gave her the pretty new boots? 'Mother.' 'And where did she get them?' 'At the shop.'

'Where did the money come from to buy them with?' 'Father worked for it.'

'It was kind of father and mother to spend their money for your boots, wasn't it? Did you say "Thank you" for them?' This led to a little chat on that subject.

Then I went on to ask what the boots were made of, where the leather came from, and told how the animals had for food the sweet grass. Then, quite naturally, came the question,—Who made the earth and the grass, and who watches over us all? Shall we not say, Thank you, to Him, too?

Once, in Lancashire, where I had a class of rough lads, I was helped by

a cocoa nut. These are great favourites there, and at one time there used to be held what was called a Cocoa Nut Fair. Well, I took up one, and explained how it grew, and what was the meaning of the three round indents—told its story, in fact; and when I had done, one of the boys was so delighted that he cried, ‘Why, it might ha’ been done a’ purpose.’

Yes, ‘done a’ purpose’; we shall have helped our scholars not a little when we have made them understand that *everything* is ‘done a’ purpose.’

As for me, when I see how wonderfully the universe is put together, I feel, as Kepler said, ‘as if I were feeling the thoughts of God.’ We should be grateful indeed to the scientists who so patiently unravel these wonderful workings of Nature’s laws, and we may take these as some of our best helps to our classes at the Sunday school, and use them to arouse and strengthen religious feeling.

Think of it. What a variety of subjects it gives us. To take water for example—sometimes solid, sometimes liquid, sometimes a vapour; all these differences brought about by simple changes of temperature. What a wonder story there is here!

Then, we see the frost on the window pane. How like beautiful flowers it appears, seeming as though it was striving upwards to the kingdom above it. So in their turn do the flowers, mounting higher and higher in the scale until they enter almost imperceptibly into the animal kingdom,

which in its turn progresses ever onward until humanity is reached. And men and women: Are they to stop just here and now? If we have become higher by gradual development, may we not hope that we may climb still higher?

But let us run through a few lessons that may be taken from plant-life. There are the five parts—the root, stem, leaves, flower, and fruit.

First, **the root.** I remember how pleased I was to read Dr. W. B. Carpenter’s account of it in his ‘Vegetable Physiology.’ Does anyone say there is no purpose there? See how the little thread-like roots make their way in and out until they find a place where there is water, which contains, dissolved with it, the various foods needed by the plant, and then how the rootlets suck it in and send the liquid food upward through the stem!

Second, **the stem.** What a wonderful thing it is, and how graceful! The beautiful arches which we so admire in the ancient cathedrals are but imitations of the stately trees of the forest. Or, again, look at this stem of the ivy! It seems to say, ‘God makes infinite provision, but we must make an effort, too.’ See how it twines round the strong trunk of a tree so that it may lift itself up and get into the sunshine. Selfish, do you call it? No, not at all; it must have light and air, or growth is impossible, and without growth it cannot do its work in the world. The ivy has to cling to some-

thing stronger for support. It may be that it climbs over the wall of a house; 'but if you want a privilege you must give something in return,' is the ivy's lesson here. For if it gathers strength from the wall, does it not beautify the wall in return?

Some ivy, it is true, keeps downwards, does not go anywhere to ask for strength, but remains below; and having no access to air and light, never reaches its proper development.

So every man and every woman has to lean on some stronger power if he or she would reach the highest development. Will you choose to lean on God, or will you be content with your own small strength? Questions such as these come out naturally as you are telling the simple story of the plant. Do not force them; never mind if some afternoons no direct word is *said*. If you are filled with the true spirit the contact will be felt, never fear.

Third, **the leaves**. There are what we may call winter leaves as well as summer ones. Have you noted a horse chestnut tree in the spring-time? The summer leaves are all snugly packed up inside the winter ones; and when the warmer weather comes the winter leaves soften and the summer ones show themselves, as much as to say: Is it safe? May we unfold now? Then the winter leaves, when their work is done, fall to the ground, having left their mark. Shall we, when we go, feel that we have left our mark, too? But those summer leaves, how wonderful they are! How much goes on

within them! The elaboration of sap, digestion and breathing, all for the nourishment of the plant or tree itself; what a useful place each of these seemingly insignificant leaves has in the life of the tree.

Who says he has no aptitude for teaching? No aptitude! Only fill your mind with the every-day facts that surround you; strive to learn what you can of the natural objects that cross your path; read and seek inspiration from the poets; and then—never mind about teaching—talk to your children, and you cannot help infusing them with some of your love and reverent admiration for the works of God.

Now, these three parts—the root, the stem, and the leaves—may be called selfish, if we simply take the word as meaning for the sake of self. That is to say, these are needed for the proper welfare and development of the plant. But the other two are not for self.

Passing to the fourth, **the flowers**, we ask,—What are these for? For beauty? Yes, they are beautiful, that is 'thrown in' by God; but their use is to help in the reproduction of other plants by means of the seed. What a wonderful story there is to tell of the flowers, and of the insects who visit them, each helping the other in the best possible way. And then when the flower has fulfilled its mission, it, too, falls to the ground, leaving, however, the little seed vessel behind.

Fifth, **the fruit**. The seed vessel in-

creases, and if, for instance, the tree is an apple tree, it grows into an apple. But man has something to do with that apple; he is co-worker with God, and gradually from the sour crab apple its sweet, rosy-faced descendant comes to delight us. What is the use of the apple? Why, to eat, of course. True, true; but it has a greater purpose than that. It exists to nourish the small seeds that we find near the core. Inside the skins or coats of the fruit is the food upon which the germ in the seed is to live until it has grown strong enough to send out rootlets for itself. And so the circle of the life of a plant is completed, and once more is recommenced. Think what such a history means. Mind, Will, Intelligence—all embraced in the divine thought of God.

One could go on in this way whichever way we turn. The human frame, with its marvellous structure of bones, and muscles, and nerves; and all the various senses, prepared and adapted so exactly to suit the necessities of the man; the law of gravity, seen equally in the bouncing of a ball or in the movement of the heavenly bodies; or the story of a lump of coal, telling of the time of primeval forests, and how to-day it is giving out the heat and light it received from the sun so many ages back; any and all of these might be fitly used by the teacher as a religious lesson, showing how the whole universe is filled with the ever living, ever active spirit of God.

Some people grumble when we speak of reverencing Law; but is it not

through His laws that we come to know Him? God works in law, but He is not absorbed in law.

Make the most of your opportunities, then, to study the works of God. What should we say of a man who said he was a great admirer of Turner's pictures, and who yet knew nothing about them? Fill your mind with a knowledge of God's wonderful ways; let your soul be open to the inspiration of His presence, ever guiding and controlling the universe, and you will find many channels open to you whereby you may lead your scholars to Him.

A WORD OF CAUTION.—I would like our readers to take especial note of one word in the last paragraph. Mr. Freeston urges that we should *study* the works of God. Now, as we listened to the outpouring of the beautiful thoughts that came following one another in such rich profusion, it may well be that many of his hearers thought that, if only they had a book 'with it all in,' it would be the easiest thing in the world to teach a Sunday school class. Now, this is not so. Our lecturer is a veteran scholar; the pages in the great Book of Nature, which he turned over before us, allowing us to catch bright glimpses of its wonderful pictures, have been studied by him for over fifty years; and only by study can any single chapter in that wonderful book be sufficiently understood to be of use either to us or to our classes. If this interesting and valuable lecture is to bear good fruit, it must be by

awakening within us a desire to take up the study of *one* of these subjects at a time, and of patiently working at it until we are at least thoroughly grounded in the elementary knowledge of that science—be it botany, astronomy, physiology, physics, or whatever else has a charm for us. Let us never forget that there is the greatest difference in the world between *elementary* and *superficial* knowledge; the one helps, the other hinders our best development. Fortunately, in almost every locality, there are now classes on these subjects which can be attended at a small cost; but until we have gained a real knowledge of the subject in its elementary stage it will not be well to attempt to use it with our scholars. As an illustration, let me refer to the lessons just noticed in connection with plant life. When we have learnt all about the growth and development of the plant, then these hints of how to use them as the basis of a religious lesson will be extremely valuable; but a book containing just the tit-bits, as it were, of many sciences—and I say this because we have been asked to publish one—would certainly not be a ‘good gift.’—M.P.

ON A PEACOCK’S FEATHER.

In Nature’s workshop but a shaving,
 Of her poem but a word;
 But a tint brushed from her palette,
 This feather of a bird!
 Set, set it in the sun-glance,
 Display it in the shine;
 Take graver’s lens, explore it,
 Note filament and line.

Mark amethyst to sapphire,
 And sapphire to gold;
 And gold to emerald changing,
 The archetype unfold!

Tone, tint, thread, tissue, texture,
 Through every atom scan;
 Conforming still, developing,
 Obedient to plan.

This but to form a pattern,
 On the garment of a bird!
 What then must be the poem,
 This but its lightest word?

Sit before it, ponder o’er it,
 ’Twill thy mind advantage more
 Than a treatise, than a sermon,
 Than a library of lore.

—F. DELL.

A NEWSPAPER CLASS.

At the opening of the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London John Morley strongly advocated the formation of a newspaper class, which would have for its object the explanation, etc., of matters of general and local interest and of social questions of the day. His suggestion has been acted upon, and every Friday evening people are invited into one of the rooms, where one or two class leaders take up the news of the week, first noting local affairs and then going on to the consideration of other items of news.

Of course great care has to be taken by the leaders, so as to avoid treating the subject from a direct party-politic side; but there is plenty of interesting matter to be spoken about without trenching on difficult ground. For instance, on the occasion of the outbreak of the South African war, the map was brought out, the geographical position of the various towns was noted, and some slight sketch of the early history given; but no word was spoken as to the propriety or impropriety of the war itself.

Some of our friends might like to try the plan for week-night clubs of the senior and adult scholars.

Teachers in Council

Our Senior Classes.

THIS Council was held on the first evening of the Session, the chair being taken by Mr. S. S. Tayler, President of the Sunday School Association. After acknowledging the great indebtedness of the Association to the Principals and Professors of Manchester College, for their ever-ready help and sympathy during the past forty-six years, that is to say, ever since the removal of the College to London, and thanking them for their welcome to Oxford, the Chairman called upon Mr. Ion Pritchard (London), to open the discussion, which he did by reading the following paper:—

I am to open a conference this evening on 'Senior Classes: their Conduct and Management,' and will preface what I have to say by acknowledging that London, where my experience has been gained, stands a long way behind Wales, Lancashire, and the Midlands in point of numbers of young people above sixteen remaining in our Sunday schools. Comparison of figures shows that in Wales half the scholars are

adults, one in three in the Manchester District and Midland schools, and one in twenty in London. This being so, it would appear very much like presumption on my part to offer counsel and suggestions to many here who may have shown themselves more successful in gathering together and retaining hold of such classes than I have. I may remind you, however, that I am but opening a conference on a very important subject, one that touches the much-debated question, 'How to retain our elder scholars.' I shall hope, then, that the suggestions made may draw forth other and more valuable ones from members here who may have experience in the work.

I ought, perhaps, first to introduce myself by saying that I have been connected with Sunday school teaching over forty years, and that I have taken a senior class of young men during the latter half of that time. I ought, therefore, to have some experiences worth relating. I am reminded, however, of a piece of criticism that appeared in our papers a short time ago. It had reference to a teacher's paper and generally to similar addresses on Sunday school management, and we were told that such papers had

little or no worth, as what the speaker had to say only referred to his own school, his own experience; and that the conditions of other schools were so different that what applied to one would not apply to another. But on the other hand, if I do not speak from actual experience, I can speak only of what I have read or learnt from others, or confine myself to general principles, to ideals and aims. But here comes another piece of criticism, one, too, I think, much more important, heard at a teachers' conference where speakers had confined themselves to generalities and principles accepted in the main by everyone at the meeting. The peaceful flow of wisdom was broken by one of the teachers prefacing her little speech by saying that it would be well that a conference such as theirs 'should be somewhat useful.' Simple and indisputable as the words are, they impressed me, and at every such meeting they occur to me, and I wonder whether the proceedings will really be useful to those present.

First, then, as to formation of a senior class. With me it has simply been a question of growth; that is, taking a class of boys of about fifteen years of age and keeping them in two instances five years and in one over seven years. Boys at the age of fourteen and fifteen are difficult to deal with, as they are mostly earning their living, are feeling independent, and the discipline of Sunday school is irksome to them. To solve the discipline question I suggested that the class

should meet at my house, and I am perfectly satisfied that the move was a good one. My class, therefore, is a home-class, but the young men keep touch with the school by being present at three annual meetings there—at the New Year, the flower service, and at the school anniversary service in the autumn. The foundation of such a class is good comradeship. Of course knowledge of one another and friendliness between teacher and taught are necessary for the efficient carrying on of classes of all ages, but it is more important with the seniors. Changes of teacher or frequent absences would make the class impossible.

Comradeship, such as I think is necessary, cannot be developed sufficiently during the Sunday afternoons. There is not time, not opportunity, and the teacher cannot sufficiently sink his personality in school time, a thing it is necessary to do to enter into friendly and confidential relations with the scholars. The best way to bring this about is by means of a social club, at which the teacher should be as regularly present as he would be at his class. Here the young people should be encouraged to govern themselves and to lay down their own rules. Our club meets on a Saturday night, seven to ten o'clock. There are the usual games, gymnastics, cards, chess, draughts, dominoes, bagatelle, and boxing. There is a rule against gambling of any kind and against smoking. This last is necessary, as there is not sufficient accommodation for it in

our schoolhouse, where the club meets. Two of the young men are the caterers, and serve cocoa and supply biscuits. Many a pleasant social evening have I passed in this way. In the summer the club meetings are discontinued; in their place we have four country rambles, joining for this with various scholars and teachers of two neighbouring schools. It is by means of the friendliness and pleasure inspired by these gatherings that I believe the Sunday class has been kept together, and to which my main influence, such as it is, has been due.

Now as to the occupation on the Sunday afternoon from quarter-past three to half-past four. The first part—three-quarters of an hour—is given to a subject that shall bear on the more serious side of life, the remaining half-hour to some book or chat over the events of the past week. Seven or eight years (the time my present class has lasted) is a long period to cover without too much repetition, and many and various subjects and books have been taken up. For two years the first lesson has been taken from the Bible, and during this time we have gone through it, sometimes, however, only reading a chapter or two out of a whole book. The reading has been, of course, selected by me beforehand, and some sort of introduction given before the reading began. In respect to this, and to avoid the practice of simply reading round, I select and note down before the lesson seven or eight passages

which the young men will be called upon to read. It may be a whole chapter, or a few verses only, and the readings may be consecutive; but in any case they are selections, and so take away the mechanical idea which reading round conveys. I like to hear the voice of every one in the class, showing that all are taking part, and this can be done where the number does not exceed ten or twelve. I think it is a mistake, a mistake often made, for the teacher or leader of the class to give, as it were, a lecture occupying the time at his disposal, doing the whole of the work himself or herself. It may bring the subject home to some few, but there will always be a residuum of the members who are not quite able to follow, and little by little lose interest. It is difficult, and all class leaders must know it, to draw forth answers and intelligent expressions of opinion from all. As a further help in the direction of giving something to do all round, I have made short digests of the Biblical narrative, which the members, after the reading, write down in their books. The best way to get this done—I have tried several ways—is to write it oneself on a blackboard and let the class copy it with pen and ink into their note-books. The method insures quiet, and is the best help to the slow writer and bad speller. Dictation does not answer, as some of the writers are clerks, while others may not have a pen in their hands except this once in the whole week. This was the experience of one

of my members, a navvy. Probably he was the most intelligent in the class, but he required time, and would be labouring through his writing long after the other members had completed their task. As a second series of Biblical lessons I have taken up, from 'The Helper,' the set arranged by the Rev. Wm. Wooding; presenting with some idea of sequence and unity the development of the religious movements connected with the Hebrew and Christian names. As regards other books, the Rev. C. F. Dole's 'Citizen and Neighbour' is one of the best. It will supply a series of lessons in which all the members can take part. The short chapters are followed by a long series of questions, which would need the teacher to be a living encyclopædia to be able fully to answer. But there is choice, and the questions will suggest matters for discussion. I may say that a lesson requires a good deal of working up, as the answers are not supplied in the book, but if this is done I do not know where you can find a better one. And let me add that if we can help our young people to become 'good' neighbours and 'good' citizens, no higher aim, in a religious point of view, need be looked for. Mr. John Dendy's 'Successful Life' lasted us for just over six months, and the opinion was expressed by members that it might well be gone through again later on. I will just name a few more books taken up and gone through: Rev. R. A. Armstrong's 'Man's Knowledge of God,' Clodd's 'Story of Creation,'

Dr. Herford's 'Story of Religion in England,' and Rev. C. Pike's 'Religion in Ireland,' and Miss Cooke's biography of 'Dorothea Dix.'

At times, in place of a book, a subject has been taken up on which most of the young men have something to say, some opinion to express, a subject often suggested by one of them. Here is a list which may be suggestive to other class leaders: What being a Christian means, Socialism, Individualism, Poverty, Wealth, Free Trade, Competition, Co-operation, Arbitration, Credit, Patriotism. Of course the teacher must in these cases do the greater amount of the work and talk himself, but it is surprising to note what information the class members have gathered in if they can be got to express themselves. I think it would be a good thing for manufacturers and employers of labour if they could in some way come together in good comradeship with their workpeople, and learn from them something of their view of life's problems. As to doctrinal teaching about Unitarianism, I purposely avoided the subject until I had developed a desire to know, and was distinctly asked what it was that separated our churches from others. This expression of a wish for knowledge obtained, I made Unitarianism the subject for the next few afternoons. I used some of the booklets published by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, notably one by the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, explain-

ing what some Unitarians believe about God, Jesus, the Bible, salvation. The members asked to take the booklets away, and on the following Sunday several asked me for a few copies to give away to workmates with whom they had been discussing the subject.

So far, then, as regards the employment of the first part of our class time, and that may be looked upon as the more serious portion. A reading from some selected book usually occupies the remainder of my time. As a guiding principle in choosing my book, I look for one written for some purpose, and one that the young men probably would not select themselves from the bookshelves. I make my own selection, reading through the part beforehand. In this way I have read 'Don Quixote,' 'Robert Elsmere,' 'John Ward, Preacher,' Jerome, Mark Twain's 'Joan of Arc,' 'Margaret Ogilvy,' and many other books. I have given short stories from English History, taking Green's edition for extracts and illustrations; and I have, at the request of some of the class, given an account of the French Revolution, taking Gardiner's work as a text book. Naturally, too, in a class of this kind, many other topics would come up for discussion, subjects which at the time have been exciting public attention, and it will often then happen that the relative positions of teacher and taught are reversed.

I may appear to have wandered over a wide field of subjects, but it must be borne in mind that it means the occu-

pation of several years, and as the class members have remained the same, it has been necessary to seek continually in new directions for matter to interest and instruct them.

I have been asked if, as a result of my work, many new members have been added to the Church Roll. I am afraid, if that is to be the test, that my work has not been very fruitful. In most cases the young men of my former classes have passed out of my ken, although I know that many of them retain pleasant memories of the Sunday afternoon class. It is true that two years ago all the young men entered their names on the congregational list, but they are by no means regular attendants, and I am not sure that our minister can count upon them as part of his flock. What I have attempted to do, and may claim to a small extent to have done, is to have raised the standard of conduct by reference to which all of us, perhaps unconsciously, measure the thoughts and actions of our lives.

Several speakers took part in the COUNCIL, among whom were the following:—

Miss YOUNGERMAN (Birmingham) strongly urged the advantage of having mixed classes of boys and girls, as tending to bring out the best from both. It was the method of Nature to mix the two; and it would, she felt sure, lead to the development of better manners and greater courtesy. She also considered that guild meetings,

and meetings for discussion during the week were most helpful.

Mr. ROWCROFT (Hyde) felt the chief thing was to make our scholars see that we were their friends, not only on Sunday, but on every day. A bright smile of greeting whenever we meet our scholars in the street, a sympathetic word to them in their daily work, joy or trouble, all these things cement friendship in a wonderful way. One plan he followed which was always much appreciated, namely, that of writing a New Year's Day letter to each of his class.

Mr. W. B. HOLMES (Hull) referred to the difficulty there often was in getting suitable teachers for the Senior classes; and at one time, when they were unable to get a regular teacher, they had succeeded in arranging with four gentlemen to take the class on successive Sundays. In this case the class was conducted more on the lines of a religious service, with hymns, prayer and address. That plan answered very well; but of course it is not always easy to get the four gentlemen! In order to form a bond of union between the young people connected with the congregation and school they had started a 'Workers' League, which had been most successful. Pleasant social gatherings were held, papers read and discussed, and many other means were used for attracting and interesting its members; and thus a compact body of workers was kept together, who were ready to give their assistance to help forward

the various activities connected with the Church.

Miss NEWMAN (Bristol) spoke of a very successful series of week-night services that their minister conducted for the benefit of the elder scholars, at which he gave simple explanations of various doctrinal points. This had been the means of making the young people think about these matters, and several had joined the church afterwards. She also laid great stress on the necessity for making the young members feel that the church was *their* 'home' as well as that of their fathers and mothers.

Miss LITCHFIELD (Birmingham) described the Church Institute established by their minister, which was designed to unite the young people of the Church and School with the senior members of the congregation, by the holding of meetings for social intercourse, and by promoting other activities for the furtherance of the purpose.

Mr. LUCKING TAVENER¹ (London) speaking now as an old scholar, said that he still continued to attend a monthly class, held on a week day, at the house of his former Sunday school teacher. For many years this had been kept up, and the friendships formed long ago, were thus retained.

After a few remarks from Miss MALCOLM and Miss PATTERSON (Hollywood), from the Revs. E. A. VOYSEY (Reading) and U. V. HERFORD (Oxford),

¹ It was at another meeting that Mr. Tavenner spoke thus; but is reported here as it bears on the subject of our Senior Classes.

the CHAIRMAN called on Mr. ION PRITCHARD to reply, which he did very briefly, taking occasion, however, to call attention to an excellent method used by Miss H. JOHNSON, of Liverpool, namely, of preparing a syllabus of lessons for the term, and printing it and giving a copy to each member of her Senior class.

A TRUE WORD.

OLD Bartle Massey gives 'a bit of his mind' to some of his 'night-school' scholars, which may have some meaning for us teachers also!

'Now, you see, you don't do this thing a bit better than you did a fortnight ago; and I'll tell you what's the reason. You want to learn accounts; that's well and good. But you think all you need do to learn accounts is to come to me and do sums for an hour or so, two or three times a week; and no sooner do you get your caps on and turn out of doors again than you sweep the whole thing clean out of your mind. . . . You think knowledge is to be got cheap—you'll come and pay Bartle Massey sixpence a week, and he'll make you clever at figures without your taking any trouble. But knowledge isn't to be got by paying sixpence, let me tell you: if you're to know figures, you must turn 'em over in your own heads, and keep your thoughts fixed on 'em. . . . But the long and the short of it is, I'll have nobody in my night school that doesn't strive to learn what he comes to learn as hard as if he was striving to get out of a dark hole into broad daylight. . . . I'll not throw away good knowledge on people who think they can get it by the sixpenn'orth, and carry it away with 'em as they would an ounce of snuff.'—GEORGE ELIOT (*Adam Bede*).

Notes of Three Sunday School Lessons.

GIVEN AT THE MISSION SCHOOL, OXFORD.

I.—Lesson Notes for Lesson for Elder Scholars, suggested by first chapter of Book of Ruth.

AIM OF LESSON.

(1) To awaken in the scholars a firmer conviction of the existence of a supreme power, or authority, stronger than all other ties (whether of nationality, family relationship, or religious agreement) which draws human souls to one another.

(2) That when this power is duly recognised visible signs of sacrifice are always seen.

LESSON.

Magnetism. By the aid of a magnet give some idea of magnetism as a power of attraction.

Describe some of the ties which draw people together:—

(1) NATIONALITY. Point out that the whole race of mankind is broken up into nationalities, and that the members of each are drawn together by the fact that they belong to the same nation.

Question. Do you think that you would be drawn, at first sight, to a foreign child as much as you would to an English child?

(2) FAMILY RELATIONSHIP. By questioning bring the scholars to tell you that father, mother, and children are drawn more closely to each other than they are to strangers.

(3) **RELIGIOUS AGREEMENT.** State that sympathy in religious views draws people together, and therefore they who think alike worship God in their particular church, because they all like to worship Him in the same way.

Question the scholars as to whether they would not feel some pain if they had to leave their own country and relations and go into a foreign land among people whose ways or customs and mode of worshipping God were strange. The answers given will help the teacher to accentuate the fact that no person who loved his or her own land, family, and ways of worship could give them all up without a painful struggle; and they will also give an opportunity for stating that many noble men and women have felt a larger love than all these, and have been able to sacrifice them all when the diviner love, and that higher authority, which always accompany such love, claimed it.

ILLUSTRATION.

Tell (not read) in simple language, the history of Naomi up to the time when Ruth left her own country, etc., to go with her.

Question the scholars as to what it was which drew Ruth to Naomi, and point out that it was *not* nationality, nor blood relationship, nor agreement about the way in which God should be worshipped. In the questioning and remarks upon answers the teacher can always present the *personal* application.

JEMIMA UPTON (Oxford).

II.—Lesson Notes for Intermediate Class.

SUBJECT.—*Earn your right to live.*

BAIT. People work for wages, people often work for no wages. Did you ever hear of people taking wages for no work? You and I perhaps are doing it. How?

APPLICATION. Thus!

- (1) *God's wages.* Meals, clothes, homes are provided by our parents. Did we buy our parents? No! God gave us them and keeps them as He keeps us.

And in addition, God provides Light, Air, Rain, Sunshine, health, life, and sleep. These are all daily, hourly wages. What work do we do for these wages? How do we earn our right to live?

- (2) *Our work for God.*

(a) *Can we do anything?*

Everything in the world has its use. You doubt it? Go and tell the birds they are ornaments only and no use. You will have your crops—the mainstay of your life—ruined by grubs if they believe you and cease work.

- (b) *Neglect to do our work here produces evil.*

You have noticed, when men have been mending the road, that they light red lamps round the holes before leaving for the night, Why? To prevent people from falling in and breaking their legs. I have heard of an old man who

fell into one of the big holes one night, and so got lamed for the rest of his life. How was it that he could not see the hole? The workmen had neglected to light the lamps.

Even a tack—a very small thing—standing on its head on the floor, will hurt your foot if you tread on it.

(c) *What can we do?*

God is kind to us, let us be kind to other people, too, to help Him make the world happier. You are born with a power of loving. Let us draw a lighthouse [this is done on a large card before the whole class].

Its foundation? Rock.

Its purpose? Guiding other lives to safety and happiness.

Its construction? Straight towards the sky—a glass house on top containing what? A lamp.

It is of no use unless showing light. The shape of the light? Small near the lantern but spreading out like a fan the further it goes.

Our power of loving is our light—it burns best in a well-founded, straight-set-up life. It has three stages:—

(i.) At the beginning (near the lantern) Love at Home.

(ii.) Broadening (as we realise that God gave us our Home) into Love of God.

(iii.) Broadening (as we see God loving good and bad men alike) into Love of All.

(d) *We are so small?*

So is the Thames at Oxford.
But at London it is the carrier
of the world's food.

THE ILLUSTRATION.

THE STORY OF LINDA.

A young girl, nurse to a baron's baby, overhears plot to burn baron's castle, and kill him and his heir, the baby. Without a thought of self she warns the baron in time and saves the baby, bringing it safely to her village home through the midst of the conspirators. A brave, self-sacrificing deed from a mere child! Tell me, was she not thus earning her right to live?

A. H. BIGGS (Wandsworth).

III.—Infant Class Lesson.

HYMN:

THE children are gathering from near
and from far,
THE TRUMPET is sounding the call to
the WAR;
THE CROSS is our ENSIGN, its cause
makes us strong,
We'll gird on our armour whilst
marching along.

Repeat hymn line by line—giving illustrations of the following:—

TRUMPET. (*draw it on the black-board.*) What do you do with a trumpet? What happens when you blow through it?

WAR. Has anyone seen a soldier? What coloured coat does he wear? What does a soldier do?

A short time ago I went on a voyage, and I came to a land where there had just been a war. I walked along the very road armies had marched on, and in a field I saw a great stone building. In the front and back of it there was a large round hole,—a cannon ball had been shot right through. In the field, where the building stood, there was an old man ploughing with such a strange looking plough, drawn by two strong oxen. I was glad to see the old man ploughing the field; it told me that war was over, and that there was peace now.

An ENSIGN is a flag that is used to point out something—(*draw a flag.*) When I was on the same voyage, I came into a harbour where there were lots of ships,—each ship had a flag on it. I looked at one ship, it had the English flag; so I knew it was an English ship. I looked at another ship, it had the French flag; so I knew it must belong to France. I looked at another ship and that had a Turkish flag on it. Each flag told me to what country that ship belonged.

Now I will tell you a story about the Turkish ensign. Long ago, the chief city of the Turks was attacked by an enemy. It was midnight, and all the people were fast asleep. The enemy crept noiselessly on into the very middle of the city, and, just as the enemy was about to get ready to make the attack, the moon,—a little bit of it,—rose in the sky. Now when the dogs saw the moon shining

they began to bark, and they made such a noise that all the people awoke, and gathered themselves together in a strong band, and fought till they drove the enemy away. The people of that city were so grateful to the moon for shining, that they said, 'We will put a moon and star on our ensign and make these the sign of our country.' And so they did. Whenever you see a flag with a moon and star on it, you will know it is the Turkish ensign.—(*Draw crescent and star.*)

Now, children, we know that an ensign is a flag that points out something. Let us think about *our* ensign. The hymn says 'The CROSS is our ensign. (*Draw cross on board.*) Once, children, there lived a very good man; —but his enemies took him and nailed him to a cross. They crucified him. Who can tell me the name of this man? Can you tell me something about Jesus? You remember how the mothers brought their little children to Jesus. The disciples told them to go away, for their master was tired and weary, he had been teaching and preaching all day long. But Jesus told the disciples not to send the little children away; he said some words,—I think you all know them. Let us repeat them together, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Yes, children, the life Jesus led was such a good one that we love him for it, and when we want an ensign, we choose a Cross in memory of him.

Now we have talked about a TRUMPET, and a CROSS, and an ENSIGN, —something else too—WAR. When we spoke about war we thought of cannon balls and soldiers. But there is another kind of war for us all to think about. Little children, sometimes we have angry thoughts in our hearts, and those angry thoughts get stronger and stronger till they end in unkind words and sometimes even in rough blows.— Now how can we put a stop to that terrible evil? Under what ensign shall we fight the great enemies of the Kingdom of Love? Shall we not take the Cross, the ensign of Jesus? When we march under that ensign,—that is, when we think of the loving gentleness of Jesus, we shall gather strength to drive away all angry feelings. Thoughts of our Leader's beautiful life and teaching will make us long to act as true soldiers should, who are 'gathering from near and afar' under his ensign.

EFFIE C. TURNER,
(*Newington Green S.S.*)

Ethics in its Relation with Religion.

PASSAGES FROM LECTURE.



ONE of the most striking features of society in the present day, as compared with that of half a century ago, is the apparent serious decline of interest on all questions connected with theology. It can hardly be doubted that not only in our own churches, but also in the churches of the other Christian denominations, many even of the more thoughtful young men and women are no longer so attracted as they used to be by sermons in general, and especially by such sermons as discuss the Unity or Trinity of the Godhead, or attempt to prove from Biblical texts the probable destiny of human souls in the life to come. And, although in these days of widespread scholarship, and of the general diffusion of the results of what is called 'the Higher Criticism,' the Bible is now being much more extensively studied on account of its great worth and interest, as being the most precious collection of religious writings which the world possesses, it must, I think, be admitted that at present it by no means forms so important and so frequent a factor in our daily home reading as it did half a century ago. And the reason of this is not far to seek. When those of us who are now reaching old age were children, the Bible was regarded as a wholly exceptional book; a unique

MANY voices seem to say,
'Hither, children, here's the way,
Haste along and nothing fear,
Everything is pleasant here.'

'Yes, but whither would you lead?
Is it happiness indeed,
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to shame and woe?

'We were made for better things;
High as heaven our nature springs;
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.'

reverence was paid to it, and a unique importance was attached to it as being, in a quite special sense, a sort of divine oracle; from which was to be derived authentic information concerning God and His relations with men, and also concerning the fate of human souls after death, which information was supposed to be infinitely more reliable and momentous than any which could be reached by the ordinary exercise of man's intellectual and moral faculties. So long as the Bible was so conceived of, it necessarily became an object of intense interest. Wherever, and whenever, it spoke about theology or about human duty, it spoke with a divine authority, and had an intrinsic right to override and to supplant all ideas of God and morality which were founded only on uninspired human reason, and the unaided moral sense of mankind. Hence the work of the preacher in the pulpit, and the teacher in the Sunday school, proceeded on the assumption that God has *two distinct ways* of enlightening and guiding mankind; one way is, that he has furnished their souls with a faculty of reason and with a certain power of discerning between right and wrong which we call the moral sense. But that over and above these normal means of arriving at insight into the nature of God, and into the moral conduct of life, He has provided, and duly authenticated by miracle, a distinct and higher revelation of such a character that it speaks with an authority and a certainty to which the feeble and fluc-

tuating speculations of the unaided intellect and conscience of men can lay no claim.

Now let me call your attention to one very important and fatal result of this position taken up by the Catholic Church, that God has given man *two ways* of reaching moral and spiritual truth, and that one of these ways has an intrinsic right to carry with it supreme authority. For the purpose which I have in view this morning it is not necessary that I should distinguish between the properly Protestant conception which represents the *Bible* as the supreme authority, or the Roman Catholic conception (and that of the Romanising Anglican clergy) which makes the *Church* the supreme authority. You will observe that in both these cases the supreme authority is not found in the voice of God speaking *within* the human soul, but in the voice of God speaking into the soul from *without*.

Now I need not remind you how all the bitter persecutions which disfigure the history of the Christian Church have necessarily arisen from this assumed dualism between the voice of God as speaking inwardly in the reason, the conscience and the heart, and the voice of God as speaking from without, through some assumed inspired book or inspired Church.

We ourselves have fortunately, to a large extent, got rid of this mischievous dualism; we no longer appeal to an outward revelation as the supreme authority; with us, the cause

of our weakness, in so far as it exists both in our Churches and in our Sunday schools, is that we do not sufficiently recognise all the inspiration, light and comfort that is involved in the sublime fact that God is indwelling or immanent in the reason, in the conscience and in the spiritual affections of each one of us; we do not sufficiently realize that if we do not immediately and directly find Him in our reason, in our inner life, in our common emotions of divine sympathy and love, we shall never find Him effectually at all; for God, as merely reached by inference, or God, as merely believed in in virtue of reliance on Scripture or Tradition, is never adequately apprehended or seen; to be really known God must be directly felt, and the only preachers and teachers who can kindle profound faith and deeply move the heart and actuate the conduct, are not those who try to prove the existence of God, but who by their utterances and by their personal character make their hearers vividly realise the living presence and power of God.

And it seems to me most interesting to notice and remember that this view of God, as immediately revealed in our reason and in our moral ideals, and in the vividness and strength of our unselfish enthusiasm—this view of God as the Father within us manifesting Himself in our consciousness of moral obligation, in all the promptings of our higher nature, and in the consciousness of personal communion with

the indwelling Eternal—this is the very view of God which is found in the teachings of Jesus and in the earliest writings of the Christian Church. And this grand doctrine of the immanence of God in Nature, His incarnation in every rational soul, and His immediate self-revelation in every noble heart and mind, in every inspiring book, is the real teaching of Jesus, of the Apostle Paul, and of the writer of the Gospel and the Epistles which are attributed to the Apostle John. All these great religious teachers felt and maintained that God is not a Being who acts upon the world and upon the soul from without, as a watchmaker acts upon a watch, or the husbandman on the soil that he cultivates. God's relation to the world and the soul is more adequately symbolised after the analogy of the vital principle to the organism which it unifies and pervades and animates; but even this relation, intimate and inward as it is, is not so intimate and inward a relationship as that which exists between the Eternal Spirit of the Universe and the human souls which that Spirit calls into existence.

If God were another being like ourselves, but on an infinite scale of magnitude, and so apart from ourselves as we are apart from one another, love would not enable us to know Him; divine love enables us to know Him, because He is directly revealing or manifesting Himself within us, and because in all our divinest, our most self-forgetful, our most self-

sacrificing moods and acts, His life manifests itself in our life, and in partaking of that life we feel His divine presence and His divine authority; we know Him because we feel or perceive Him. And this is what Jesus meant when he uttered the memorable words, 'the pure in heart shall see God,' for the pure in heart do not *infer* His existence or presence, they are directly conscious of His presence in all the higher and diviner experiences of their daily life. We know somewhat of His character, because we know what are the ideas of justice, what are the domestic and social affections, what are the noble philanthropic impulses which arise in us because of His indwelling presence. Hence all divinest spiritual truth, all our purest and highest moral ideals, all our aspirations of divine love, all our enthusiasm for humanity never come to us from without, but are always the immediate creation and the immediate inspiration from within; they are always the revelation of God's speaking directly to the human mind and heart.

There can be in the last resort no mediator between Him and us; if we know and see Him at all, we know and see Him directly and immediately. Our moral ideas develop with experience; with growing knowledge and growing sympathies, our ethical insight becomes clearer, and the divine claims of love and duty are seen to embrace a wider circle, and to extend more and more over the whole family

of mankind. But nevertheless these moral ideals, be they low or high, be they the sense of duty of a savage, or a Ruskin, a Channing, or a Martineau, all contain some immediate self-revelation of God; and no explanation ever has been given, or ever can be given, why we feel our absolute obligation to do that which we call right, except that in that idea of duty the Absolute and Eternal God reveals Himself within us.

In feeling the claims upon us of purity, of righteousness, and of divine charity or love, we are conscious of direct contact with God, and in the presence of that felt contact and of that inward voice we are aware that we are listening to the deliverance of an absolute authority beyond which there is no appeal.

In our moral consciousness we are in immediate relation with the Eternal One. That Eternal One is speaking to us not from *without* but from *within*; and there is no other voice speaking from without that possesses any intrinsic right to gainsay or to overrule this direct deliverance of God to the individual soul. But man's moral insight always contains changing and progressive elements as well as divine and eternal ones. It is quite true that wise teachers and wise books may enable us to revise and exalt our ideas of what is true and right, but these truer and loftier conceptions can carry with them no ultimate authority until a man's own reason and conscience endorse them; and then it is no longer

an *outward* authority on which we rely, but the same inward direct authority of the indwelling God.

Now, this view of the immediate contact and intimate present relationship between the Absolute One and the individual soul is, as I have said, the view of Jesus and of the early Christian teachers, especially of those of the Eastern or Greek Church; and what is most interesting and important in relation to my present subject is that this doctrine of God's immanence, or living presence, in all rational souls is just now re-asserting itself as a new birth all over Christendom, and is in very many quarters creating a grand revival of interest in both theology and religion.

One of the reasons which has induced me to bring this subject before your notice is that in all churches and Sunday schools, but perhaps more especially in our own, this great transition which is now going on in religious thought,—and which in the so-called orthodox Churches is showing itself in the decline of the doctrine of the infallibility of the Scriptures and in the insistence on the immediate immanence or incarnation of God in human nature,—is immensely altering men's views about the Bible, and is causing the old irrational and largely superstitious reverence and awe for this collection of writings to fade away. And though our own churches and Sunday schools have for some generations past maintained either that the ethical teaching of the New Testament is always in

accord with the natural moral sense, or else that where it seems to disagree (as, for instance, when one of the Epistles appears to sanction slavery) the Bible doctrine must give way, it nevertheless remains true that even among us, largely in virtue of a lingering belief in external miracles, the Bible is still supposed by many to be an entirely unique book, and, in its moral teachings especially, to carry with it a final authority which precludes all further questioning.

Now, our younger teachers who read the high-class magazines, and find the Bible treated as only one, though the highest and most precious, of several essentially similar collections of sacred literature, and, therefore, as not necessarily an infallible guide to either moral or theological truth, may very naturally feel perplexed and may ask, What, then, is the ultimate authority? The old Latin proverb says: 'As many men so many opinions,' and our teachers may ask, Does not this hold good of moral and religious opinions likewise? What supreme authority is, then, to be appealed to, now that the Bible has taken its place as simply an integral part of the world's religious experience and thought?

The answer to this question is, that numerous as individuals are and various as their opinions may be, they are by no means a mere aggregate of separate and independent thinkers, each capable of forming a judgment on morals and religion apart from and different from that of the rest. The Reason, the

Conscience, and the spiritual Emotions which are in each of us, do not belong to any one of us in particular; they are universal, they are common to us all; and they form a supreme court to which in the last resort all earnest thinkers agree to appeal.

This self-revelation of God in the human soul is progressive, being made in very different degrees of clearness and fulness to nations in different stages of culture and to different individuals in the same nation; but, in spite of superficial appearances to the contrary, the same divine principles are present in either a latent or a manifested form in all men. All rational souls must come at last to see the same eternal moral truths; all alike feel that ingratitude is base, all alike respect the man who manifests in his life moral purity and self-control; all admire and revere him who is ready to sacrifice his own pleasure, his own gain, and his own life for the sake of his family, his country or humanity.

In this way Morality becomes inseparably blended with Religion; for our moral ideals, and the sense of absolute obligation which attends them, testify to the living presence of God in the soul; while in turn the religious consciousness of personal communion with the indwelling God gives a fresh and quite infinite interest to all our ethical ideas, as being progressive revelations of the character of God. Fidelity to conscience becomes of immeasurable importance, not only because it brings with it the joy and

peace of a soul in harmony with itself, but also because, in the light which religion throws on morals, it involves also the consciousness of Personal Sympathy and Communion with that Eternal One who is ever manifesting Himself in the visible universe, but whose highest self-revelations are made in and through the pure and loving heart. Hence in speaking of God the wise Sunday school teacher will, I think, seek first of all to awaken and vivify the child's immediate consciousness of a Divine Presence. His aim will be to call forth, either through the depicting of his or her own personal religious experience, or through the biographies of heroic and saintly characters; or, in the case of older scholars, through the prose or poetic utterances of God-inspired men, the direct consciousness of the Universal, the Eternal, the Divine in each child's mind and heart. Thus the child will come to know God in the only truly effective way, and will learn to think of Him not as an outward monarch or even as an outward father, but rather as a constant Divine Presence, whose creative influence he recognises in all the beauties and harmonies of nature, in every grand thought and emotion, in every noble personality. He will feel the Eternal to be present and incarnate in his own beloved Sunday teacher just as He was incarnate in the son of Mary of Nazareth; and in all eyes that beam with true love and sympathy the child will recognise the Eternal God behind. Thus he will

come to find God in all the experiences of life, in every form of moral nobleness, in every look and act which manifest real self-forgetfulness. When his Conscience approves any goodness and greatness of conduct, his Religion will discern the divine in the human; and love and admiration for his righteous fellow-man will be blended with a joyful adoration of that Eternal God who is immanent alike in the soul that does the noble deed and in the admiring spectator who recognises its nobility.

SCIENCE AND RELIGIOUS FAITH.

PROFESSOR SILVANUS THOMPSON was once asked whether he found that scientific discoveries were incompatible with religious faith?

'Incompatible,' he replied, 'is a term quite unsuitable to use in this relation. No man who thinks deeply can for a moment shut his eyes to the existence of spiritual truths to be apprehended by spiritual processes only. As to the supposed antagonism between reason and revelation, the notion is to me entirely absurd. Those who accept the fundamental proposition of the Fatherhood of God, the Creator, must think very poorly of Him if they think that He endowed us with the faculties of observation and reason only to lead us astray. If in the writings of prehistoric origin which have come down to us, mutilated and mistranslated in parts, we find things that are contradicted by the facts of experience and by reason, then it is clear that such passages are in no sense a divine revelation. The statement that a wise man's heart is at his right hand, while a fool's heart is at his left, will not now, since the invention of the stethoscope or discovery of the Röntgen rays, find credence from a single rational

being, yet it stands in the Bible on the authority of Solomon.'

'But,' added the Professor, 'I do not take my geology from Moses, or my anatomy from Solomon. But neither do I take the writings of Newton or Darwin as guides to those things which are unseen and eternal.'

'THIS is my homage to the mightiest powers,
To ask my boldest question, undismayed
By muttered threats that some hysteric
sense

Of wrong or insult will convulse the throne
Where wisdom reigns supreme. And if I
err,

They all must err who have to feel their
way

As bats that fly at noon. . . .

'Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child who
dares

Look up to Thee, the Father—dares to ask
More than thy wisdom answers. From thy
hand

The worlds were cast; yet every leaflet
claims

From that same hand, its little shining sphere
Of star-lit dew.'

ALL of us are more or less imaginative in our theology. Some of us may find the aid of material symbols a comfort, if not a necessity. The boldest thinker may have his moments of languor and discouragement, when he feels as if he could willingly exchange faith with the old beldame crossing herself at the cathedral door. . . .

Age, illness, too much wear and tear, a half-formed paralysis, may bring any of us to this pass. But, while we can think and maintain the rights of our own individuality against every human combination, let us not forget to caution all who are disposed to waver that there is a *cowardice which is criminal*, and a *longing for rest which it is baseness to indulge*. God help him over whose dead soul in his living body must be uttered the sad supplication, '*Requiescat in pace!*'

O. W. HOLMES.

SOME OLD TESTAMENT DATES.

(Before eighth century uncertain in detail : and many literary ascriptions conjectural.)

B.C.	
1400	Tel-el-Amarna tablets : Palestine subject to Egypt. Israel in Egypt : Exodus (probably) under Merenptah, son of Rameses II. Settlement in Canaan.
	Deborah and the overthrow of Sisera ; <i>Judges</i> v.
1000	David : lament for Saul and Jonathan, <i>II Sam.</i> i. 19-27 ; beginning of court records.
970	Solomon : beginning of the temple archives. The monarchy divided ; Judah and Ephraim ; early poems, <i>Gen.</i> xlix. ; Books of the Wars of Yahweh, Yashar, etc. Original Balaam poems.
900	Ninth Century : the Moabite stone, the national Traditions begin to take literary shape ; first collections of J in Judah ; later of E in Ephraim : the 'Dooms' in <i>Ex.</i> xxi.-xxiii. ; materials for <i>Judges-Sam.-Kings</i> , 'Blessing of Moses,' <i>Deut.</i> xxxiii. Perhaps about 780 earliest written prophecy contained in <i>Is.</i> xv.-xvi.
760-750	<i>Amos</i> . <i>Hosea</i> .
740-701	<i>Isaiah</i> . 701 expedition of Sennacherib.
722	Samaria taken by Sargon. <i>Micah</i> .
700-650	J and E (<i>Gen.</i> to <i>Josh.</i>) united into JE.
630	<i>Zephaniah</i> .
626-586	<i>Jeremiah</i> . About 625 <i>Nahum</i> ? : 615 <i>Habakkuk</i> .
622	Promulgation of Deuteronomic code now contained in xii.-xxvi.
592-572	<i>Ezekiel</i> .
586	Jerusalem taken by Nebuchadrezzar. Literary activity in Babylonia : Holiness-legislation in <i>Lev.</i> xvii.-xxvi. The Deuteronomic school at work on JE <i>Gen.-Josh.</i> ; and on <i>Judg.-Sam.-Kings</i> . Book of <i>Deut.</i> concluded, and united with JE, making JED. <i>Lamentations</i> . Babylonian prophecies : the 'second Isaiah' begins to write, <i>Is.</i> xl.-liii. ; <i>Is.</i> xliii. 2—xiv. 23, xxxiv., xxxv.
538	Fall of Babylon.
538-330	Persian overlordship : prophecies in <i>Is.</i> liv.-lxvi., and many Psalms.
520-518	<i>Haggai</i> and <i>Zech.</i> i.-viii.
500-460	Priestly legislation collected and arranged in P, <i>Gen.-Josh.</i> <i>Malachi</i> before 458.
444	Promulgation of P by Ezra and Nehemiah (traditional date).
444-400	JED and P combined in our present Pentateuch (some additions later). <i>Obadiah</i> : <i>Ruth</i> . First three books of <i>Psalter</i> (iii.-lxxxix., possibly some additions later). First collection of <i>Proverbs</i> : ? <i>Job</i> .
330	Alexander defeats Darius : the Greek age ; <i>Is.</i> xxiv.-xxvii. ; a little later, <i>Joel</i> , <i>Zech.</i> ix.-xiv. <i>Jonah</i> . ? <i>Prov.</i> i.-ix. ? <i>Song of Songs</i> .
320-203	The Egyptian control. <i>Chronicles</i> : older prophecies re-edited. Greek translation of the Scriptures begun.
203-168	The Syrian control.
200-180	<i>Ecclesiasticus</i> .
175-164	Antiochus Epiphanes.
168	Struggle for National Independence. <i>Daniel</i> (early in 164) ; some Psalms.
	The Asmonean princes : 4th and 5th books of <i>Psalter</i> completed.
132	<i>Ecclesiasticus</i> translated into Greek.
104	Revival of Monarchy. ? <i>Pss.</i> ii. and cx. <i>Ecclesiastes</i> ?
63	The Roman power : Pompey takes Jerusalem.
37-4	Herod.

How the Old Testament Grew.¹



WHAT is the Bible? The name has passed into English from the medieval Latin *Biblia*, understood as a noun in the feminine singular. But the word was really taken over from the early Christians who spoke Greek, and called their scriptures 'the books' or *Biblia*, in the neuter plural. It was not necessary to say what books; every disciple understood. These books have come to us in two great collections, which we name for short the Old and New Testaments.

As we have them in our own language they are quite a modern product. It is not four hundred years since they were first printed in the Hebrew and Greek in which they were originally written. From what were these printed editions made? They were based upon copies which had been written by hand (*manu-scripts* from two Latin words meaning *hand-written*). When were these copies made, and by whom? We do not know, except in a very general way. The oldest known copy of a part of the Old Testament in Hebrew is not older than the year 916 A.D. (see the Preface to the Revised Version), more than 2000 years later than Moses! How many times must the old Hebrew

books have been copied and recopied before the date of the earliest Manuscript (MS.) which we now possess. And how often may they not have been a little altered on the way, sometimes by accident, sometimes on purpose. In the first place the copyist may not always have understood what he was writing; or he may have misread the ancient words; or he may have confused letters by mischance so as to write nonsense, or he may have omitted a line or a half line, especially when the eye travelled forward to some similar letters a little way ahead; and so the story, or the poem, or the preacher's homily, might come to have passages in it very unlike what the author himself originally set down. But in the second place, as the history of these books comes more clearly into view, it becomes more and more certain that in their early days they underwent revision and revision and revision. Sometimes a word, a clause, a sentence, was inserted, to make the meaning clearer, or to include some little fact which the copyist thought interesting or important. Or perhaps he had a whole story to add; or he attached some promise of comfort to severe words of prophetic doom; or he introduced some recent psalm into the midst of an older collection where he thought it most appropriate. These changes belong in part to the history of the text,—the actual written words—and in part to the history of the books. Could we trace them fully, we should be able to give a much clearer

¹ The substance of a lecture delivered to the Teachers' Summer School, Manchester College, Oxford, July, 1899.

answer to the question 'How did the Old Testament grow?'

But this question is really twofold. The Old Testament is a collection of books; and the enquiry into its growth seeks to ascertain not only how the various books arose separately, but also how they came together into a kind of national and religious library. If you open a Hebrew Bible you will see that the order of the books is different from that of our English Bible. When the differences are examined, it is found that they point to the interesting fact that the Jews did not collect their sacred books all at once. That is very natural when we remember that the books were not all produced at the same time. It took perhaps more than a thousand years, certainly more than the time from the Norman Conquest to the present day, to pass from the Song of Deborah (*Judges* 5) to some of the latest psalms. In this long period different groups of sacred books were formed and set apart. In some cases we can see pretty clearly how these groups came together; in other cases it is much harder to trace the process. Similarity of subject was one reason for putting books side by side. The books of the Law, which was traditionally called Mosaic, were naturally separated into one group. The writings of the Prophets would fall into another, and books of Poetry would make a third. So we read in *Luke* 24⁴⁴ of the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, as the designations of the three great divisions of the Old Testament Scriptures.

I.

Among these the Law occupied the place of chief importance, and it was certainly the first to be raised to the rank of a Canon, or rule for faith and practice. The old view that it was compiled by Moses has been overthrown by the discovery that it is itself highly composite. It is now known that it contains three separate codes, belonging to very different stages of the religious life of Israel, and enforcing different conceptions of the service of Yahweh, Israel's God. The real history of the Bible as a guide of life and an authority for duty begins with these codes. The oldest of them is contained in *Exod* 20²²⁻²³, and is sometimes known as the Covenant Book; it belonged to an ancient collection of traditions about Israel's forefathers, but it did not come into shape in its present form until the people had been already settled in the land of Canaan for several hundred years. The second is much more important for our purpose; it is found in the Book of Deuteronomy, which yields us 'the first commandment of all'—'The Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might,' *Deut* 6⁴⁻⁵. Fortunately we know much more about the circumstances under which the legislation of Deuteronomy was brought to light. It was in the eighteenth year of the reign of King Josiah, usually identified with 622 (by some scholars with 621) B.C., that the main part

of the law was discovered, and then solemnly adopted at a general assembly by the king, the priests and prophets, and the elders who represented the nation. The Deuteronomic code thus became the acknowledged basis of the worship of Israel; here were embodied the great truths of its religion; here did its preachers teach what Yahweh required of his people. Before long the older collection of traditions and laws was joined to it, and the combined work served as the standard of faith and duty, by which the narratives of the past and the hopes and warnings for the future could all be regulated. Then came the great catastrophe which overthrew the monarchy, and sent the people into captivity beyond the Euphrates. They carried their sacred book with them, and in the long years of exile their prophets and priests occupied themselves with preparing fresh groups of laws, which culminated in the composition of the great Priestly Code. Nearly two hundred years after the promulgation of the Deuteronomic law under Josiah, in 444 B.C. (according to the received date), this new law-book was published at another meeting of the people of Jerusalem and the country round, under the superintendence of Ezra and Nehemiah. The union of the Levitical legislation with its predecessors which probably took place before 400 B.C., produced our present Pentateuch, though it is probable that the books of the Law continued to receive additions during one or two centuries more.

The books of the Law formed the basis of the Jewish Scriptures. When they had received substantially the shape in which we now have them, the scribes at Jerusalem gradually formed another collection by their side, that of the Prophets. It is an interesting indication of their view of what was significant in prophecy that they placed in the front of this collection a group of books which we should describe as historical, *Joshua*, *Judges*, *Samuel*, and *Kings*. In these the history of Israel under Yahweh's rule was recorded from their entry into Canaan till the fall of Jerusalem before Nebuchadrezzar's troops. Next to them came the books containing the prophetic preaching of *Isaiah*, *Jeremiah*, *Ezekiel*, and the Twelve. Neither of these groups was ever formally recognised, as the Deuteronomic and Priestly Codes had been recognised, by a public ceremony of adoption. Nor was the entire division placed beside the Law with any definite consent from either the ecclesiastical or the civil power. It probably came about by slow degrees under the influence of the scribes at Jerusalem. A usage once adopted in the metropolitan temple gradually spread through the synagogues of Judea, then into Galilee, and finally established itself among the Jews abroad. It is believed that this collection was probably complete by the year 200 B.C. (see the enumeration of Jewish worthies in the splendid recital *Ecclus* 46-49¹⁰, about 180 B.C.). Two noteworthy books are not included in

it, *Chronicles* and *Daniel*. The first of these seems to have been composed between 300 and 250 B.C., and was probably too recent to be set beside the books which had already the sanction of a distant past. The second had not yet been written: though it deals with the personages and events of the Captivity, it is known to belong to the age of the Maccabean revolt, B.C. 168-164.

The third division was designated by the general name of the 'Writings.' It opens with the Jewish hymnal, the *Psalms*, arranged in five sections like the five books of the Law. Then follow other books of poetry, such as *Proverbs*, *Job*, the *Song of Songs*, and a miscellaneous collection including *Ruth*, *Lamentations*, *Ecclesiastes*, *Esther*, *Daniel*; the whole winding up with *Ezra*, *Nehemiah*, and the *Chronicles*, which are all members of one series. By what process these books came together, why they were put in this order, what causes led to the acceptance of one and the rejection of another, we cannot tell. We may guess that the collection was formed at Jerusalem, by the successors of the men who had united the law-books, or brought together the prophetic records. But who they were, and how they went to work, we do not know. The books do not all follow each other in the same order in the copies known in different parts of Europe: and no order probably corresponds in any way with the dates at which they came into their present shape. If the book

of *Ecclesiastes* be in reality, as some eminent critics have supposed, a satire upon the misgovernment of Herod the Great, the collection could not have been completed before the youth of Jesus. But of the circumstances under which it was formed, we are wholly ignorant. How vain, in the light of modern knowledge, is the pretension advanced in Oxford not forty years ago that every word, every syllable, nay every letter, of the Jewish Scriptures was the direct utterance of the Most High!

II.

We have seen that the Old Testament has grown out of smaller collections. But this is no less true of many of the separate books. A very little enquiry shows that the books of *Psalms* and *Proverbs* arose in this way. Any one who reads carefully such books as *Judges* and *Kings* will be struck with the differences of style which mark their different parts, and will have no difficulty in realising that they are anonymous compilations. This is also true of some of the books of prophetic discourse. Some are simple, like the book of *Ezekiel*, which seems to be the product of one hand from end to end (592-572 B.C.); others, like *Amos*, *Hosea*, or *Jeremiah*, have some admixture of other elements; while the book of *Isaiah* has probably taken up into itself the writings of a whole succession of prophets through four hundred years. Why were all these

manifold utterances attached to the name of Isaiah of Jerusalem? We cannot tell. But just as Moses was for later generations the typical law-giver, and for generations later still David was the typical hymn-writer, so Isaiah, whose commanding personality had so deeply impressed those who came after him, was a kind of representative prophet, under whose protection the discourses of unknown successors might be placed. There is a curious hint of a dim sense that much of the book of *Isaiah* might belong to the age of the Captivity or later, in the fact that in some copies it stands after *Jeremiah* and *Ezekiel*, as if it were substantially posterior in origin.

The great example of this growth of individual books is to be found in the first six books of our Bible, five traditionally ascribed to Moses, and one to Joshua. It has needed the labours of more than thirty years, since the courageous inquiries of Bishop Colenso first forced the question on the attention of English people, to build up the proof of the composite origin of the Pentateuch; but the Regius Professor of Hebrew in this University, Canon Driver, now teaches with unchallenged authority what his predecessor, Dr. Pusey, would have died sooner than admit.

The facts, however, are clear: and the critical study of the Pentateuch again and again provides for disentangling more complicated problems elsewhere. Everyone can see the di-

versity between the stories in the first and second chapters of *Genesis*: the inconsistencies in the narrative of the Flood are palpable to almost all;¹ the contradictions involved in different theories of religious progress or different accounts of the Mosaic sanctuary depend on no recondite knowledge, they are open to the most casual glance. The simplest reader can understand that the sacred tent cannot have been at the same time outside the camp, under the care of a layman, Joshua, *Exod* 33⁷⁻¹¹ *Num* 11²⁴⁻³⁰ 12¹, and inside in the midst of the tribes, three on each side, east, south, west, and north, the Dwelling of Yahweh being in charge of the consecrated tribe of Levi, the majority of whom, however, were liable to the punishment of death if they touched the holy things which only a priest might handle, *Num* 23¹⁵⁻²⁰ etc. In *Exod* 6²⁻³ the Deity is represented as telling Moses that his true name is Yahweh; but that he had appeared to the patriarchs as El Shaddai ('God Almighty') and had not been known to them as Yahweh. Accordingly we read in *Gen* 17¹ that he said to Abram 'I am El Shaddai,' and in *Gen* 35¹¹ that he made the same declaration to Jacob. These passages are connected by many other links. In each the patriarch's name is divinely changed; in each there is a promise of abundant posterity, including a long progeny of kings; in each, moreover, the gift of

¹Professor Sayce obliges me to make this qualification.

the land is solemnly announced. A comparison of *Gen* 17, 35^{a-13}, and *Exod* 6¹⁻⁵, makes it practically certain that they were all written by the same hand. But in *Gen* 4²⁶ we are told that already in the days of Adam and his descendants men began to call upon the name of Yahweh. Noah, accordingly, offers sacrifice to him *Gen* 8²⁰; Abram builds an altar to him *Gen* 12⁷, and in due course hears the divine declaration 'I am Yahweh' 15⁷; while Jacob, awaking out of the sleep in which Yahweh had appeared to him, *Gen* 28¹³⁻¹⁶, says, 'Surely Yahweh is in this place, and I knew it not.' None of these passages could have been written by the author of *Exod* 6²⁻³, because they are mutually contradictory; and it thus becomes clear that the story of Israel's early days could be related from opposite points of view, according as the Divine name Yahweh was supposed to have been known before the days of Moses or not. One writer imagines it to have been in use without interruption from the earliest times, so that it was known in Mesopotamia (*Gen* 24³¹), or among the Philistines (*Gen* 26²⁸) as well as in the family of Abraham: two others (cp. *Exod* 3¹³⁻¹⁵ and 6²⁻³) conceive it to have been first made known to the people of Israel by their great leader, to rouse them to march forth to the promised land. When these passages are all compared, it is found that the early traditions of Israel's origin and ancestry are related in no less than

three different ways, in the book of *Genesis*. Naturally, each writer has his own way of telling his story. Each writer conceives of God in a particular fashion; each writer takes a special interest in certain holy places, or in certain consecrated rites; each writer, moreover, looks at the patriarchs from a definite point of view, and describes the transactions in which they took part in a manner corresponding to his leading ideas. Finally, these differences in the statement of fact and in the conceptions of religion naturally gather round them differences in phrase and expression. Just as the style of Macaulay varies from that of Carlyle, or a piece of either may be distinguished from an Act of Parliament or a Salvation Army Sermon, so the Pentateuch writers can often be recognised by the purpose which animates them and the language which they employ. They have their own favourite words just as they have their own favourite topics; and it sometimes happens that when direct evidence of fact is wanting, the indirect evidence of phraseology establishes at least with great probability the reference of a given passage to its proper documentary source.

Now one of the difficulties is for us to realise the method in which these documents have been joined together. Our notion of writing history is quite unlike that which we find in the Pentateuch. By the general methods which have been sketched above, we reach the conclusion that the first four

books have been put together out of three documents, two of them belonging to the prophetic schools (one—the older—originating in Judah, and one in Ephraim) and very closely intertwined so as to make one book, and the third compiled two or three hundred years afterwards by priests to include the great mass of the ceremonial law. Each of these documents once existed alone, and each shows signs of *being itself a growth*. Each contains indications that it has received additions and modifications at the hands of copyists or editors who incorporated in it fresh materials as they came to hand, or inserted pious exhortations, or tried to bring conflicting statements into some kind of harmony. All this was done in simplicity and good faith. The writers dealt with ancient and venerable traditions. They wished to preserve as much as they could; and they were not keenly concerned when passages that were not near one another did not agree.

We have arrived at very different ideas. The historian of the present day is expected not only to be diligent in the collection of his materials, but also to be accurate and impartial in the weighing of evidence. He must carefully cite his authorities, and he must know how to estimate their value. In the result, the personal character of the historian, his industry, his exactness, his freedom from prejudice or party passion, his capacity to take large views of his subject, his skill in marshalling facts and tracing the issues of

great events or the application of important principles—all these count for so much, that we demand the historian's name, partly as a guarantee of his fitness, by training or education, to undertake great tasks; partly that we may seriously connect in our thought his individuality and his work.

But this was not the ancient idea. The scribes of Israel tried to fuse all the elements into one sequence by the simple method of joining one extract to another. The beginning or end of one passage might be sacrificed, as it was dovetailed into its neighbour; when two documents related the same incident, a part of one story might be omitted to make room for the corresponding story of the other (as in the preparation of the ark, *Gen* 6 and 7); or, if the narratives were not too much alike they might both be retained, provided they were sufficiently far apart (see the two accounts of the expulsion of Hagar in *Gen* 16 and 21; on the other hand, compare the two versions of the promise of a son to Sarah in *Gen*. 17 and 18); or, if the situation seemed to require it, a fresh item could be inserted designed to produce a certain impression, or correspond to a certain belief (as in the repeated declarations of the Deuteronomic editors of *Joshua* that the entire land was subdued and the idolatrous inhabitants put to the sword).

This way of writing history was practised in our own country not so very long ago by scholars who lived in the full light of the revival of learning. In 1574 the Archbishop of Canterbury,

Dr. Parker, published an edition of the *Life of Alfred* by Bishop Asser. But he did not keep to Asser's original work. He thought he could improve it by inserting into it, without notice, passages derived from another book known as the *Annals* of Asser. It was supposed that these Annals were by the same author, and Parker no doubt thought that he thus enabled the original writer to amplify himself. But it is now known that these Annals were not compiled till more than two hundred years later, and contained extracts from many sources, including a life of St. Edmund, by Abbo, who wrote at least eighty years after Asser's death. Parker's text was republished in 1603 by the famous scholar Camden. And Camden did not hesitate to introduce into it—again without giving any notice that it was not in the original book—the famous passage which falsely ascribed to Alfred the foundation of the University of Oxford.

This was done only three centuries ago. It may well be the case, then, that earlier documents of English history should show many indications of growth resembling those in our Old Testament. Consider the process by which the Saxon Chronicle was gradually wrought into a much larger work.¹ It is founded originally on the Bishop's Roll in Winchester, a series of meagre and irregular annals in the Latin tongue, concerned chiefly with local events from the days of the preaching of Birinus. It is enlarged

under the influence of Swithin; it receives fresh entries describing the coming of the fathers; it is brought into relation with the national history. Then Alfred takes it up; he resolves that it shall be made accessible to the unlearned, and written in English. With the translation fresh materials are grouped, drawn from the narrative of Bede, and the story is carried back to the Incarnation. Copies are deposited in different monasteries, and there the work of continuation proceeds. Some are interested in the work; in some it is neglected. Various hands carry on the story; special events are noted here in Kent, and there in Mercia or Northumbria; one copy possesses additions distinctive of Canterbury, another of Abingdon, a third of Peterborough; and there are differences of chronological arrangement. Finally, Florence of Worcester founds himself on the Chronicle, together with the work of Irish Marian, whose history began with the creation of the world, and fuses the two together into a compound narrative, in which it is difficult to say how much is really his own.

Similarly, the monastic chronicles, as Sir Thomas Hardy has told us, were seldom the production of a single hand. They grew up from period to period, and the annalist copied, or curtailed, or expanded the works of his predecessors, adopted or abridged them as he thought fittest. King Alfred has himself described the steps which he took to make a collection of laws, and the value which he set on those which

¹ See *The Hexateuch for English Readers*, vol. i. p. 4.

were traditionally connected with the famous names of older time¹:—

'In many synod books they wrote, at one place one doom, at another another. I, then, Alfred, king, gathered these together, and commanded many of those to be written which our forefathers held, those which to me seemed good; and many of those which seemed to me not good, I rejected them by the counsel of my 'witan' . . . for I durst not venture to set down in writing much of my own, for it was unknown to me what of it would please those who should come after us. But those things which I met with, either of the days of Ine my kinsman, or of Offa King of the Mercians, or of Æthelbright, who first among the English race received baptism, those which seemed to me the rightest, those I have here gathered together, and rejected the others.'

Not altogether dissimilar, with due allowance for different religious and political conditions, was the rise of the earliest narratives of the fortunes of Israel, or the origin of its ancient codes of law, *e.g.*, the book of judgments embodied in *Exod* 21-23, or some of the very old material in *Levit* 18-20, which includes the 'second' commandment according to the Gospels, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' *Lev* 19¹⁸.

III.

The result of such considerations as those which I have urged on you is to

¹Thorpe, *Ancient Laws and Institutes of England*, i. 59. The passage further contains an instructive example of the way in which ancient documents of the most sacred kind could be treated. The Ten Commandments are re-arranged; many of the Laws in *Exod* 21-23 are freely altered; and important additions are made to the Apostolic letter cited from *Acts* 15:23-29.

show that if you would read the Old Testament with understanding—and on that I shall have a word to say directly—you must read it with reference to the principles of historical development. Get into your minds a rough chart of the true succession of its great literary groups.¹ Think of the vast and varied panorama of peoples and events which is there unfolded to you. There is the land of Canaan, with its motley crowds, its cities, its kings, its sacred places, its gods, its forest-clad heights, its corn-covered plains, and all the indications of a varied culture, founded on many of the arts and appliances of life. Around it is the fringe of 'desert peoples'; on its sea-board are great commercial centres like Tyre and Sidon, or the settlements of foreign immigrants like the Philistines. The oldest empires of the world—in Mesopotamia on the one hand, and in Egypt on the other—contend for its suzerainty; and from the kindred nations beyond the Euphrates come ancient legends and religious rites, the names of deities and the forms and furniture of temples, so that the beliefs and usages of Babylonia and Assyria were not without influence on the growing faith of Israel. At a later stage fresh powers appear upon the scene. They belong to the same stock, connected with the Semitic nations, though they do not know it, and engage in deadly conflict, in which the land of Israel is one of the lesser prizes of victory. Babylon falls before

¹ See the list of dates on p. 196.

the Persian onset, and under their new masters the captive people regain a measure of liberty. But by and by the Persian overlordship is in its turn shattered, and the victories of Alexander the Great open the way for the Greek culture, and Hellenism is planted even in Jerusalem itself beside the austere forms of ancient Hebrew religion.

Through all these vicissitudes of foreign relations, amid the rise and fall of empires, the story of Israel's faith as told in the Old Testament holds on its way for more than a thousand years. Think what such a period means in our own history since the days of Alfred! Compared with the manifold products of English genius, our poetry and philosophy, our science and our law, the handful of books constituting the Hebrew Scriptures may seem insignificant indeed. Yet it possesses imperishable worth, for it supplies the ideas on which all that is best in English as in European religious life, has since been nurtured through their adoption by the Christian Church. But these ideas—like our architecture, our drama, or any of the ideal products of our own development—have their own history. They have not all an equal worth at all periods of their course. They start in obscurity, as the wandering tribes break in from the desert and begin to establish themselves partly by conquest and partly by peaceful extension. The Israelites have marched out of Egypt in the name of their God Yahweh; they fight under his banner, so that religion and liberty are

closely associated in their minds; their quarrels are settled at the sanctuary by the deliverances of their priests, and thereby religion and justice are equally bound together. In faith, freedom, and righteousness lie the roots of that conception of the relation of Yahweh and Israel, which shall at last, in the thought of Jesus, become the Kingdom of God, embracing all the world under one Father, and making all men brethren.

Consider very briefly the steps of that great transition. The scattered tribes are in danger of losing all sense of their national unity. Partly from mutual jealousy or indifference, partly from Canaanite or Philistine oppression, they cease to act together, and sink into lethargy, till Samuel discerns the remedy for their decrepitude, and establishes the monarchy, which the genius of David raises almost at a bound to a vast and wealthy empire. In the prophetic thought this was interpreted as the gift of Yahweh; and the ancient tribal legends were collected and shaped under the influence of this idea into the cycles of Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob with his twelve sons. The organisation of the national traditions was the first form of the application of the rising prophetic power to literature, and the whole of Israel's past was seen in this light, and brought into a comprehensive view of the history of the human race from the days when Yahweh had blown into the nostrils of the first man the breath of life. This was an immense step in

advance. The Deity, who had been at first little more than the liberator of a group of enslaved tribes, has now become the God who presides over the whole destiny of man. It is true that he is in some sense more closely related to Israel than to Edom or Moab, Assyria or Egypt. But it is the work of the eighth century prophets, while not denying that Yahweh has 'known' Israel for his own great purposes, to affirm that the Ethiopians of the South and the Syrians of the North are alike within his ken. Isaiah finds the glory of Yahweh in nothing less than the 'fulness of the whole earth'—an earth smaller indeed to him than to us, yet the principle of Monotheism is there.

And now the great struggle is fairly begun between the conventions of the popular religion and the tyranny of the aristocratic party on the one hand, and the austere demands of the prophets for justice and purity in the name of Yahweh on the other. At length, after a bitter conflict in the days of Manasseh, when the streets of Jerusalem are said to have been filled with blood, the hour seems ripe for reform, and the great Deuteronomic Code is published in 622, which sets before the people the prophetic ideal of a national life and conduct on the basis of love to Yahweh with heart and soul and might. But the little kingdom of Judah—all that is now left of the great empire of David—is too deeply wedded to its old ways. The Chaldean armies close round it, when Jeremiah sees a new meaning in the inevitable catastrophe.

The fall of Jerusalem, the destruction of temple and ark, in which the popular religion put its trust, will be the signal for the birth of a more spiritual faith. Set free from its local base, detached from its outward forms of law and ritual, Jeremiah proclaims that there will be a new covenant between Yahweh and Israel, when he will put his teaching in their heart, and all shall know him from the greatest to the least, as he forgives their iniquity and remembers their sin no more. But when the great restoration takes place, how will the regenerated Israel serve Yahweh? The prophet-priests have their answer to that question in new programmes of worship based on the immemorial usages of the past. So Ezekiel sketches another temple, and fences round the proper homage to Yahweh with every safeguard, so that the nation shall go no more astray, and prophecy again takes the form of law, and portrays for priest and people the conduct required by the great principle of 'holiness to Yahweh.' This principle is finally embodied in the Priestly Code, itself compiled from other smaller codes, which receives the solemn homage of the people in the year 444 B.C. The prophetic teaching is not yet, indeed, complete. New voices uttering new thoughts may yet be heard, as the idea of resurrection and of life beyond death in communion with Yahweh becomes a part of practical religion. But the faith of Israel seeks fresh forms of expression, or pours new vigour into old ones. Hymn and proverb rise

into the vehicles of religious thought as reflection on life bursts forth in joyous praise or passionate appeals for deliverance, or dwells more calmly on the conduct of the wise man who lives by that reverence which is called in the Old Testament 'the fear of the Lord.' And so the rule of Yahweh over Israel has expanded into a 'kingdom' wide as the world and enduring as the generations of the human race. He is a Father to his people, who looks down from heaven upon the sons of men, and dwells with the lowly and contrite heart. It only needs that Jesus shall draw the inevitable consequence,—God is the Father of all, and calls upon us to live as his children, and worship him in spirit and in truth.

So the books of the Old Testament group themselves anew in our thought, no longer in the technical order of the Hebrew Canon—Law, Prophets, Psalms—but with a fresh meaning as Prophets, Law, Psalms. Prophecy, that is to say, was the great formative power of Israel's religion: out of it issued the Laws which declared the demands of Yahweh, whether for daily conduct or for ceremonial service; and when the long struggle was over and the victory of its principles was complete, the Psalmists arose to appropriate its truths in the name of the whole people, and make them vital not only for Israel but for nations that have carried them all round the world.

IV.

The Old Testament is thus the re-

ligious autobiography of Israel; and it has for us that touch of reality and experience which awakens in us again and again the confession of our worthier against our lower self 'Thou art the man.' But it must be read with sympathy for its ideas, or they will fail to interest and move us. They will not move us or interest us at all, if we have no religious life of our own. But I speak to those who have that life in their own hearts, but who very often feel repelled by the strange and obscure forms in which they find it in the Hebrew Scriptures. To such I would offer in conclusion three suggestions as guides or clues among these ancient records.

In the first place remember that you have to do with the story of the growth of a nation and its faith. There are other great collections of religious literature, belonging to the vast continuity in which Israel had its home. You may find them in India, in Persia, in China. There were hymns and prayers in thousands in Mesopotamia or beside the Nile. But they lack the central and informing idea, the continuity of the people, the unity of its personality as a nation in connexion with its God, the conception of a moral relation between Israel and Yahweh. This is what makes the vitality of the Old Testament. In the early days the people are entangled in all kinds of lower usages, like so many of the other races of antiquity. You see the traces of their worship of all sorts of objects, animals, stones, trees, ancestors, sun

and stars. But gradually the service of Yahweh triumphs over them all. Why? Because they learn to view him as entering into their national life. At first he is only the lord of as much land as he can conquer for Israel, in the same way as Chemosh fights for Moab. But though he is sometimes capricious and arbitrary, he demands justice and righteousness from those who would walk in his ways. And when once these ideas are firmly connected with him, his glory cannot cease growing till he has become judge of the whole earth, lord of the hearts of all men, the object of universal worship, 'unto thee shall all flesh come.' Here is portrayed to us on a large scale, in the life of a nation, through a period of a thousand years, the growth of our own faith from the crude imaginations of childhood to the spiritual religion of maturity.

But secondly, this growth, having its root in a moral relation, comes gradually to unfold a moral purpose. The conduct ascribed to some of the heroes of antiquity is base enough. Abraham's attempts to deceive Pharaoh or Abimelech, Jael's murder of the fugitive warrior who has sought her protection, David's cruelties and lusts, bear strange witness to the rudeness of morals among the people of Yahweh. Yet that notion that they were Yahweh's people carried with it a tremendous power. You will find no idea corresponding to that of Yahweh's choice among the other nations of old time. You will seek it in vain in

Egypt, in Mesopotamia, in India, in Greece. Beside the Nile or the Tigris, indeed, the king reigns by the grace of Amon or Asshur; but this imposes no responsibility on the whole people. But it is to the people that the prophets always make their appeal. On them lies the duty of fulfilling Yahweh's will: to them is committed the charge of the truths which he has vouchsafed to make known to them. Israel is bound to obedience for its own sake, that it may itself become what Yahweh intends that it shall be. But there is more than that. Through Israel Yahweh reveals himself to the world. Israel, therefore, has a value for others. It is the embodiment of a purpose reaching beyond itself; it must recognise its high destiny to carry forth the true religion to the ends of the earth. The final object of Yahweh is the enlightenment of the nations, the gift of salvation to the world.

And this involves, in the last place, the idea of progress. This is perhaps the greatest legacy of ancient faith. The poets of Greece supposed that the world had deteriorated from a golden to an iron age. The sages of India conceived the whole succession of things human and divine to recur again and again in cycles. But the prophets of Israel fixed their gaze steadfastly on the future. There lay the goal to which Israel and the nations of the world were all moving together. The story of Eden might stand at the head of one great narrative of Israel's origin; but the Fall in the evangelical sense

was no part of the prophetic theology. That was deeply penetrated with the conviction that Yahweh's purpose for mankind—the establishment of righteousness and truth in all the earth—could never be frustrated. Its fulfilment might be postponed. Israel's unfaithfulness within might delay it. Tyranny and persecution without might hinder it. But, however weary they might be, baffled and tormented, heart-sick and oppressed, they could still utter the triumphant assurance, 'Days are coming.' So Israel was pre-eminently the people of hope—hope that was rooted in the passionate trust that God's great intent for the world must one day be achieved. 'We live,' said Wordsworth, 'by admiration, hope, and love.' The Old Testament, with its high view of the universe as the scene of God's presence and blessing, of life as the process of man's education to do his will, is the greatest book of hope which the human race has ever produced. Its primary ideal is that of a regenerated people, a nation so bound together in the service of its God by justice and good-will that its officers are 'peace' and its exactors 'righteousness.' The boundaries of race, colour, language, still divide us; and we have each our post of duty in the world. The problem of England, therefore, among the nations of the earth is still that of the ancient prophets. Take this book with you as the companion of your thought and the inspirer of your work, and you will learn what it was that fed the soul of Jesus, so that

since his day such problems have seemed nearest their solution when they have been set in the light of his ideas. The aim of our modern political and social life, in short, is supplied to us by the Old Testament. But the spirit in which it must be realised comes to us from the New.

J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

THE faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends; that order, justice, love,
Mean man's completeness, mean effect as
sure
As roundness in the dewdrop;—that great
faith
Is but the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.

Our finest hope is finest memory; . . .
Full souls are double mirrors, making still
An endless vista of fair things before
Repeating things behind; so faith is strong
Only when we are strong. . . .

It comes in swellings of the heart, and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds,—
At labours of the master-artist's hand
Which, trembling, touches to a finer end,
Trembling before an image seen within.

It comes in moments of heroic love,
Unjealous joy in joy not made for us,—
In conscious triumph of the good within
Making us worship Goodness that rebukes.
Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp. . . .

Presentiment of better things on earth,
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our
souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world
in one.

GEORGE ELIOT (*The Minor Prophet*),

The Substance of Two Lectures on the Life and Epistles of Paul.



FOR the details of the life of Paul the reader must be referred to works specially devoted to the subject,¹ and here we can do little more than notice the framework into which these details must be fitted, dwelling, however, somewhat more fully on circumstances which are closely connected with his literary activity.

The sources from which our knowledge of his life is drawn are two, the narrative in the Book of Acts and the allusions in his own epistles. A comparison of these, and of their undesigned coincidences, has given rise to an elaborate argument in favour of the truth of the history. This has been stated with great fulness and care in one of the most interesting and original of Paley's works, the *Horæ Paulinæ*. Naturally, a pioneer, who wrote avowedly in defence of Christianity, and not simply as an historical investigator, laid himself open to some criticism; and, as an example of this, I may refer to Jowett's essay on the subject, where Paley's article on the Thessalonians is treated under a searching examination.² The value and genuineness of

our sources of information require a good deal of testing; but the main facts, with which alone we are at present concerned, are not seriously disputed.

The future apostle was of pure Jewish descent, and belonged to the tribe of Benjamin.¹ Since he describes himself as 'a Hebrew [sprung] from Hebrews,'² it has been inferred that his parents were natives of Palestine, and Jerome³ asserts that he was born at Gyscala in Galilee, and that his parents removed to Tarsus when their town was captured by the Romans. This statement, however, has no authority, and cannot be set against the express assertion of *Acts* that he was born at Tarsus.⁴ His parents may have been Palestinians; but this cannot be safely inferred from Paul's expression, which is not contrasted with Hellenists, and may simply affirm the purity of his lineage. His Hebrew name was 'Shaül,'⁵ which takes the Greek form 'Saulos,' though 'Saoul' is used when he is said to have been addressed in the Hebrew tongue at his conversion, and by Ananias.⁶ From Saulos comes, by the change of a single letter, Paulos (Paul), the name by which he is generally known, and by which he always describes himself. He may have assumed it for the purposes of his Gentile mission, and it is sometimes thought that he adopted

¹ Conybeare and Howson, Lewin, Farrar, Renan; Ramsay, *Paul the Traveller*; Cone, *Paul the Man, the Missionary, and the Teacher*.

² *Epistles I.*, p. 108 sqq.

¹ *Rom.* xi. 1; ² *Cor.* xi. 22; *Phil.* iii. 5.

² *Phil.* iii. 5. ³ *De Vir.* iii. 5.

⁴ *xxii.* 3; see also *ix.* 11, *xxi.* 39.

⁵ Meaning, 'Asked for.'

⁶ *Acts ix.* 4, 17; *xxii.* 7, 13; *xxvi.* 14.

it in consequence of the conversion of Sergius Paulus, the Proconsul of Cyprus. It is more likely, however, that in accordance with a custom of the Hellenistic Jews, he decided on a Gentile name which bore some resemblance in sound to that by which he was known among his countrymen.

Tarsus, the city of his birth, was at that time a celebrated seat of learning, and was classed with Athens and Alexandria. Hence it has sometimes been supposed that Paul had a good Greek education, and much has been made of his few references to the Greek poets. He must, no doubt, have spoken Greek, and come to some extent in his childhood under Greek influences; but there is no indication in his writings that he was ever imbued with the Greek genius. He despised the captivating style of the rhetoricians, and looked upon philosophy as a vain disputation which ended in ignorance of God.¹ His style of argument, where it is not due to the force of his own originality, was learned in the schools of the Rabbis; and his mind was so engrossed with moral and spiritual problems that he cared not for speculations which had no immediate practical bearing, and he had not room for the lighter graces, and the sympathy with the life of nature, which he might have found amid Greek surroundings. Still his early contact with Greeks may have left in his mind insensible traces of a wider world than he found in the schools at Jerusalem; and when he

broke the bonds of Judaism, he may have felt more at home among the Gentiles than if he had been born amid the narrower associations of Palestine. This, however, is the most that can be said, and it seems quite clear that the universality of his views was not owing to the circumstances of his education.

According to the statement of *Acts*, which there is no sufficient reason for doubting, Paul was by birth a Roman citizen,¹ though we are not informed how the privilege of citizenship came into the possession of his parents. Thus the three great civilisations, Jewish, Greek, and Roman, were to a certain extent combined in his person; but undoubtedly the Jewish element completely outweighed the other two.

This predominance of Jewish influence in his education is easily explained. Though he was born at Tarsus, he was brought up in Jerusalem at the feet of Gamaliel.² He may have repaired thither about the age of twelve, when Jewish boys became responsible for the observance of the law. At all events he was there from his early youth, and his strongest religious associations were formed in the holy city.³ He became a Pharisee of the most rigid type.⁴ The genial and tolerant spirit of Gamaliel was not suited to his fiery temperament; and, in the ardour of

¹ xvi. 37 sq., xxii. 25-29.

² *Acts* xxii. 3. ³ *Acts* xxvi. 4 sq.

⁴ *Acts* xxvi. 5; *Phil.* iii. 5; *Gal.* i. 14.

¹ See especially *1 Cor.* i. 18 sq., *ii.* 1 sqq.

his young zeal for the law and the traditions, he thought he was called upon to extirpate Christianity, and put himself forward as the leader of a desolating persecution. This prominence even in his youth is apt to create the notion of a man with commanding presence and vehement energy, and we learn with surprise that his opponents at Corinth were able to allege that his bodily presence was feeble and his speech contemptible.¹ Some outward disadvantages he must have had to make such a reproach possible; but the work which he accomplished shows the indomitable energy of his spirit, and those who were able to see behind the weakness and trembling with which he spoke² must have recognised the power of his convictions, the warmth of his heart, and the depth of his spiritual discernment.

Before proceeding with the life of Paul we must notice its chronology. Unfortunately our sources do not supply us with any details, and we can only take advantage of allusions to a few extraneous events, the time of which is known from general history, and then calculate from these fixed points the years in which the various occurrences in Paul's life took place. First, there is the prediction of a famine which occurred in the reign of Claudius, 44 A.D.³ Secondly, the death of Herod Agrippa is described, and this gives us the same year, 44.⁴ Lastly, Felix was

succeeded by Porcius Festus in 60 A.D.¹ according to the most probable reckoning.² Paul's missionary activity falls between these two dates, and our calculations must for the most part be made backwards from the later one. Another fixed point has been sought in Paul's own statement that he escaped from Damascus when it was guarded by the ethnarch of King Aretas.³ Towards the close of the reign of Tiberius this Aretas, who was king of the Nabatæans, engaged in war with Herod Antipas, because the latter had divorced his daughter. The emperor ordered the governor of Syria to put him down; but before anything was accomplished Tiberius died, 37 A.D., and Caligula took the side of Aretas. It has been thought that he may at this time have received the government of Damascus. Mommsen, however, shows that although prior to this time Damascus had acknowledged the supremacy of Rome, it nevertheless was dependent on the vassal king of the Nabatæans, and remained so till the time of Trajan, so that these events give no help to our chronology.⁴

We come now to the turning point in the life of Paul. When he was on his way to Damascus in order to bring bound to Jerusalem any Christians whom he might find in the synagogues, a great and sudden change came over

¹ Acts xxiv. 27.

² The date is uncertain, and some recent critics would shift the whole Pauline chronology back a few years.

³ 2 Cor. xi. 32.

⁴ *The Provinces of the Roman Empire*, II. p. 149 note.

¹ 2 Cor. x. 10.

² 1 Cor. ii. 3.

³ Acts xi. 28.

⁴ Acts xii. 23.

him. Of this event we have no less than three narratives in *Acts*, one in its historical place,¹ and two in reported speeches by Paul himself.² As is well known, speeches in ancient history are generally the composition of the historians, and it is certainly possible that the author of *Acts* followed the custom, and composed speeches suited to the several occasions on which they were delivered. Still, as the speeches in question occur in the portion of the history which is given with fullest detail, and are in the midst of the passages which proceed from an eye-witness, it seems not improbable that they contain in substance the account which Paul himself was in the habit of giving of his conversion. The narratives differ in detail and even contradict one another. The historian tells us that the men who travelled with Paul heard the voice, but saw no one,³ and nevertheless represents Paul as saying that they saw the light, but did not hear the voice of him that spoke.⁴ This shows that the writer did not care for the minute accuracy and absolute consistency, especially in minor details, which we look for in modern times. Reports varied, and Paul himself may not have been very certain what happened in the case of the men who were with him; nay, they themselves may have had a varying and confused impression, as is often the case in our recollections of a startling event. The

substance is the same in all three accounts, and it deserves particular notice that none of them speaks of a vision of Jesus himself. Paul saw a light, and heard a voice addressing him in the Hebrew tongue. According to the narrative in his own speech he alone heard the voice, and we are justified in assuming that it was no audible sound, but something heard within the depths of the spirit. Nevertheless in *1 Cor.*, Paul expressly asserts that he had seen the Lord Jesus Christ,¹ and it is natural to refer this vision to the time of his conversion. If we are correct in doing so, and try to harmonize the different representations, we must suppose that he took what seemed to be a supernatural light for the glorified spiritual body of him who spoke to him, and knew that Jesus was the speaker only by the inward voice.

The outward facts, then, we must leave in some degree of uncertainty, and turn rather to the source and inner meaning of the change. In this Paul himself was more interested than in the attendant circumstances, though perhaps we are hardly justified in inferring this from their omission in the Epistle to the Galatians; for he assumes that his readers are acquainted with his past life,² and the casual allusion to Damascus³ seems to show that they must have heard the story of his conversion. The same passage gives us a clue to the date. It must have been about the year 35

¹ ix. 1 sqq. ² xxii. 5 sqq.; xxvi. 12 sqq.

³ ix. 7. ⁴ xxii. 9.

¹ ix. 1, xv. 8. ² i. 18. ³ i. 17.

or 36; for it was seventeen years before the Council in Jerusalem, which was held about 51 A.D.¹ Paul's account of the inner change in his convictions is given in these words: 'When it pleased God, who set me apart from my mother's womb, and called me through his grace, to reveal his Son in me that I might preach him among the Gentiles, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.'² It is probable that every great spiritual change has some long preparation in the hidden recesses of the soul, and that this preparation, though it is often attended, through a considerable period, with conscious doubt and mental striving, may go on unconsciously till the fulness of time is come, and the mind is ready for a sudden visitation. Such seems to have been the case with Paul, according to his own view. He had been set apart from his birth, and was being trained for a Christian apostle at a time when he would have shrunk with horror from the notion of such a destiny. His profound reverence for the law, his study of Rabbinical lore, his zeal for God, though not according to knowledge, his strong conscientiousness, with its harrowing struggles and bitter defeats, were all needful for the man who was to write the *Epistle to the Romans*. But these, though preparations for his future work, need not have brought about any change;

and Paul himself ascribed the change simply to the good pleasure of God, who called him by his grace. To those who believe in the reality of spiritual communion this may be a satisfactory, and the only satisfactory, account. Those who love to trace the grandest issues to the meanest causes attribute it to a flash of lightning or a fit of epilepsy. Others more worthily seek for the psychological chain which connects the persecutor with the apostle. The death of Stephen, the triumphant faith of the Christians, may doubtless have had their effect; but why did they convert Paul, and leave Gamaliel and a hundred others untouched? Circumstances which produce 'quite different results in different people cannot be regarded as the determining causes of mental change; and if there are psychological or material laws which, if known, would have enabled us to predict the advent of Plato or Shakespeare, or the conversion of Paul, they have not yet been discovered, and to talk of a great man as 'the product of his age,' as though great men were turned out, like manufactured goods, by the thousand or the million at certain epochs, is simply to veil our ignorance under a quasi-scientific, but unmeaning phrase. That spiritual events, like the appearance of a unique genius, born not from nor for his age, but from the timeless Spirit and for all time, or like that birth from above which alters the whole character of a man's inner life and thought,—that such events are subject to rational and

¹ See i. 18, ii. 1; I follow the ordinary chronology; but it may be that all our dates should be shifted back a few years. The question is interesting to scholars, but is of small importance.

² *Gal.* i. 15 sq.

spiritual law, we need not doubt; but a law of this kind belongs to the highest, and not the lowest, realm of being, and is not open to that scientific interpretation which belongs to the invariable sequence of material phenomena. I am content, therefore, to leave the conversion of Paul among the unexplained occurrences of the spiritual world, and to refer it, with Paul himself, simply to the good pleasure of Him who prepares us all in his own chosen way for our appointed work.

To the inner meaning of Paul's conversion we have a more certain clue. He himself describes it briefly as a revealing of the Son of God in him, and connects this revelation with the preaching to the Gentiles.¹ The revelation must have consisted of an opening of the inward eye to perceive the real character of Jesus, and the significance of his life. He was not an impostor or fanatic, but the 'Son of God according to the spirit of holiness.'² He was not leading the people to their ruin, but calling into existence a new race of Sons of God, men consciously led by the Spirit of God,³ and drawing their life from his overflowing fulness.⁴ It followed that true glory lay in self-sacrifice. 'Christ crucified,' formerly a contradiction in terms, became luminous with spiritual meaning, and contained the very law of life. The essence of that life was love, the one thing which, with faith and hope,

would abide when knowledge had vanished in fuller light, and prophecy and tongues were silent.¹ The law, with its dreadful curse against all who failed to yield it a perfect obedience, had laid its curse upon the righteous One, for everyone who was hanged on a tree was cursed according to the Law, and thereby its abrogation was manifested, and the redeemed could go forth from under its relentless verdict into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.² Jesus had led the life of faith; and this faith was not bound by nations or institutions. It was in its nature as universal as humanity, and became the fit watchword of a new brotherhood of spiritual men.³ Thus the preaching to the Gentiles was not an arbitrary commission, but the spiritual result of the revelation. Paul's whole future activity was determined by this new idea of sonship, which he had found in the righteous and loving one who had been crucified, and who, as he firmly believed, thus far blending the old with the new, was the promised Messiah, destined soon to return from his place of heavenly exaltation, and establish his victorious kingdom.

It is sometimes assumed that because Paul ascribes his gospel entirely to revelation, and not to instruction received from the older apostles, it was therefore the offspring of his own brain, and that he did not know or care to know anything of the earthly

¹ *Gal.* i. 16.

² *Rom.* i. 4.

³ *Rom.* viii. 14.

⁴ *Eph.* iii. 19. Cf. *iv.* 18.

¹ *1 Cor.* xiii.

² *Gal.* iii. 13; *Rom.* viii. 21.

³ See especially *Rom.* iv.; *Gal.* ii. 14 sqq.; *iii.* 6-9, 14, 26-28, *iv.* 1-7.

life of Jesus. This assumption appears to me not to follow from the independence which Paul claimed, and and to be quite incredible unless it be established by overwhelming evidence. Saul the persecutor must have been pretty familiar with the outward facts of Christ's life, and with the general scope of his teaching; else why did he persecute? Blank ignorance has no animosity, and even misunderstanding and calumny must rest on a substratum of knowledge. The eye of an opponent often sees clearly and far; and he may have perceived that the logical outcome of the new doctrine was the abrogation of the Law, the suppression of the sacrificial worship of the temple, and, in a word, the downfall of Judaism. This would account for the violence of his hostility, and at the same time furnish what seems to be a necessary condition of his conversion. Why should he come to believe that Jesus was the Christ if he knew nothing about him? If he spun a gospel or scheme of salvation out of his own brain, why did he not confine himself to grand metaphysical speculations, instead of making everything centre in Jesus of Nazareth—surely a very useless encumbrance to a dreamy or fanatical philosophy? But if he already had a sufficient knowledge of the facts to serve as a basis of argument, then the revelation consisted, as we should expect, not in a disclosure of real or supposed events, but in a withdrawal of the veil of misunderstanding, and a disclosure of the true

significance of the facts already known. For instance, the crucifixion might appear as the final and deserved proof of imposture and failure, or as a glorious martyrdom which changed the whole conception of the Messiah, and exalted the self-sacrifice of love into the supreme rule of life. The event which had seemed to justify the cutting taunt, and the smart, self-confident argument of a sneering orthodoxy, was now seen to open the way into the very heart of God, and therefore to place the relations between God and man in a light entirely new. This is true revelation, an unveiling of that which cannot be taught like a fact of science or history, but must be seen and felt inwardly, a spiritual discernment of spiritual things. With such a revelation one might well retire into the Arabian solitude, and shun the disturbing contact of flesh and blood. There, in communion with God, the apostle might ponder on the meaning and bearing of the change which had come over him, and bring them into the clear light of thought; and with his sudden and vivid experience he might see farther into the consequences of the new teaching than his predecessors, whose faith had grown more slowly out of their personal affection. Thus the independence of his gospel affords no evidence whatever of his ignorance of Christian facts.

It would not be inconsistent with this representation to suppose that Paul received a fuller instruction in the life and teaching of Christ after

his conversion. Adequate knowledge of these would not only be sought for his own satisfaction, but would be necessary for the purposes of controversy, and for his missionary success. To imagine that he went about the Roman Empire inviting men to believe that Jesus was the Christ, and, when he was asked what sort of man Jesus was and what he taught, could only answer, 'I know that he was crucified and rose again, and beyond this I know and care for nothing,' seems to me absurd. Such evidence as we have goes to show that there was an established body of teaching which was imparted to converts, that Paul 'delivered' the history which he himself had 'received,' and that there were appointed teachers whose business it was to give oral instruction, which included such material as we find in our present gospels. This is so exactly what we should expect that we cannot refuse to believe it simply because our evidence is scanty.

In this connection I may refer to a very interesting circumstance which Paul happens to record. Three years after his conversion, and after he was already known to be preaching the faith which he once destroyed, he thought it well to go up to Jerusalem to make the acquaintance of Peter, and he stopped with him fifteen days.¹ Can we believe that during this rather long visit Peter never cared to speak about the old days when he followed Jesus as an intimate friend, and that

¹ *Gal.* i. 18, 23.

Paul did not care to listen? People of that sort are the puppets of criticism, and not men, and for my part I cannot so read the glowing heart of Paul. We should observe, in passing, that there is no intimation of any difference with Peter, and we are expressly told that the churches of Judæa which were in Christ glorified God in Paul because he was preaching the faith. Clearly the rift which troubled him at a later time had not yet appeared.

But why then is there so little allusion to the life and teaching of Christ in the Epistles? This question, I cannot but think, arises from a lingering influence of a mistaken view of Scripture. When the Bible only was the religion of Protestants, it was natural to look everywhere for a complete exposition of Christian doctrine; and we are still inclined to treat the Epistles as if they were systematic theological treatises, intended to describe Christianity for the benefit of those who heard of it for the first time. In reality they are addressed to people who had been already fully taught, and who still had competent teachers among them. Paul refers to what he himself taught everywhere in every church, and to his own practice as conformed to that teaching.¹ We are not told what the substance of that teaching was, but it is clear that there was a regular body of teaching of some sort, which was communicated as a matter of course to every

¹ *1 Cor.* iv. 17.

newly founded church. To this there is no reason why we should look for more than casual allusions in the Epistles, which, from the very nature of the case, present, not the constant element in Paul's doctrine, but various supplementary instructions required by the exigencies of different communities. They were called forth by passing circumstances, and they dealt largely with questions which had arisen in the growing life of the churches, and which could not be settled by the direct authority of Christ himself. There is an illuminating example in *1 Cor.* vii., where various matters affecting the relations of the sexes are discussed. In regard to divorce Paul appeals expressly to the commandment of the Lord,¹ and on that subject we find a very emphatic utterance in the gospels. In relation to other matters he says that he himself speaks, not the Lord,² and he makes it clear that he is giving only his own judgment, though, he adds, he thinks that he has the spirit of God.³ Here, then, he presents the teaching of Christ as final in a case where such teaching was known to exist; where no such teaching had been given he forms the best judgment that he can, in submission to the Spirit of God; in other words he applies Christian principles to the solution of new problems. There was, therefore, no reason why Paul should refer largely in his letters to the earthly life of Jesus, for this was common ground, which gave rise to no

controversy, and he could safely assume his readers' familiarity with it. Similarly, many a modern sermon is based throughout on Christian principles, and yet contains hardly any direct allusion to Christ and his teaching. It is, then, quite a baseless assumption that Paul cared for nothing but what we find in his letters. On the other hand we may ask how it comes to pass that the whole scope of his spiritual and ethical teaching is in agreement with that of Christ, so far as it is made known to us in the gospels. That teaching is of a very marked type, and it is a singular thing if Paul hit upon it quite independently, and then put it forward, not as his own, but as the common substance of Christian requirement. I am referring now to the hortatory and non-argumentative portions of the Epistles; but I must add that the argumentative portions show for the most part a profound insight into the significance of Christ's life, and the spirit of his teaching. Surely the natural inference is that Paul was acquainted with them, and adopted them as the universal elements of the gospel, and the irremovable standards of his own thought and practice.

We must now return to the main current of our history. How soon after his conversion Paul began to preach he does not inform us. According to *Acts*, which in this portion of the narrative is not quite consistent with Paul's own account, he began to preach immediately in the synagogues

¹ vii. 10. ² vii. 12. ³ vii. 40.

of Damascus, and having excited the hostility of the Jews was obliged to escape by night, being lowered in a basket from the city wall.¹ Paul himself says that he withdrew into Arabia, but adds that he returned to Damascus; and we may infer that he preached there, for at the end of three years he was known as a preacher of the faith,² and that he made himself prominent in Damascus, for he incidentally mentions his escape in the basket, and introduces the allusion in such solemn terms that he evidently thought his life was in imminent peril at that time.³ After his visit to Jerusalem he went into Syria and Cilicia,⁴ and from Tarsus he was summoned by Barnabas to Antioch,⁵ where a vigorous church, probably including a number of Gentiles, had grown up. After a year it was decided that the range of their operations must be extended, and Paul started on a missionary tour as the companion of Barnabas, who still took the lead.⁶

THE FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY may be placed about the year 46 or 47. The two apostles visited Cyprus, Perga, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra and Derbe (in Lycaonia), and from the last-mentioned town retraced their steps to Attaleia, where they took ship for the Syrian Antioch. According to the account in *Acts* they delivered their message first in the synagogue, where one was available;

but, though not without some success among their own countrymen, they encountered on the whole the bitterest opposition, and we are told that it was owing to the violence of the Jews in Antioch in Pisidia that for the first time they deliberately turned to the Gentiles. But this did not save them from the anger of the Jews, who stirred up the Gentiles, and even pursued the missionaries to Lystra, where Paul was nearly stoned to death. This seems to me quite a probable order of events. However willing Paul may have been to preach to Gentiles, he must have been at first even more desirous of preaching to his own race, and it was only through a bitter experience that he was driven to despair of a national adhesion to Christianity. He himself attests that to the Jews he became as a Jew, that he might gain the Jews,¹ and five times he was flogged by Jews.² These statements fully bear out the representations in *Acts*, and give an indisputable confirmation of what we should antecedently expect. It is well to note here Paul's own testimony to the reality and severity of persecution; for it seems to be sometimes assumed that all allusions to persecutions point to the time of Trajan, and that, if we except the local ferocity of Nero, the Christians up to that time were unmolested. In fact our evidence shows that from the first they were persecuted, and persecuted for their Christianity, if not by the formal direction

¹ *Acts* ix. 20 sqq. ² *Gal.* i. 17, 18, 23.

³ *2 Cor.* xi. 30 sqq. ⁴ *Gal.* i. 21.

⁵ *Acts* xi. 25 sq. ⁶ *Acts* xiii. 1 sqq.

¹ *1 Cor.* ix. 20. ² *2 Cor.* xi. 24.

of the imperial government, by outbursts of savagery in various places, and by the judicial decisions of the synagogues and of the Roman magistrates.¹ The crucifixion was only the beginning of woes which threatened every ardent disciple.²

The progress of the Church among the Gentiles gave rise to a serious practical question, and provoked the first controversy within the Church itself. Jewish Christians naturally continued to observe the Law, even if they attached but little importance to its ceremonial requirements, just as we obey the law of the land although we may not approve of every part of it. We must remember that the Levitical Law was not only a part of Jewish religion, but was the ordinary law of the people, interpreted by a professional class, and enforced by the properly constituted authorities; so that a Jew could hardly question his own obligation to observe it without putting off his nationality. So long, then, as the Church was almost wholly composed of Jews and Jewish proselytes, the question of the observance of the Law, if raised at all, could hardly be more than academic. But the case was quite altered when the Gentiles in large numbers began to embrace Christianity, and to form

what were in the main Gentile congregations, or at least to be an important element in the Christian community. They naturally did not observe the Jewish Law: was it to be imposed upon them? The time had come when this question had to be decided. Apparently at Antioch things had been allowed to take their natural course, and the Gentile converts had embraced Christianity without incorporation in Judaism. But this did not satisfy some of the zealous folk in Judæa, and they came down to Antioch, and taught the brethren that if they were not circumcised according to the custom of Moses they could not be saved. An eager controversy sprang up, in which Paul and Barnabas advocated the broader view; and it was finally decided to send a deputation to Jerusalem to consult the apostles and elders. It is now, I think, generally admitted that in spite of difference of detail *Acts* xv. and *Gal.* ii. both refer to the same meetings, which were held in Jerusalem to settle this question, and it will be sufficient here to mention the result of the conference according to our two authorities.¹ Paul says expressly that, recognising the grace that was given to him, James, Cephas, and John, gave him and Barnabas right hands of fellowship, in order that they might go to the Gentiles, and themselves to the circumcision; and the only condition laid down was

¹ See not only the narrative in *Acts* xvi. of the treatment of Paul and Silas at Philippi, apparently written by an eye-witness, but Paul's own 'thrice was I beaten with rods' (i.e., by Roman officials), *2 Cor.* xi. 25.

² For the localities visited by Paul in Asia Minor see, in addition to the lives of Paul, Professor W. M. Ramsay's 'Historical Geography of Asia Minor,' and 'The Church in the Roman Empire,' part I.

¹ A summary of my own views may be seen in my little commentary on *Galatians*. Professor Ramsay strongly advocates a different view.

that they should remember the poor, the very thing that Paul was eager to do. Thus wisdom prevailed; Christianity formally broke its Jewish barriers, with the approval of the older apostles in Jerusalem; and if there was division in the field of work, there was union in charity. According to *Acts* the vote in regard to circumcision was decisive and unanimous, but the Gentiles, on their side, were expected to make some concession. They were to 'abstain from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication,' and these requirements were embodied in a friendly letter to the 'Brethren from among the Gentiles in Antioch, and Syria, and Cilicia.' It will thus be seen that, so far from its being the case that the writer of *Acts* tries to gloss over differences of opinion, it is Paul himself who asserts that the older apostles completely agreed with him, and gave the fullest sanction to his Gentile ministry.

Judas and Silas (or Silvanus) were despatched to Antioch with Paul and Barnabas, to represent the Church at Jerusalem. Silas chose to remain there, and afterwards became closely associated with Paul in his missionary labours and in some of his correspondence. The Judaizing party, however, was not finally defeated. We may probably place in this period Peter's visit to Antioch, of which Paul gives an account in the Epistle to the Galatians.¹ Peter acted at first ac-

cording to his own convictions, and lived as a Gentile; but when certain men came from James, he and the other Jews withdrew and separated themselves, so that, as Paul says, even Barnabas was carried away by their hypocrisy. The question, so far as we can judge, seems to have turned, no longer on circumcision, but on food. The former point was apparently conceded; and henceforward circumcision was not insisted on as necessary to salvation, but only advocated as a counsel of perfection.¹ This sudden and timid aberration on the part of Peter is quite in accordance with his character, and it is equally in accordance with it if we assume that the error was of short duration, as we know that of Barnabas must have been. Had there been a permanent alienation Paul could hardly have left the story as it stands, for the Galatian Judaizers could have retorted that from that time forward his teaching was condemned by Peter, and that his boasted independence was nothing better than heresy. The whole purport of the narrative implies that Paul was successful in rebuking what he treats throughout, not as a difference of opinion, but as a failure to act consistently with acknowledged principles. But though the leaders were convinced, a set of small and narrow-minded men remained, who continued to trouble the Gentile Church till the end of the apostle's life.

After these events, perhaps in the

¹ ii. 11 sqq.

¹ See *Gal.* iii. 3; v. 2 sqq.

autumn of 51, Paul started on his SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY. He now parted company with Barnabas, and took with him Silas. Again we must omit details, and content ourselves with indicating the route which was followed by the two missionaries. They passed through Syria and Cilicia, confirming the churches, visited Derbe and Lystra, where they met with a disciple named Timothy, whom they took into their company, and passed on through Phrygia, Galatia, and Mysia, till they came to Troas. Here the unnamed author seems to have joined them, for at this point what is known as the 'we' narrative in *Acts* begins.¹ It is continued till the travellers reach Philippi. It is then dropped till Paul revisits Philippi in the course of another journey, when it is resumed,² and retained till the apostle is given into custody in Rome.³ From Troas the little band of missionaries sailed to Neapolis, from which they proceeded to Philippi, where Paul and Silas were scourged and imprisoned, but where, nevertheless, they succeeded in founding a church. Thence they passed through Amphipolis and Apollonia, and came to Thessalonica, where was a synagogue of the Jews. Here, too, they founded a church, but were forced to leave owing to the violence of the Jews, who stirred up the city against them. The brethren sent them away by night, and they came to Berea, where they found the members of the synagogue 'more noble'

than those in Thessalonica, and willing to inquire; but presently Jews came from Thessalonica, and stirred up the mob, so that Paul, who was probably the most obnoxious, was forced to leave, while Silas and Timothy remained behind. Some friends conducted Paul as far as Athens, where they left him, taking back word to Silas and Timothy to join him as soon as possible. While waiting for them at Athens Paul reasoned in the synagogue and in the market place, and made the celebrated speech 'in the midst of the Areopagus.' Afterwards he went on to Corinth, where he remained for a year and a half, and established one of his most important churches.⁴ At the end of this prolonged residence he sailed straight for Syria. He touched at Ephesus, and took the opportunity of reasoning with the Jews in the synagogue, but refused to delay, as he was anxious to keep the approaching Pentecost in Jerusalem, A.D. 54. He landed at Caesarea, paid his visit to Jerusalem, and then returned to Antioch.¹

This journey brings us at last into certain connection with the literature of the New Testament. This literature began quite casually, and nothing can be further from the fact than the supposition, if not avowedly, yet practically held by most Protestants, that it was deliberately prepared as a body of sacred Scripture, to be binding for all time. It began with a correspond-

¹ xvi. 10. ² xx. 5-6. ³ xxviii. 16.

⁴ The history of this journey is told in *Acts* xv. 36-xviii. 22.

ence, which arose naturally out of particular circumstances, and was intended to satisfy temporary and local needs. In this correspondence the Pauline Epistles form a distinct group; and even if it be thought that some of them are spurious, and belong to a later date than some other works in the canon, still it is most convenient to treat them together, and in connection with the dates to which, if they are genuine, they must with the greatest probability be assigned.

Several causes contributed to the production of this unique correspondence.

First of all, it expresses the affection which the apostle felt towards his disciples in the various towns which he had visited. The emotion of a highly-strung and sensitive nature is everywhere apparent. Many passages are marked by an overflowing tenderness; and when he is driven into vehement rebuke, his indignation soon dies away into a pleading gentleness. And while he so abundantly loved, he longed for an answering love and sympathy. It is evident that misunderstanding and alienation gave him acute pain; and when he was treated with injustice, he did not maintain a proud and disdainful silence, but became 'a fool in glorying,' that he might not only maintain the authority which was needed for the success of his mission, but regain that place in the hearts of believers which he seemed for a time to have lost. The epistles which are least marked by doctrinal and practical discussions had their

sources mainly in the impulses of affection.

Connected with this was the desire to encourage the young communities of Christians to be steadfast under the pressure of attacks from without. As we have seen, the Christian movement was constantly attended by persecution. In such circumstances constancy and calmness are the two requisite virtues—constancy against the desertion of the faith, calmness against fanaticism; and the apostle, apprehensive for his unseasoned converts, encourages and warns by letter those whom he could no longer address by word of mouth.

Another reason for correspondence was afforded by the necessity of advising on questions which arose within the churches themselves. For instance, views were entertained in regard to the second coming of Christ which deranged the moral order of life. Difficulties were started in regard to marriage, and especially the union between believers and unbelievers. The rules which Christians ought to observe in regard to the use of sacrificial meat were open to difference of opinion, and required nice adjustment between the claims of Christian liberty and the obligation of fidelity to conviction. On such points the apostle was consulted, either through messengers or by letter; and in reply he sent his own weighty decisions in writing. A different class of questions sprang from the internal conduct of the societies; and acting on information conveyed to him by friends, Paul thought

it well to tender his advice or even to administer rebuke. For example, at Corinth there was a great outbreak of party spirit; the plainest dictates of morality were violated with apparent impunity; the Lord's Supper was conducted with an almost incredible irreverence. And lastly, doctrinal errors had to be corrected. There were some at Corinth who affirmed that there was no resurrection of the dead. Paul meets this position by an elaborate argument, and endeavours to show that a doctrine of resurrection is involved in the essence of Christianity. He treats the error as more than speculative, and as likely to produce evil conduct; but he utters no word of rebuke, and does not suggest the excommunication of the mistaken thinkers. It is well to contrast this with his treatment of the question of moral purity. He is, however, much more severe towards the Judaizers, and pronounces an anathema against them.¹ But this, too, is very instructive. What he condemns in them is not a speculative error on obscure and difficult questions, but a narrow and intolerant bigotry, which, if allowed to prevail, would have strangled Christianity, and made the faith in Christ of none effect. The consideration of such questions must have contributed not a little to the clearing and unfolding of Paul's thought. I see no evidence that he started with a cut-and-dried scheme of doctrine. Rather was he imbued with great

spiritual principles, which he applied as occasion arose; and when fresh questions came before him, he resolved them first by the intuition of the spiritual mind, and then reasoned them out for intellectual presentation. In interpreting his writings we must reverse the process, and pass behind the intellectual form to the spiritual suggestion.

The correspondence, the origin of which we have thus endeavoured to describe, has not come down to us in its completeness. It is possible that Paul wrote many letters which perished through various causes. One such is apparently alluded to in *1 Cor.* v. 9. It is probable, however, that any letter of the first importance was carefully preserved, and it is hardly probable that we have lost anything which would have added materially to the value of the existing collection. The other side of the correspondence has totally disappeared. Presumably letters of inquiry were not thought to tend to edification; but to us they would be extremely interesting in bringing more vividly before us the feelings which his disciples entertained for Paul, the kind of authority which they ascribed to him, and the way in which they were affected by the difficulties for which they sought a solution. We must, however, be content with inferences from the answers which are given by the apostle; and, though there are many gaps in our information, these are sufficiently full to enable us to construct in im-

¹ *Gal.* i. 8-9.

agination at least an adequate outline of the condition of the primitive churches. One of the lost letters from a church is referred to in *1 Cor.* vii. 1.

The Pauline Epistles are frequently spoken of as fourteen. This number, however, includes the Epistle to the Hebrews, which, though it has often been ascribed to Paul, does not profess to be by him, and is of uncertain authorship. Whatever view, therefore, we may take of its origin, it stands in a class by itself, and must be reserved for separate consideration. The other thirteen all profess to come from the apostle, and must consequently be treated as his unless proof be given of spuriousness. They fall naturally into certain groups. Nine of them are addressed to churches, and four to individuals. Of the former group the two to the Thessalonians must be placed first. Then, after an interval, come what we may distinguish as the four great epistles, *Galatians*,¹ *1 and 2 Corinthians*, and *Romans*. Lastly, after another interval, there are three epistles of the imprisonment, *Ephesians*, *Colossians*, and *Philippians*, within which *Ephesians* and *Colossians* form a sub-division, being closely related to one another in substance, and apparently despatched at the same time. For the most part these are addressed severally to a church in a particular town; but that to the Galatians appeals 'to

the Churches of Galatia,' and was evidently intended to be circulated over the district. It is possible that the Epistle to the Ephesians was originally a circular letter, which afterwards became particularly associated with the principal city in the province. The letters to individuals also admit of sub-division. The two to Timothy and that to Titus are classed together under the name of the Pastoral Epistles, because they deal with the duties of the pastoral office. That to Philemon is a purely private letter, asking him to accord a kindly reception to a runaway slave whom Paul had converted.

Until modern times these epistles were generally received as undoubtedly the work of the apostle; but in the present century their genuineness has been attacked with all the resources of criticism. The name of F. C. Baur stands highest in this crusade against ancient belief. He, however, accepted far the most important among them, the four great epistles, as unquestionably genuine, and used them as a certain standard by which to judge of the rest. A few later theologians have gone far beyond Baur, and rejected all the epistles, placing their composition considerably later than the apostolic age; and I believe one writer has even maintained that they are an invention of the Renaissance. Such opinions, if I may be permitted to say so, simply exhibit the foolery of criticism, and tend to bring discredit on its methods. They may at least teach us that true

¹ The chronological position of *Galatians* is much controverted, and widely different views are held at the present time. It has been regarded both as the earliest and latest of Paul's epistles.

criticism requires a balanced and sober judgment even more than learning and acumen. On the whole, I think, the trend of opinion even among the freer theologians has been to revise some of the conclusions of Baur in favour of the older belief; and at present we may say, speaking generally, that the four great epistles maintain their place; the pastoral epistles are most open to doubt, and the most frequently rejected; *Ephesians* and *2 Thessalonians* are viewed with a less degree of suspicion; and the rest are accepted with considerable confidence.

The genuineness of each epistle must be examined upon its own merits; but I may make here a few remarks on two classes of objection which are frequently relied upon.

First, mere modification of doctrine is not a proof of difference of authorship. Such an argument depends for its validity on the notion that the apostle was infallible. If we abandon this position, there is not only no reason why Paul should not have modified his views, but we should expect him to have done so under the influence of his varied experience and deepening thought. I think, moreover, that his mind was not of that dogmatic order which throws its thoughts into precise and inflexible forms, and clings to them with unyielding pertinacity; rather did he view each question in its relation to the immediate circumstances, and with his largeness of spiritual sympathy dwelt now on one aspect and now on

another of the same fundamental idea. Some of his expressions, it seems to me, are to be taken rather as flashes of spiritual suggestiveness issuing from some burning sentiment, than as the formal utterances of systematic thought, and consequently some of the expositions of Pauline doctrine by men of a totally different temperament and range of feeling and sympathy are caricatures rather than interpretations. But while we must bear this in mind, it cannot be denied that some changes would be psychologically impossible; and we must endeavour in each instance, to judge, with such powers as are given to us, whether differences of doctrine are of such a kind and degree as to be inconsistent with identity of authorship.

Secondly, the appearance of words or phrases which are not used in the great epistles is no proof that we are dealing with the work of a different author. Change of time and place and subject may well induce some change in vocabulary; and the total bulk of composition is so small that it cannot be supposed to have exhausted, or nearly exhausted, the words which the apostle was willing to employ. The question of style is much more difficult. Style may change, especially when men write amid new surroundings, and in an altered mood, or when they sometimes write and sometimes dictate their compositions. Nevertheless, it can change only within certain limits, and it may become a matter of nice literary judgment to determine

when the limits of probable variation have been exceeded. No one, I presume, could suppose that the first epistle of John proceeded from Paul; but among the Pauline epistles themselves, though there is a clear difference of style, it may reasonably be doubted whether it is greater than may be attributed to a single author.

In connection with this subject we may observe that the epistles addressed to churches are constructed upon one general plan, with such modifications as the subject may suggest. First comes the greeting, followed by a thanksgiving. This is succeeded by a doctrinal portion, which leads up to various exhortations. Lastly, there are personal references, greetings, and a closing benediction. This arrangement is most clearly marked in *Romans*, *Galatians*, *Ephesians*, and *Colossians*, though in *Galatians* the thanksgiving is turned into an expression of astonishment at the defection of the churches. It is least apparent in *2 Corinthians*, *1 Thessalonians*, and *Philippians*. It is discernible also in the Pastoral Epistles, particularly in *2 Timothy* and *Titus*; and is not altogether absent even from *Philemon*. This general plan is carried out with such great and easy variation that it suggests rather the unconscious working of a single mind than the deliberate effort of an imitator or imitators.

It is obvious that this portion of the literature of the New Testament, consisting as it does of casual correspondence, cannot be understood ex-

cept through some knowledge of the circumstances under which it was written, and the state of opinion at the time. We may advantageously contrast it in this respect with two very different classes of composition; for our final doctrine of Holy Scripture must depend largely on the actual nature of what we find there. The understanding of a catechism or creed, if at least we except certain phrases, is independent of temporary conditions. It is designed to set forth religious truths for all time, and in proportion to the perfection of its structure fails to betray its age. Similarly the highest form of devotional utterance seems to emanate from the Eternal Spirit, and it matters not whether it was written yesterday or thousands of years ago. Now, though the Pauline Epistles contain timeless elements of both these kinds, they, nevertheless, taken as a whole, plunge us into the difficulties, the doubts, the controversies, even the modes of reasoning of a particular period, and a somewhat varied knowledge must be combined with spiritual depth and sympathy in order to interpret them. They are not dry and authoritative statements, which we are to receive with passive acquiescence, but open their rich treasure-house only to the persevering student, who will add to his generous enthusiasm the laborious methods of the philologist and the historian. It is this careful study which makes us really masters of another's thought, and brings us

under the ennobling influence of greater minds; and thus the concentrated attention and wide research which these epistles require tend to enlarge the mind and train the intellect, while at the same time we are appropriating thoughts which become a living power within us. Our faculty of spiritual discernment, too, receives a valuable discipline, because, instead of lazily accepting what is told us, we have to pass beneath the temporary controversy to the underlying principle, and draw forth from modes of argument and illustration so unlike our own the permanent truth by which the judgment of the apostle was governed. Thus we receive from the epistles mental and spiritual culture rather than dogmatic imposition.

The two epistles to the Thessalonians were, on the supposition of their genuineness, most probably written from Corinth during the second missionary journey.

We come now to Paul's THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY. He started probably in the autumn of 54 A.D.; and this time apparently alone. He travelled first through the Galatian territory and Phrygia, confirming all the disciples.¹ At this point in the history we are introduced to Apollos, an eloquent Jew of Alexandria. He, having come to Ephesus, met with Aquila and Priscilla, who gave him more exact instruction; and when he proceeded to Corinth he made his influence felt among the disciples, and

publicly confuted the Jews. It deserves notice here that the brethren at Ephesus are said to have written to the disciples at Corinth, requesting them to receive him.¹ It may be to this very letter that Paul alludes when he asks the Corinthians, 'Need we, as some, letters of commendation to you?'² At all events we learn that letters passed between the churches, which, however full of interest they might be to us now, have not been preserved; and this fact confirms the supposition that much correspondence may have been lost, those letters alone being preserved which appeared to be of permanent value, and which alone perhaps we could rank as literature. While Apollos was at Corinth Paul arrived at Ephesus, intending to make a longer stay than he was able to afford on his previous visit. For three months he frequented the synagogue, and spoke freely about the Kingdom of God; but after that time Jewish opposition compelled him to withdraw, and having formed the disciples into a separate society he continued his teaching for two years in the school of one Tyrannus. His preaching was attended with such success that it excited the alarm of the silversmiths, who made silver shrines of Artemis; and these, headed by Demetrius, excited a disturbance which evidently placed the lives of the leading Christians in some danger, and Paul brought his visit to a close, though perhaps not much earlier than he had intended.

¹ Acts xviii. 23.

¹ Acts xviii. 27. ² 2 Cor. iii. 1.

Roughly speaking, he had been there for three years,¹ which does not necessarily mean more than two years and part of a third, and it had been his purpose to leave at Pentecost, in the year 57. It is thought by some that, although Ephesus was his headquarters, he must have paid during this time a visit to Corinth, which is not recorded in *Acts*.² Having left Ephesus he passed through Macedonia into Greece, where he spent three months; and when he was about to sail for Syria, a plot of the Jews induced him to return through Macedonia. Here the 'we' narrative in *Acts* is resumed with the voyage from Philippi 'after the days of unleavened bread.'³ A week was spent at Troas; but Paul sailed past Ephesus, that he might not be delayed, as he was anxious to reach Jerusalem by Pentecost. He stopped, however, at Miletus, and sent for the elders of the church at Ephesus to come and meet him. He delivered a touching address, and bade them a final farewell; for it was already his purpose, after his visit to Jerusalem, which he felt to be attended with considerable risk, to repair to Rome, and enter on new fields of labour in the west.⁴ From Miletus he sailed to Tyre, where he spent a week; and thence he proceeded to Cæsarea, where he stopped at the house of Philip the

Evangelist. After several days he went on to Jerusalem, amid the anxious forebodings of his friends, who even entreated him not to go. He was ready, he declared, not only to be bound, but even to die for the name of the Lord Jesus.

The four great epistles were in all probability written during this third missionary journey, though in regard to *Galatians* opinion is unsettled. They mark the flood tide of Paul's literary and religious genius. In Jerusalem the apostle and his companions were guests of a venerable disciple named Mnason, a native of Cyprus. The day after his arrival Paul went with his friends to James, evidently on a formal visit, for all the elders were present. He was favourably received, but warned that this favour would be far from universal. There were thousands of believing Jews, all zealous for the Law; and a report had reached them that Paul taught the Jews who lived among the Gentiles to forsake the law of Moses, and not to circumcise their children. The elders looked upon this as a misrepresentation; and as a crowd was sure to come together when the news of his arrival was circulated, they advised him to take measures which would prove his personal respect for the national customs. There happened to be four men who were under a vow as Nazarites, and Paul, acting on the advice that was given to him, undertook to be 'purified' with them, and to defray the necessary cost. Ac-

¹ *Acts* xx. 31.

² See *2 Cor.* xii. 14, xiii. 1, 'this is the third time I am ready to come to you,' and 'this is the third time I am coming to you.'

³ 58 A.D., *Acts* xx. 6.

⁴ *Acts* xix. 21; *Rom.* i. 11 sqq., xv. 22 sqq.

cordingly he went with them on the following day into the temple, and gave notice that they were fulfilling the days of purification, until the requisite offering was made for each of them. This account is given in *Acts*,¹ professedly by an eye-witness; and whether it agrees or not with our preconceived view of Paul's character and teaching, I do not see how it can be legitimately called in question. The conduct attributed to him may not be such as we Gentiles can easily enter into; for such customs are quite remote from our way of looking at religion, and undoubtedly Paul's epistles have contributed materially to the change of view. Still I do not think anything related in *Acts* is inconsistent with the direct teaching of the epistles. To Paul the ceremonial of the Law was, in its relation to morals and religion, a matter of perfect indifference; but for that very reason he advised, in 'all the churches' that men should remain in the condition in which they were called to the Gospel, and that the Jew should not seek to denationalise himself.² We have, therefore, his own express testimony that the rumour circulated about him in Jerusalem was false. But then what of his conduct in sanctioning a vow and offerings in the temple? It seems to me that he would look upon these as a perfectly innocent national custom, in the observance of which he would not hesitate to join, if he could thereby dissipate an unfounded prejudice, and

establish more friendly relations with the Christians at Jerusalem. There is no reason for supposing that he ever ceased to observe the Law, except so far as his observance of it would have interfered with the success of his Gentile mission. When residing in Gentile communities he 'lived as a Gentile,'¹ and resisted any attempt either to force the Law upon Gentiles or to observe it in such a way as to cause a division, and split the church into two hostile parties. But the very same principle would induce him, when in Jerusalem, not to thrust forward his independence of the Law in a way which would cause unnecessary division there. His conduct, therefore, does not appear to me to be inconsistent with his teaching; but if any think it inconsistent, we must remember that men do sometimes act inconsistently, and especially men of warm temperament who are readily moved by their sympathy with those among whom they are living. Whether his action on this occasion raise or lower our estimate of his character and judgment, the testimony is too strong to be set aside.

We hear no more of hostility from the brethren, for a more alarming danger speedily arose. Jews from Asia observed Paul in the temple, and, having previously seen Trophimus the Ephesian with him in the city, they cried out that he had brought Greeks into the temple,² and profaned

¹ See *Gal.* ii. 14 sq., where this is implied.

² That is, into the court of the Israelites, within the court of the Gentiles. No Gentile was allowed to enter there under pain of death.

¹ xxi. 17 sqq. ² 1 *Cor.* vii. 17 sqq.

the holy place. An uproar immediately broke forth; people rushed together from every part of the city, and it became necessary for the tribune of the cohort stationed in Jerusalem to intervene, and rescue Paul out of the hands of the mob. I need not follow in detail the story so fully and graphically told in *Acts*. Paul was sent for safety to Cæsarea, where he was kept in custody for two years by the procurator Felix, who hoped to receive a bribe, and was at the same time willing to gratify the Jews. On the recall of Felix, Porcius Festus came out as his successor. The exact date is uncertain, but it is fixed with some probability as the year 60, though recent critics have been inclined to place it earlier. Owing to the action of Festus, who seemed willing to sacrifice him to the Jews, Paul was obliged to appeal to the Emperor, and accordingly was despatched to Rome, where he arrived, after a wintry voyage and shipwreck, early in 61 A.D. Here further delays awaited him; but prisoners of this kind were well treated, and Paul was allowed to live in his own lodging, and to receive his friends,—only under the constant supervision of a soldier, to whom he was bound by a chain. Thus he continued for two whole years, when the curtain falls, and all certain history of him comes to an end.

To the period of the imprisonment must be assigned, on the supposition of their genuineness, at least four of the epistles, *Philippians*, *Colossians*, *Ephesians*, and *Philemon*. There is

some difference of opinion as to the order in which these epistles should be arranged, and as to the place, whether Cæsarea or Rome, where they were composed.

Whether Paul was ever liberated from this imprisonment, and accomplished his purpose of preaching the gospel in Spain, must, I fear, be left undecided, although a very confident opinion is expressed on each side. The interest of the question is connected with the serious doubts which are entertained about the genuineness of the pastoral epistles; for it is difficult to find a place for them within the apostle's lifetime except on the assumption of a second imprisonment in Rome. Here I can only state, without discussion, my own opinion that the historical evidence of Paul's liberation and journey into either the east or the west is exceedingly uncertain, and that it becomes less substantial the more nearly we approach and examine it; and if such events took place, they are wrapt in inexplicable obscurity. We are not, therefore, entitled to assume this prolongation of the apostle's life as providing a period wherein we may, without further question, locate the pastoral epistles. On the other hand, these epistles themselves may furnish a distinct line of evidence; and if it can be proved that they are Paul's, and that, if so, he must have been liberated, I do not think there is anything to forbid the acceptance of such a conclusion. The absence of definite and wide-spread

tradition is perplexing; but then how much of early Christian history was allowed to sink into oblivion, and is now irrecoverably lost.

However the foregoing question may be determined, we may accept with confidence the tradition that the great apostle died as a martyr in the imperial city.

JAMES DRUMMOND.

WINTER READING CIRCLES.

A SUGGESTION.

DR. DRUMMOND in his opening address laid great stress upon the importance of our training ourselves for Sunday school work, by the study of method and class management on the one hand, and by enlarging 'our world of thought' by taking up some definite course of reading,¹ on the other.

Now is this seed to fall on barren soil, or are we going so to cherish it that it may bear good fruit?

I should like to propose that all of us—who heard or who have read his words—should try to interest our co-workers in school and church to take up some branch of this two-fold study; and as united action always gives zest and enthusiasm to any work, I will suggest the following plan.

For the first part will our Teachers organise four meetings during the coming season, at which to discuss the first four lectures, namely, those on Object, on Day School Methods, on

Discipline and on Method of Preparing and Presenting a Lesson? These lectures—be it well understood—having been first carefully read and studied by each one.

This would provide something for the practical side of our work. As a subject for our own self-culture could we not persuade other friends to join with us in the study of the Life and Teachings of the Apostle Paul. It is always difficult to get over the difficulty of providing text books, but in this instance we have Dr. Drummond's lecture; and this, with his little manual on Galatians (published by Sunday School Association, price 1s.) would be all that are necessary for the greater number of the members, besides the New Testament; of which the Story of the Apostle's Life, in Acts; and his four letters; *i.e.*, the one to the ROMANS, the two to CORINTH, and one to the GALATIANS would have to be read through with care. Probably in each circle one or two of the members might be able to devote a little more time to the matter, and these might take up one or more of the books referred to in the footnote on page 211, or others that they may have, and so bring additional matter to enrich the store of information at the periodic gatherings. I am quite sure that the minister also will gladly give help in this direction.

Such a scheme seems to me to be perfectly feasible to all who desire to 'enlarge their world of thought,' and it would be a solid gain if we could

¹ See Page 100.

feel that the teachers in our Sunday schools had really come to know something of the great life and life work of the first Christian missionary. If the members of the Reading circles desired to put their work to the test of examination, no doubt an arrangement might be made to carry out their wish if they will make it known to the Hon. Sec., Sunday School Association, at Essex Hall.

MARIAN PRITCHARD.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in *Elsie Venner*, tells how a good old doctor was asked why medical men were so rarely 'orthodox' in their religious beliefs, and he replied as follows:—

'To begin with their ideas of the Creator himself. They always see him trying to help his creatures out of their troubles. A man no sooner gets a cut than the Great Physician, whose agency we call *Nature*, goes to work—first to stop the blood, and then to heal the wound, and then to make the scar as small as possible. If a man's pain exceeds a certain amount he faints, and so gets relief. If it lasts too long, habit comes in to make it tolerable. If it is altogether too bad, he dies. That is the best thing to be done under the circumstances.

'So, you see, the doctors are constantly in presence of a benevolent agency working against a settled order of things, of which pain and disease are the accidents, so to speak. Well, no doubt, they find it harder than clergymen to believe that there can be any world or state from which this benevolent agency is wholly excluded. They can hardly conceive of a permanent state of being in which cuts would never try to heal, nor habit render suffering endurable. This is one effect of their training.

Notes of Two Lectures on the Development of Liberal Nonconformity.

GIVEN AT THE OXFORD SUMMER
SESSION, 1899.



HAVE endeavoured in the following notes, to indicate the most important points noticed in the lectures; and

I have inserted a few references to Dr. Herford's *Story of Religion in England*, and Mr. Gordon's *Heads of English Unitarian History*,¹ for the sake of those who may wish to add some detail to a very meagre outline.

I.—THE OLD NONCONFORMITY.

Meaning of Terms. It seems to be thought in these days that *Nonconformist* is only a fine name for a *Dissenter*—but the two names stand apart, at least in their historical significance. A Nonconformist is, originally, a man who does not conform to certain regulations imposed upon the church of which he is a member; these regulations dealing with rites and observances, and not directly touching doctrine or opinion. The great occasions of Nonconformity have, naturally, been the two great attempts to enforce Uniformity by Act of Parliament (under Queen Elizabeth, 1559: under Charles II., 1662). The circumstances, as we shall see, were very different in these two cases: but both alike aimed

¹ Both works may be obtained at Essex Hall.

at securing a uniform church-service everywhere, which everybody should be bound to attend: and neither contemplates for a moment any liberty granted to those who disapprove to absent themselves, or to meet for worship in their own way. A Dissenter is a person to whom the liberty of meeting for worship other than that of the Church of England is, under certain conditions, conceded by law: and this liberty dates from the Toleration Act of 1689. It is hard for us now to realize that before this time the state of things to which we are accustomed (an *established* church, with *permitted* churches growing up around it) had very seldom been even imagined as possible.

The Elizabethan Settlement. (Herford ch. xxii.) The Act of Supremacy (1559) made the Queen 'Supreme Governor of the Church'; she would not call herself 'Supreme Head' as her father had been called, but the powers given to the crown were stated in the very language of the Act of 'Supreme Head' (Henry viii. 1534), including spiritual and ecclesiastical authority to reform and correct heresies, schisms, abuses, etc. Moreover, the Act of Uniformity gave the Queen a *reserve of power* which she was to use, as occasion arose, in ordaining and publishing further rites and ceremonies. The Act further authorized a Prayer-book (the second of Edward VI.) and enacted penalties for absence from the church-services. But the Queen, armed with full ecclesiastical authority, would not allow the

Parliament to do anything more: above all, she was fearful lest any such measure of reformation should be adopted as would alienate the Catholic population from conformity and from allegiance. Time and indulgence must be given, if those who had been Romanists under Mary were to be kept in attendance at the parish church. The Queen's private chapel was to be taken as the model of permitted ritual; and the Articles of Religion, framed in 1562, had to wait ten years further her authorization. She was in no hurry to commit the Church to such Protestant statements of doctrine: and she said 'she would not suffer these things to be ordered by Parliament,' considering that such ordering belonged to her own 'reserve of power.' The Bull of Pope Pius V. (1570), which proposed to depose the Queen, and release her subjects from their obedience, determined that England was to be Protestant, and Elizabeth recognized the fact.

The Acts to which I have referred embody the theory which Elizabeth held in common with Henry VIII. and with Charles I., and which we may call the Tudor-Stuart theory of the personal rule of the Prince, *in the church*. Henry had carried out his personal rule through an executive officer, a lay Vicar-General. Elizabeth acted more directly. She issued Royal Injunctions, which dealt minutely with the conduct of services, apparel of ministers, etc.; and mandates to the Archbishop, ordering their stringent application: while the power of pun-

ishing the refractory was vested, from time to time, in Commissioners, whose proceedings were often in the highest degree arbitrary and tyrannical,—The High Commission Court.

The Queen's policy was:—as little change as possible; absolute uniformity in external matters; everybody bound to go to church, under penalties for absence which went on increasing from fines to imprisonment, and even banishment; a minimum of preaching; the occasional reading of a homily, put forth by authority, rather than any original effort; in the vain hope that differences of doctrine and opinion would be forgotten if they were not mentioned, and that new ones could be repressed.

The party of further Reformation. It is not very easy to understand the religious position of the great mass of English people, whose views were met, or whose general cohesion was, for a time at least, maintained by the policy of Elizabeth. There were the Catholics to be conciliated and drawn towards closer reunion, if possible. There were the clergy—and the congregations—that had been Protestant under Edward, and Romanist under Mary, to be let down gently into the new state of things. But there were others, both clergy and laity, who were impatient at what looked to them like time-serving, at least, if it were not indeed disloyalty to the truth and the Gospel. Many of the clergy had fled from the Marian persecution and found refuge among the Protestant Churches

of the Continent; the most distinguished of these (Jewel, Cox, Horne, Grindal, etc.) were made Bishops on their return at the Accession of Elizabeth. They had come back hoping to Protestantize England: they desired to sweep away all survivals of Popery, and remodel the services of the Church of England in some simple fashion that should bring them nearer to the observances of the *purser* churches of Germany, Switzerland, etc., meaning churches which were purged of ceremonies regarded as Popish. (This appears to have been the origin of the term *Puritan*, applied to those who desired to carry the Reformation further.) The new Bishops found themselves powerless: they were discouraged in every attempt to do anything but enforce uniformity. But there were those in the country who looked to them for leadership, and found themselves disappointed: ministers who desired to evangelize the country by a Protestant crusade—laymen who had kept alive the traditions of the old Lollardism, or had gathered in knots to read the Bible, or held meetings for worship in holes and corners, during the dark days of the Marian persecution. The Bishops had to see their most active clergy dragged before the High Commission Court; the most earnest laymen saw the men who preached the word for which they had been hungering, silenced and imprisoned for not wearing a surplice. It was disobedience in this matter of *vestments* that produced the first open

rupture (the *Vestiarian* controversy): a matter of *indifference*, truly: but it was the line taken by the objectors as to *things indifferent* that marks the first principle of Puritan revolt, in Elizabethan Nonconformity. Both sides admitted that the wearing of a surplice was a thing, in itself, indifferent: 'what Christ and the Scripture leave as indifferent, no earthly power can make to be anything else than indifferent,' said the Nonconformist. 'Nay,' said the Queen's Commissioners, 'we pass here into the region of the things which are at the sovereign's discretion: she can, and does, enjoin this—and therefore it is no longer indifferent.' This difference of view is interesting also, as leading directly to the next stage of doctrine on both sides. The Puritan turned his statement round, and read it in this way, 'Christ and the Scripture have laid down everything that is essential and necessary as to the church and its functions—therefore all things as to which they are silent are not essential and necessary, and should be abolished.' They proceeded to make a theory of the church, extracted from the New Testament, and applied this as a test of a true church-constitution. Here we have the typical enunciation of Puritan *Scripturalism*, and its application in a manner which led to *Presbyterianism*—the doctrine that in the church as represented in the New Testament, a *bishop* or an *elder* (*presbyter*) are either two names for the same functionary, or at least that a bishop is not of

different order or rank from an elder, but is only 'first among equals.' This doctrine of the *equality of ministers* was the first principle of doctrinal Presbyterianism. Over against this attempt to extract a rigid law from the words of Scripture, it was pleaded, in the great work of Hooker, that church government and ordinances are not necessarily uniform—that room is intentionally left for the operation of considerations of expediency, and the action of local circumstances, etc.—and hence, episcopacy and other institutions may be rationally defended as good and effective, or permissible, even if Scripture does not actually make them essential: (a liberal view, which, however, was not destined to be influential till long afterwards). Satisfied with their own authority as presbyters, and impatient of the inaction of the bishops, a number of the Puritan clergy proceeded to take measures for the spread of religion among the people. And this in two ways. (1) By forming Associations, for the holding of what we should call Special Services, and for the encouraging of ministers in the study of the Bible, and in the practice of preaching. Such meetings were called Prophesyings (*i.e.* preachings, as in *1 Cor.* xiv. 1-3, etc.) and subsequently Exercises (Herford, p. 223). (2) By parochial organization, for the purpose of *discipline*. The restoration of such discipline had been, long before this, included in the programme of the English Reformers, as you may see by reference to the Communion of

1549 (in the Prayer Book). The Prophesyings, though heartily approved by many bishops, were suppressed by the Queen's commands: and the first, and so far as I know the only, attempt made at this time to set up a parochial presbytery (like a Scottish Kirk-session) at Wandsworth in 1572, was followed by the imprisonment of the clergy who had taken the lead in this movement. The persecuted Puritan amplified his theory in proportion as he was prevented from putting any part of it into practice: and developed, about this time, a scheme of Church-government, in which, besides the presbyteries, or elderships, of particular congregations, these were to be district councils (*classes*, or classical meetings), provincial assemblies, and a general assembly. Some few of the Puritan clergy seem to have held *classical* meetings in secret: but no *assembly* was even attempted. The fact, however, that the scheme was embodied in one or two bills introduced into Parliament, caused it to be regarded as a dangerous attack upon the Church. Practically, it was no more than a dead letter, until, in later days, interest was revived in these schemes, when Episcopacy was abolished by the Lay Parliament, and plans of Presbyterian Church-government were discussed.

The Separatists. Thus far we have seen the Puritan desiring to reform the church from within, and on the basis of the existing parish. There were others, however, who, renouncing all notion of reform by authority,

propounded a doctrine which cut away at one stroke Episcopacy and Presbyterianism alike, state-establishment, and parochial organization. Their leader, Robert Browne, in his proposals for 'Reformation without tarrying for anie' (1582) urged the necessity for an absolutely fresh start. The false churches must be left, and the true churches founded: these are to be, in every case, *gathered*; they are to consist of true believers, associated in a Gospel-order, acknowledging no head but Christ, and holding that all the graces and powers promised by him to his church, are destined for particular churches, which are to be *independent*, and self-governing. Their officials are to be chosen out of their own members, and every member has a right to be assured as to the faith and character of every other by a mutual covenant. In this view, the congregation of the parish church is a 'public assembly,' but no church. The Separatists (at first called Brownists) were the ancestors of the Independents of the Commonwealth time, and the Congregationalists of later days. They were bitterly persecuted in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign, and many of them fled to Holland, where they enjoyed liberty of worship. In the reign of James I., they were joined by a few other clergy who, without openly separating from the Church of England, had established *gathered* churches, on the Independent model, within their parish congregations. One of these churches, from Scrooby in Nottingham-

shire, removed to Holland in 1608, and continued them till 1620, when a number of its members (whom we now call 'The Pilgrim Fathers') set out for America. A clergyman, John Smyth, who had been a neighbour of theirs, at Gainsborough, caused a split among the exiles in Holland by advocating the baptism of adults only. Many of his followers (the *Baptists*) returned to England under Charles I., and disseminated their views, especially in Kent and in the neighbourhood of London. So that when we come to the Commonwealth time, we find in existence the three great branches of the Old Nonconformity, Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist, which were to be the constituents of the *Old Dissent*.

In passing from the eve of the Puritan Revolution to the period of the Toleration Act, I would insert the following references to the books I have mentioned, which will enable the reader to fill up the gap.

Puritanism in Power. Herford, ch. xxv.

The failure of Parliamentary Presbyterianism, and the spread of Voluntary Associations (largely owing to the influence of Baxter). Gordon, pp. 63-67.

The Restoration, and Charles II.'s Act of Uniformity. Herford, ch. xxvi. Gordon, pp. 76-85.

The Liberalism of Baxter. Gordon, pp. 91-101, especially §§ 78, 82, 84, 85.

II. THE OLD DISSENT.

The Period of Toleration. The reign of Charles II., and his successor, James, show us alternately rigorous persecution of Nonconformists, and temporary grants of liberty (due to exertion of an assumed royal prerogative). The

Nonconformist was suspicious of the indulgence when it came, for (1) he surmised that the royal policy was, to induce him to throw in his lot with the Catholic. And (2) he knew that such overriding of Acts of Parliament, however harsh these acts might be, was dangerous and unconstitutional, involving just that assumption of the divine right of Kings which England had rejected in the person of Charles I. So James II. found that the Nonconformists took the side of the Bishops whom he had estranged by his Declaration for Liberty of Conscience (1687). The landing of William of Orange, and the 'Glorious Revolution' brought the Toleration Act (1689). Its terms certainly did not come up to what the Nonconformists had a right to expect, or what William himself was prepared to grant. Its name was 'An Act for exempting certain of Their Majesties' Protestant subjects dissenting from the Church of England, from the penalties of certain laws.' Of its provisions, the following are to be noted:—It was only for Protestants, and orthodox Protestants: Catholics, on the one hand, and deniers of the doctrine of the Trinity, on the other, were expressly excluded from benefit. (Legal Toleration was only extended to the latter in 1813, to the former in 1829.) The tolerated Dissenters might take out certificates of registration, at quarter-sessions, for their places of worship: but the solitary man who did not belong to one of them, was left to the penalties of the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity, if he

did not attend the parish-church. Every Dissenting schoolmaster and teacher was required to sign the doctrinal Articles of the Church in presence of a magistrate. There was no relief from the Corporation and Test Acts. Now what was the attitude of the two great branches of the 'Dissenting Interest,' respectively, towards this measure? Given only equal citizenship, the Independents would have been satisfied. There was liberty of forming separate and gathered churches, each free to propound its own terms of fellowship: and there was protection from disturbance, provided they did not meet with closed doors. But the feeling of the Presbyterian was widely different. The Act made him a Separatist against his will: it quietly put him out of the Church, and told him to be happy where he was. He had never renounced his birthright in the national Church: he had maintained, against the Brownist, that the Church of England is not a false Church; was this to be forgotten or ignored? A *Comprehension* Bill ('for uniting their Majesties' Protestant subjects') with proposals for a modification of subscription, was brought in and passed in the House of Lords; where also a suggestion for the Revision of the Prayer Book was strongly supported. But all these efforts were overthrown by the opposition of the House of Commons, and the Convocation of the Church. The opposition of the Bishops to James II. had greatly increased the popularity and influence of the Church; and it

was easy to raise the old cry, that nothing would ever satisfy the Non-conformists.

The United Brethren. The Presbyterians did not readily settle into their legalised dissent: many of them had scruples about continuing separation by ordaining successors to the older generation of ministers—scruples too about holding Dissenting services in the 'public time,' i.e. while service was being held in churches. But congregations, rejoicing in liberty of public worship were springing up all over the country, and meeting-houses were being built. During the reign of William III.,—just eleven years—no less than 2468 places were registered for Dissenting worship. So naturally, there was a desire for some understood relation and fellowship among the constituents of the great body thus brought to a knowledge of its own numerical strength. To bring about such understanding was not easy. The Presbyterian, seeing he could not have a comprehensive national church, wanted a comprehensive dissent. The Independent was nervous lest terms of union should infringe the congregational liberty of particular churches. It was however agreed that Presbyterian and Independent should renounce these denominational names, and be called only Protestant Dissenters (the term introduced by the Toleration Act) and that their ministers should be associated as United Brethren. Very moderate and practical 'Heads of Agreement' were drawn up by John

Howe, who, though a Presbyterian, had been chaplain to Oliver and Richard Cromwell. The 'Happy Union' was inaugurated in London, April 6, 1691: and soon county and district associations on the London model were formed all over England. (Gordon, pp. 95-7.) Indeed the country associations proved much more efficient and more lasting than that of London: the fact that the 'United Brethren of London and Westminster' were made referees in matters of difference all over the country, tended to keep alive among them the original diversities of Presbyterian and Independent sentiment.¹ Almost within a year, their union was threatened by two serious disputes: the first arose from the encouragement given to lay-preaching, and what we should call Revival meetings (with outbreaks of hysterical excitement), by an Independent minister in Nottinghamshire. The Presbyterians, as champions of decency and order, strongly disapproved of these efforts. The second dispute was doctrinal. Dr. Daniel Williams, a Presbyterian, and the founder of 'Dr. Williams's Library,' who had taken a leading part in the first controversy, was charged with being unsound in his Calvinism, and dismissed from his office in connection with the Merchants' Lecture (Gordon, pp. 27, 87). The controversy, which lasted for seven years, showed that the Presbyterians

shrank from extreme applications of predestinarian doctrine (antimonianism), and this marks the first *theological* divergence among Dissenters. Further events, which we must notice below, were interpreted as evidence of a wider gulf—to a large extent, mistakenly.

Exeter and Salters' Hall. In 1719, the London ministers were called together in Salters' Hall (then a Presbyterian Chapel, of which Rev. John Newman was minister,) to consider a case referred to them by the joint-managers of the Dissenting Congregations in Exeter. Two of the Exeter ministers, Peirce and Hallett, were charged with holding Arian views of the person of Christ, identical with those of Whiston and Clarke. These writers, both Churchmen, had engaged in the 'Trinitarian Controversy' which had caused much strife in the Church of England, but had not, until now, affected Dissenters. Now, it was said, not only the tutors (Peirce and Hallett) but the students, of the Exeter Academy, were imbibing the Clarkeian heresy (Gordon, p. 28). The 'United Brethren of Devon and Exeter' endeavoured to allay the suspicion by giving general assurances of the orthodoxy of their body. But the lay-managers took the matter into their own hands, barred the meeting-houses against Peirce and Hallett when their preaching-turns came, and appealed to the London ministers to say that they were justified in doing so. When the ministers met at Salters' Hall to con-

¹ The Baptists appear to have been first formally associated with them on the occasion of an address to the throne on the accession of Queen Anne: thenceforward they have their place among 'The Three Denominations.'

sider this appeal, it was proposed by Thos. Bradbury (Independent) that they should guarantee their own orthodoxy by subscribing articles on the doctrine of the Trinity, before proceeding to advise Exeter. The ministers of Devon had tried a similar plan, with no success: but they had allowed each minister to make his own statements, while Bradbury's proposal was that subscription should be in the terms of the articles of the Church of England, or of the Assembly's catechism. The meeting divided on the question, and the proposed subscription was rejected by four votes. The subscribers withdrew; and the two bodies acted apart, both sending to Exeter 'advices for peace.' The non-subscribers, whose 'advices' were signed by a considerable number of ministers who had not attended the meeting, gave assurance to the Exeter people of their own belief in the Doctrine of the Trinity. Their non-subscription was, however, unfairly interpreted as evidence of their unsoundness on this subject. We cannot say that their protest was on behalf of the principle of non-subscription, as we understand it: for they had all, I suppose, subscribed the doctrinal articles of the Church (as required by the Toleration Act) as a condition of exercising their ministry at all. That was, to them, a matter between themselves and the State. They objected to anything like the sudden and capricious erecting of conditions of fellowship within the ranks of Dissent. Though the large majority of the non-

subscribing party was Presbyterian, it included some eminent Independents, e.g. Nathaniel Lardner. (Gordon, p. 33.)

A Scriptural Theology. It would be impossible to compress into a paragraph or two an outline of the doctrinal charges which gradually took place among the ministers and congregations of the old Dissent. I must content myself with pointing out one or two marked characteristics.

The *principle* of the Sufficiency of Scripture grew in importance, and was variously applied. It meant that Scripture is the final appeal in matters of doctrine—that its authority is superior to that of any man-made creed—and that it is presumptuous to try to take doctrine, or explanation of doctrine, beyond the terms of scripture. The doctrine of the Trinity, which roused controversy both among Churchmen and among Dissenters, affords an appropriate example of the application of this principle. There was no intention, anywhere, of denying the doctrine: but objection was taken to this explanation or that—as being too speculative and metaphysical, or too crude and material: hence Dr. Samuel Clarke's 'Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity,'—and the 'Scripture Doctrine' was pronounced to be Arian and not Athanasian. Thomas Emlyn, who was fined and imprisoned for his Arianism in Ireland (1703), called himself a 'Scriptural Trinitarian.' Some used the traditional language, and when asked for an explanation said, It is not revealed: for example, Dr. Oldfield says 'that God

is three, the Father, Son and Spirit, that each of these is God, and all of them one God, but all this, in ways to us unknown and indeed inscrutable, is what the scriptures lead us to believe.' So with the authors of the 'Unitarian Tracts,' and their supporter, Thomas Firmin: they are content to use all scripture phraseology, but they reject all attempt to make the doctrine of the Trinity more definite than it is in scripture. 'Unitarians do not deny three persons in the Godhead,' they say. 'What they deny is that there are eternal minds, spirits, or infinite subsistences' (referring to the language of the 'Trinitarian Controversy' in the Church of England): and the Unitarian's complaint against the Church is that it labours to make the doctrine of the Trinity more definite, more detailed and more essential than it is in scripture.

So also with the doctrine of the Atonement. The Dissenters most suspected of heresy in the early part of the century did not scruple to use language of *propitiation*, *price*, and *ransom* applied to the death of Christ, though they would have rejected the doctrine of the actual substitution of Christ for the sinner. Peirce of Exeter takes, on this subject, the strictly scriptural line:—If the death of Christ was a sacrifice, it was a sacrifice which God had provided: it is not for us to ask whether it was infinite, or indispensable: if scripture calls it *propitiation*, why call it something else? A doctrine of Atonement, but with language

greatly modified, was maintained by the Arian section of the Presbyterians till the end of the century: but they had fallen back upon such guarded language as this, 'the death of Christ had a *certain connection* with the forgiveness of sins, not as producing a change in God, but as a condition or means of making his forgiving mercy known to mankind.'

But between the dates of these two samples of language with regard to the same doctrine, the great Evangelical Revival had affected all religious bodies in England. It drew the Independents into alliance with Evangelical Churchmen on the ground of their common Calvinism. The pictures of the terrors of judgment, the estrangement of God, the depravity of man, the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, and the imputation of his righteousness to the sinner, caused thoughtful men to inquire whether the terms on which this popular preaching depended, mean, in scripture,—in their places, with the context and connection of ideas—exactly what they are supposed to mean by those who used them. Foremost among these inquirers was John Taylor, whose books on *Original Sin* (1740) and the *Atonement* (1751) had a wide influence. (Gordon, p. 37.)

The definitely Unitarian character of the movement which brought Theophilus Lindsey from his Yorkshire vicarage, and led him to found Essex Street Chapel, London, (1774), caused his action, and the interest it aroused in Dissenting circles, to be an inval-

able support to Dr. Priestley, who had been preaching definite Unitarianism at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds. Up to this point there had been scattered instances of ministers and congregations that embraced doctrines Socinian or Humanitarian. But from this point, it must be admitted, whether we are glad of it or not, the Churches of the Presbyterian wing of the Old Dissent, began to sort themselves as *for or against* the Unitarian doctrine. (See Gordon, pp. 37-41, and 108-114, 117-119.)

J. E. ODGERS.



PHILOSOPHY does not exist until the mind of the student begins to work for itself with the principles it has received historically, to decompose, and to compose anew, to criticise the arguments employed, to essay at least to push the confines of truth further into the wilds of error and ignorance, and to leave her a wider territory.

WILLIAM THOMSON.

WHAT was the result of hard thinking and manifest effort on the father's part, was accepted by the sons as a foregone conclusion, as a finality in religion. So the sons inherited their father's thought but not his thinking, and made his religious form the substitute for religious life on their own part.

THEODORE PARKER.

The Work and Teaching of G. F. Watts, R.A.

THE MAN.



HAVE been asked to give an account of the life, work, and teaching of the venerable man whom I consider the greatest artist of our time. It is not an easy matter to put before an audience in three-quarters of an hour, the result of such a long life's noble devotion and earnest work. In dealing with the man I shall endeavour to select those passages of his life which I think are most helpful to us as Christian workers; and in dealing with his paintings I can but hint at the reasons which led Mr. Watts to paint some of them.

Of one thing I am certain, and that is that it is impossible to conceive a loftier ideal for any work than that which Mr. Watts has formed for himself and his art. He is not merely a painter; but an artist in the highest conception of the term; and not only so, but a poet, a preacher, and a prophet, though pictures are the only means by which he gives us his poetry and tells out his messages.

No man ever devoted himself to the artistic expression of the spiritual more heartily than Mr. Watts. Not that he has neglected the painter's technique for the sake of religious ideas. He has consummate skill, and spares no pains in making his pictures

as perfect as possible; yet this is always subservient to the lesson he desires to teach by his painting.

George Frederick Watts was born in 1817. As a boy he was profoundly impressed with the beautiful and majestic forms of the broken statues which are now in our British Museum, and which once adorned the Parthenon in ancient Athens. These great sculptures were his only art teachers. It is true he entered the schools of the Royal Academy, but found immediately that the driest and most useless of rules were the only things that institution had to teach him. He left off attending the classes after one or two weeks; then drew from casts in a sculptor's studio, and watched a portrait-sculptor at work. And in saying that I have mentioned *all* the art training Watts ever had. It is not difficult to see in his after work how great was the influence upon him of those wonderfully carved marbles from Athens. Though, in theory, it is not easy to see how sculpture can become the teacher of painting, the splendidly independent and graceful figures on the canvasses of Mr. Watts exhibit a style and conception which can be compared only to the Athenian marbles.

His lofty religious ideals of art were formed when he was quite a youth, but in old age they are as prominent in his thought as when he was barely out of his teens. I can well remember the astonishment I had, in November, 1896, when I was bidding the

aged artist good bye at his studio door, he said: 'I shall be eighty in February, and I mean to do my best work yet.'

The great picture he has produced since that time is called, 'Love Triumphant.' I think that must be the work he was alluding to.

The life work of Mr. Watts falls into three groups. The first consists chiefly of historical composition, the Westminster competition work, and the portraits he painted at Florence; the second, his gallery of contemporary celebrities; and his third, his beautiful series of paintings of spiritual ideas. The first were merely youthful productions, but in painting them he learnt the necessity of being free from the dictates of patrons, if he was to work in the direction indicated by his own soul. He was fortunate enough to secure such freedom. He won a prize for a Westminster cartoon, and went to Florence, where his portrait commissions were many and well paid for. He earned enough money in those few years to allow him, by means of buying an annuity, to devote the rest of his life to work of an ideal character.

The great lesson he had learnt from his contact with society was that the majority of people neglect the highest and best of life for the superficial and the untrue. He had gained power with his brush, and he was determined to show by that brush what was his conception of true life. He would do his part to lead to a

better and loftier conception of life than the majority had.

To carry out this purpose he set himself to do two things. First, he would make a selection of the people he considered the noblest of his time, and endeavour to get their permission to paint their portraits. He would thus emphasize, as it were, the kind of life which he considered highest. If he was able to form anything like a good collection he would present the gallery to the nation. And, secondly, he would endeavour to put on canvas the highest and purest conceptions of life and conduct. So his ideal would be indicated, and those who had come nearest to attaining it would be pointed out. Notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of such gigantic undertakings he has succeeded in both. His wonderful series of character delineations of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Martineau, Morris, Gladstone, Meredith, and others, have gained world-wide popularity, and his collection of ideal-life subjects is without parallel in the world's history. This series was also intended for the nation, and many of the paintings are now upon the walls of the Tate Gallery. From these we gather his religious message to our time. They form a series of noble commentaries on various phases of life, and arrange themselves easily to form a connected whole, so thoroughly has the artist worked out his philosophy of life by design and paint.

THE NEIGHBOUR.

Before going on to his works, I would like first to make another reference to the man. His life is one of the most beautiful examples of self-sacrifice I know. He could have been very wealthy, of course; but he has not desired riches. He never paints for money, or on order; unless some good Society in which he takes interest, needs funds. He has twice refused a baronetcy; and lives very temperately in a house—not great or grand—but beautiful, amongst the lovely Surrey hills. The house is decorated by the hand of Mrs. Watts, whose artistic feeling and work is almost as high as her husband's. When they settled near Compton, they naturally interested themselves in the villagers; and found that, like most villagers they were leading aimless lives. This was about the year 1890. Mr. and Mrs. Watts felt that it was their duty to see what could be done. It was seen that the lack of anything to interest the people in their leisure hours, outside their every day occupations, was a great drawback to their moral life and spiritual progress. But it was not easy to see what ought to be done. To get them to do things such as odd drawing copies, which were without any apparent permanent value would not answer. The question was: 'Is there anything Compton really needs as a village; something which everybody might get interested in doing?' Making inquiries, it was

found that the village churchyard was no longer available for burial purposes, and a cemetery was necessary. Could there be found enough interest to labour on for a few years to build a cemetery chapel? The artist and his wife decided to try. They bought the ground and sketched designs for the building and its decoration. The object was to make the decorations of such a character as to be suggestive of religious truths, so that the building should be a bible in stone, and the villagers in making the bricks should not only have work for their hands, but food for their minds also. The bricks should be decorated ones, and the villagers should make them. There would be manipulative and artistic training to go through, and the gradual erection of the chapel would be a source of continual interest to them; the symbolic figures would preach sermons all the time they were being worked out in clay.

Every Thursday evening the villagers came into the studio at Limnerslease to receive instruction. They were first taught drawing. The design had been made up as a model, so that all could see what they were working for. Then small parts were given to each of the willing workers. Every step taken was fully explained. After the drawing came the modelling in clay, and so, gradually the terracotta bricks were produced by these different hands to fit into the building to form the complete scheme. A kiln was erected in the studio garden,

so that the brick-baking could be done without the trouble of sending out to the potters. The oak doors were made by the village carpenter, and carved under the supervision of Mrs. Watts; and the iron work forged at the smithy not many yards outside the gates of Limnerslease. And it was all a labour of love.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the wealth of symbolism which is enshrined in this building. Mrs. Watts has selected the noblest emblems from most religious systems, and made nearly every brick to do its part in conveying the beautiful lessons. And she took good care that the workers should understand the meaning of the work they were engaged upon. The whole completed building forms a substantial picture of the deeper meanings of life here and hereafter, as far as such is possible by means of bricks. For instance, the almost universal ideas of the *circle* for eternity, and the *cross* for faith, often occur. They form the ground plan—a circle intersected by a cross. The pillars supporting the arch of the door, show the river of life running down from heaven to earth; and the buttresses exhibit the tree of life rising out of the ground and growing through the terrestrial spheres, producing its various fruits as it grows, and being lost at last in the celestial plane. This plane is indicated by all the space above the top of the doorway. The simplest forms of life are seen near the ground; and the higher forms as

the tree is higher and nearer the celestial sphere. So, the story of creation, and the evolution from the animal, through man, to the spiritual, are indicated in these well-worked-out designs. One can see that lessons derived from such objects would be elevating and far-reaching; but it is impossible to conceive how great the good must have been to the villagers as they worked upon these bricks and heard Mrs. Watts talking to them the while. For more than six years this good work has been going forward. Everybody in Compton is proud of the chapel. They feel it is their own building, for nearly all have had a hand in its erection. I was fortunate enough to be a visitor at Limnerslease when the work was progressing, and was able to observe the beautiful effect such work had upon those villagers.

About four years ago the aged artist was collecting his great works in his country studio for final inspection and signature, before exhibiting them at the New Gallery and then handing them over as a gift, to the nation. Mr. Watts was anxious that his neighbours should understand the pictures upon which they had seen him working, and wrote to ask whether I would undertake to explain them. In spite of my intense admiration and love for those pictures, I do not think I was ever asked to perform a more difficult task. How could I interpret the master's work in his own studio and his very presence! The idea was over-

whelming, but I could not resist. I went. That visit will ever remain vividly impressed upon my mind for its revelation of the wonderful unity which existed between the artist and his fellow-villagers.

Everybody in the village was anxious to help their friend, the artist. The schoolmaster, the carpenter, and the blacksmith were busy all day long in clearing the studio, making seats, hanging curtains, arranging lamps, and fixing a platform for the proper showing of the pictures. In the evening the studio was packed with all sorts and conditions of men, women and children from the village. When the lecture was over, the lecturer was pressed to go over to the village to see the chapel and the works of art there going forward.

Never shall I forget the sights I saw. The walk was through exquisite scenery, and it was a grand November night. The great trees showing black against the clear sky, with the bright moon playing hide and seek among their branches; the distant Surrey hills and the clean cottage homes, warm with the ruddy glow of fire-light, formed picture after picture of glorious beauty. But *the* object was the chapel. It stands like a solitary, round castle-tower upon a hill. The young man who was my guide pointed out various designs on the walls, and told me that one had been made by the shoemaker, one by the schoolmaster, and another by the woman whose baby cried when I was

speaking of 'Love and Life,' and so on.

In the village itself there were plenty of evidences that the great artist had made the influence of his splendid personality felt. One young man took me into his kitchen and showed me water-colour drawings he had made under the guidance of Mr. Watts; and another took me into the wood-shed at the back of his cottage, where I saw some heroic figures being built up with the same composition with which Mr. Watts had built up his great statue 'Energy.'

Early the next morning the same willing hands were ready to clear the studio of the seats, and put the easels back into their places. The slim, white-haired figure, in his long painting coat, was touching up 'Love and Life' long before breakfast time. On my remarking about his early morning work, he told me he always tried to rise with the sun. The chapel was opened by the Bishop of Winchester on July 1st, 1898. To me it stands prominently forward as a beautiful specimen of successful village work, and to my mind is not without its hints to Christian workers.

THE ARTIST.

In the remaining portion of my space, I want to refer briefly to some of the most important of the paintings, and endeavour to indicate their message.

The temptation which besets the individual who desires to be of service,

is, to consider that the powers bestowed by Nature upon him, are too slight to accomplish the work the spirit sees needs to be done. And one would imagine so lofty an ideal as that of Mr. Watts, would be met with this temptation. This may have been the reason which has led the artist to seek to guard his fellows against it. Man's environment and apparently opposing circumstances are overwhelming. Mr. Watts has devoted much time during eight years to combat this delusion. As occasion permitted he has been building up a great statue called 'Energy.' It represents an athlete riding a powerful and highly-strung steed. No poor half-fed creature is this horse, warranted not to kick or bite, but a fully-developed and high-spirited animal, exceedingly difficult to manage. It is the artist's emblem of Difficulty—his figure of the things which worry, and seem obstacles to the proper development of the best within us. The rider has had no easy task, but he has succeeded. Throwing all weights and hindrances away, he has given himself whole-heartedly to the work in hand, has mounted the horse, holds him tightly by the reins, and is master of the situation. But he is not satisfied. With the hand at liberty he is shading his eyes from the sun, scanning the horizon for fresh difficulties to conquer. Such is the attitude Mr. Watts would have every person present to the innumerable difficulties with which life is beset. His answer to our cry of weakness is that we are

athletes, with the divine principles within each of us sufficient for any and every emergency.

The difficulties thus vaguely hinted at have been considered in detail by the artist and his conceptions of them made vivid on several canvases. In this series we are brought face to face with an important artistic problem. It would not do to represent such ideas as 'Greed,' 'Mammon,' 'Lust,' by any beautiful figure; but would it be artistically correct to paint and so perpetuate ugly forms? The attitude of Mr. Watts is this: he is sure our people have to learn to detest such things, and he does not, therefore, hesitate to make them repulsive. Take, for instance, his 'Mammon.' Jesus assumes this spirit to be the opposite of God. 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' While we admit this in a general way, it is not really believed; for most people are content to think it a blessing-bestowing power, and worship at its shrine. Mr. Watts tears away the veil from what Carlyle calls 'the brute god Mammon,' in order that we may see it in its naked deformity.

In the picture we have a great bloated body wrapped in an ample but ill-fitting cloak of gold, seated upon a throne which consists partly of the bones of its victims. Its face is coarse and powerful as an ox, and as grovelling as a toad. A crown of gold looks very much out of place on its brow. On one side a delicate girl is kneeling with her bent head upon

the god's lap. Her courage, hope, and life seem to have vanished, and she is simply a slave to this monster, who holds her head down with his horrid hand. On the other side a stalwart young man lies prostrate on the ground with the monster's foot upon his neck. So the artist teaches that the spirit which prompts to money-getting and hoarding is not a bestower of blessing, but a dreadful tyrant, who robs his devotees of their nobility and life, and spreads misery and degradation around. The youth and maiden grow up beneath his power, but are unconscious that they are forfeiting the best of life.

In the category such pictures as 'Minotaur,' 'Cain,' 'Jonah,' and 'For he had great possessions,' should be mentioned. But we have no space to deal with them. 'Peace and Goodwill' is also of this series, though the title would not say as much. 'Peace' is a royal lady dethroned and driven from the cities of the world, and 'Goodwill' is her little outcast son. Christ was said to bring Peace and Goodwill to men, but the world has not received them. Peace is footsore and weary; she has wandered over the world in vain to find a home, and rests sorrowfully in a little out-of-the-way nook. Her feet are swollen and bandaged, and her spray of olive is withering and drooping in her hand. Her eyes wander back along the path she has come, and she sees in the distance the cities still smoking, because of the strife, hatred, and cruelty which reign

there. Peace *should* be the Queen and Goodwill the prince; but they are both outcasts now. The world will not obey them.

These and such like considerations compel us to feel life's tasks are more than we can manage. The work that needs doing in the world is greater than poor humanity seems capable of accomplishing, and the individual is often ready to despair. Our artist has painted his message to such. It is conveyed in his canvas called 'Hope.' A melancholy girl is seated on a globe which floats on the ocean of time. To her vision there is no one else in the world. She is alone. She tries to get harmony from her harp with broken strings. Her head droops and her eyes are bandaged, so she cannot see the one star which shines brightly above her. For a picture of desolation and hopelessness there is nothing I know of to equal this, and yet the artist calls it 'Hope.' Should it not be called 'Hopeless'? Many would say yes, but Mr. Watts insists by this picture that there is no case possible, so bereft of joy, so low in the scale of blessing, or so apparently incapable of doing the necessary work, but there is to be found in it somewhere ample reason for Hope.

Despair was never yet so deep,
In sinking as in seeming,
Despair is hope just dropped asleep
For better chance of dreaming.

Again, upon one of the greatest fears which haunt humanity, Mr. Watts has spent considerable time,

thought, and energy. He has tried very earnestly to remove the dread which still is associated with the idea of *Death*. He has represented death in many phases, but never suggesting the horror or terror which surrounds the gaunt skeleton figures of the art and theology of the past. The figures of Death in the pictures of Mr. Watts are all majestic, kindly, tender and beautiful. Death comes as a friend with a message of peace and reward, not as an enemy with poisoned arrows.

In one called 'Death the Messenger' we get a worker who is too tired to work longer, so has put away his tools, books, and scientific instruments. He is wearily resting from those things which have interested and fascinated him for so long. The messenger steps up to him with a present in his hand and calls him away—the present is a little child, the emblem of the new life to be bestowed in exchange for the worn and weak body now fit for nothing; so Life is found in the lap of Death. In the far distance of the picture there are misty forms of an Egyptian pyramid and a Grecian temple—a hint to the spectator that the world's progress has been through submission to the process of death. Empires and civilisations, as individuals, have lived their lives, and when their work was done, have died, to give place to newer and better things, founded upon the work of those now passing away. So our life with its fulness of work is shown to be paying its contribution to the great

world movement upwards. Every act, however small, every life, however insignificant, as well as every nation, however great, contributes its influence to the making of perfect humanity.

The 'Nursing Mother' is a beautiful and tender picture. A winged womanly figure, with all the characteristics of a loving mother, is bending over a little child gently soothing its pale forehead, hushing it to sleep. This is Death as a nursing mother lulling earthly life to rest.

But death is inevitable. Lest we should forget this in our higher thoughts about it, our artist has painted 'Love and Death.' The scene is a great door—the door of earthly home life. Death, as a majestic figure, with inexorable tread is about to enter. The winged boy Love in agony bars the way. He soon finds such an endeavour useless, and his wings are broken against the door he is trying to guard. The flowers of family happiness droop as the solemn figure passes, and the little dove is mourning in the corner. You do not see Death's face, but a beautiful silvery light is falling down from heaven upon her form. Her face is in dark shadow, and it is only when she has passed that we see the light upon her doings.

Two other pictures of death must be mentioned. The 'Court of Death' is a very large canvas. The atmosphere is somewhat heavy, and the chamber is in gloom, but there is a brilliant light beyond. Seated upon a throne, there

is a stately figure, clad in heavy robes, and holding a tiny babe in its lap. Two great angels are drawing back the curtains of the grave, revealing the golden light beyond. The babe is the figure our artist always paints as his emblem of new life. This is to be presented to all who enter the gloomy chamber, and there come into it all sorts and conditions of men and women. The king willingly lays down his crown, the soldier, unhesitatingly, gives up his sword, the cripple brings his crutch, the scholar his books, the tired mother her care, and the strong man his strength. These are all surrendered in the Court of Death, and the bringers of them get in return the gift of new and real life.

'Sic Transit' represents a dead warrior stretched upon a bier, a shroud is over his form, and the things in which he was interested in his earthly life are scattered round about. Here rests a laurel wreath, musical instruments, his shield and his books. The inscription which is painted on the curtain hanging at the back of the body is:— 'What I spent I had; what I saved I lost; what I gave I have.' The force of this truth is powerful in the presence of the dead body. All that we can secure during life, for our own purely personal gratification, is lost at death; while all of our time, talents, money, or self that we gave to the world is ours in that crisis. These, our genuine gifts, constitute our only real riches. True riches are not those things we *secure for* ourselves, but those things

we *give of* ourselves—character, not accumulation. What I saved I lost; What I gave I have.

Such are the methods Mr. Watts adopts in dealing with the darker problems of life. His optimism is great enough to persuade him that all these dark things may be overcome. He believes that man's chief work is to conquer them. In a picture he calls 'Aspiration' he depicts a youth with eyes keen, feet firm, and noble bearing, clad in bright armour and holding aloft a standard. He has just begun to learn that life is not all play. Mrs. Watts writes about the youth in this fine picture of her husband's:—'In the dawn of life's battle, he who is to be the standard bearer looks across the plains. He sees into the great possibilities of human life, and the ardent spirit of youth is subdued to the burden of its responsibility.'

The beautiful 'Sir Galahad' should be mentioned, but space will not allow. The 'Happy Warrior' also. Here the youthful soldier is dying upon the field of battle, realising his ideal as death comes to him.

'Faith' is not at all an easy subject to represent on canvas, unless you imagine an anecdotal scene, but the way our artist has dealt with it is well worth considering. I remember standing by the canvas when it was incomplete. Mr. Watts said:—'I think I have got a modern idea there.' The figure is that of a woman who appears to have hurried away from a burning city, and has found refuge in a little

rocky, solitary nook. She has been engaged in some exciting doings, but is now unbuckling her sword to throw it away, as being, after all, a poor argument, and is washing her blood-stained feet in a pool of cool water. She is now listening to the singing of birds and enjoying the fragrance of sweet flowers that are upon her lap. The ancient faith is indicated in the burning and smoking city in the background. Nations thought they were successful when they overthrew their neighbours by desolating their country and putting their inhabitants to death at the edge of the sword. *That was the ancient faith*, but not so the modern. We are learning to turn our back upon the argument which consists of the wail of the ruined villager and the roar of cannon. That there is a feeling of this kind very widely spread there is no doubt, but the growth towards it seems very slow. Our progress is upward, however, and love leads the way.

'Love and Life' is painted to show this. The scene is upon the mountain pathway. The road is narrow and difficult to climb, and there are many sharp-edged stones about, and the chasm on either side is deep and dark. In front there seems so much haze that the traveller can scarcely see how to step. Life is represented as a feeble, delicate, timid girl. She does not feel equal to her task. Her steps are uncertain and fear bears its impress in every line of her figure. She cannot go backward; and to go forward would be to enter into mist. Her feet are

hurt by the rough stones, and she is afraid that she will fall. Such is one aspect of life, but there is another indicated by the artist, which must not be overlooked, or we should believe Mr. Watts to be a pessimist. Just in front of the pale girl there steps a strong manly figure, full of life and confidence. His wings tell us he belongs to the spirit world. His bearing seems to say that he is sufficient for all the difficulties life has to meet in its upward climb: he is *Love* and he is strong to support, tender to sympathise with weakness, and confident to stand secure even upon giddy heights. How often the human part of us cries out, almost in despair, for such a companion, when the very being is by our side. His voice is always urging us to leave the lower and seek the higher, though the higher leads us we know not whither. It is the voice of God, for God is Love. This being so, our ultimate good and glorious future is secure for us, for Love is bound to be victorious. Mr. Watts has shown us this in a picture, conceived and painted after his eightieth birthday, called 'Love Triumphant.' Time, Death and Love have been running a race across the plain of Life. The goal has been reached, but Time is dead, and Death is dead too. Over their prostrate forms Love reaches upward, and with face beaming with joy and arms outstretched, sends forth his song of praise to Heaven. You will remember that in 'Love and Life,' Love was doing splendid work, but in

'Love and Death,' the beautiful figure of Death was the victor. It was over-coming poor little Cupid, crushing his wings against the door of home, and entering; but *that* Cupid is a different being from the Love who, in this picture, is triumphant. Love is painted usually by Mr. Watts as a splendidly developed, beautiful youth; Cupid is a winsome but wilful boy. There is a difference between true love, which is of God, and that which we misname, which is born of selfishness.

Even in religious circles we sometimes find the reverse of love in the ascendant. The different sects are sometimes very strongly opposed to each other. We know this should not be the case and the painter has told us so in his picture called 'The Spirit of Christianity.' He dedicates it to the churches. A very strong sexless figure is seated, and gathered in the folds of its robes are a number of happy, contented, loving little cherubs. The great figure is the Spirit of Christianity and the little cherubs are the sects. They are glad in each other's company and feel they belong to one family. But the group is painted high up in the clouds. The real earth with its cities and churches, is a long, long way beneath this fine ideal spirit.

Mr. Watts believes very strongly in the uplifting power of women. 'Eve Tempted' and 'Eve Repentant' are beautiful studies of the female form and powerful dealings with the subject of Temptation. But, the picture named 'She shall be called woman,'

is the rich embodiment of the artist's ideas on this question. The whole canvas is occupied by a large figure of a woman's body, which reaches through the clouds to the sky, but her feet are firmly planted upon the earth. She is thus the connecting link between earth and heaven, the spiritual influence leading upward. The spring flowers of hope grow where she treads, and the lily, the emblem of purity, blossoms by her side. Timid doves are not afraid to hover about her knees; the butterfly, emblem of the soul, is flying just above her head, and her face is hidden from our view because she reaches to her highest capacity, and ever faces heaven's light to give to earth some of its radiance. Such is the lofty conception Mr. Watts has of woman's work in the world. He believes woman is destined to play the greatest spiritual part, and that from her side of humanity we are to expect the real permeation of heaven's Love and perfection through the haunts of men.

The great mysterious Power which most of us recognise as being behind, around, and in all Nature, so difficult to comprehend, more difficult to speak about, and still more difficult to represent in colour and form, is not omitted in these great works of Mr. Watts. He has painted a deep blue background, which wonderfully indicates immense space, and in its midst there is a strange, mighty, and attentive winged figure turning in its two hands a sphere containing great systems which astronomers tell us are

regularly moving in space. The Spirit watches and carefully governs them all. One Mind conceived them, and the same Mind now guides them. It is the Great Spirit that pervades immeasurable space. Mr. Watts calls it 'The All-Pervading.'

An equally successful attempt to depict a difficult idea is found in 'A Dweller in the Innermost.' *Conscience* is the subject, and the artist has given material form to a soul and made the voice which speaks to all men, as it were, visible. In the midst of mingled cloud and light, which seems to have enormous depth, is seated a patient, kind, yet very firm figure. She has arrows and a trumpet upon her lap, a small ruby heart hanging from her neck upon her bosom, a star upon her forehead, and eyes of light which seem to pierce you through and through. Her lips are just parted as though speaking with a still small voice. But the gentle voice of conscience is not always heeded. Then the trumpet is brought in use, and if its blast is unheeded the arrows are effectively used to arouse to a sense of danger, and to save from disaster. The arrow hurts, but even the hurting is performed by weapons of love. That is the meaning of the ruby heart upon the breast. The star upon the forehead gives the light of Truth, by which the spirit observes our doings.

From these few pictures we gather, then, the message of Mr. Watts to our time, and an idea of his own aims in life. We look in vain for humour, but

find an earnest religious purpose in everything that has come from his brush—considering it vanity to paint so as to exhibit one's cleverness in the work, he has persisted for a space of sixty years to tell the people of his day his highest conceptions of life and duty. He has never descended to sectarianism, although, for so many years, he has painted religion. No cross can be found in his pictures, no devil, no Christ. 'If I painted Christ,' he once said to me, 'there would be many people like Buddhists who would not consider my work was for them. But these principles which I have painted are universal, they cannot be bounded by local ideas.' For his artistic models you must go to ancient Greek sculpture, but for the thought which his pictures express you must search the best religious principles in all the religions of humanity. They point to the highest, broadest, and most spiritual conceptions of life, they speak emphatically against all kinds of sin and oppression, and chant the praises of Love.

LUCKING TAVENER.

NOONTIDE.

THE sun slept o'er the world,
The light dreamed in the air,
Like plumes of silence stood the trees,
Bright calm was everywhere.

Babe-like the river lay
Sweet on earth's bosom wide,
And all the stream of being showed
No ripple on its tide.

But in my heart were strife
And battle's loud uproar,
And there the angry sea of life
Beat fiercely on the shore.

For I had seen the weak,
Pale victim of the strong ;
And Law, the traitor, blessing loud
The brazen arm of Wrong. . . .

'Oh Nature!' now I cried,
Receive thy child again :
In thine eternal stillness hush
The throbbing of his brain.

'Make him a part of thee,
Hid in thy bosom vast,
All doubt and war, all hope and fear,
Forever overpast.'

But while I weakly prayed,
Great Nature, far within,
With awful voice of silence said
'Be still! forbear to sin!

'Live thou thy life,—no less ;
Live thou thy life,—no more ;
The doing be the deed's success,
Thy giving be thy store.

'Quit not thy heart ; than that
What deadlier ill may be ?
How should he find who leaves behind
The gem he looks to see ?

'For in thine ample breast
Are heaven, and earth, and air ;
All Nature's largeness, sureness, rest,
Her height and depth, are there.' . .

The sun slept o'er the world,
The light dreamed in the air :
My spirit, folding up her wings,
Forgot her heavy care.

And when about the west
Day died in holy calm,
My heart of peace within me woke
Meek murmurs of a psalm.

D. A. WASSON.

Teachers in Council

Our Young People and the Congregation.

THE subject of How we can induce our young people to join our churches and remain with us after school days are over, was earnestly discussed at an evening meeting, the Rev. J. J. Wright, of Chowbent, having been asked to preside.

In opening the proceedings the Chairman, after speaking of the great importance of the subject, desired to encourage his hearers by laying some stress on the fact that even when the scholars did not join their special church that was no proof that the teachers' labours had been in vain. 'We know,' said he, 'that the waters of a river may sink into the earth and remain hidden for many miles; but the water is not lost; somewhere it will gush forth again to refresh and gladden the earth. Believe me, the world is the better for our work, whenever it is earnest and true. Perhaps there will be some apparent waste, some leakage; but that is so through-

out nature, not every flower becomes a fruit. Why, even if you take ten sacks of corn to be ground you may only get five sacks of flour!

'Yes, but it is a pity, nevertheless. And we want to do all we can to prevent this waste; so let us give the matter our earnest consideration, and try to get some help from our Teachers in Council this evening.

'At Bank Street, Bolton, I remember, we had no Dedication Service; but we used every year to invite all our young people, above sixteen, to tea with the members of the congregation. After tea the chair was taken, but not necessarily by the Minister. The names of those young people who wished to become members of the Church were then read out, and afterwards one of the Senior Members would welcome them formally, the Minister concluding the ceremony with a few appropriate words.

'Of course no one method will do for all congregations, but it is helpful to know what plans have been adopted in different places.

'In Chowbent we have a Minister's class or conference every winter which takes up about eight Sunday afternoons, which anyone above the age of

sixteen may join. The subjects taken comprise the following :—

The Fatherhood of God.

The Brotherhood of Man.

The Leadership of Jesus.

Salvation by Conduct.

After these points have been carefully gone through the young people are invited to join the congregation in a very similar manner as that already described as the usage at Bolton.

Rev. H. M. LIVENS (Unity, Bolton) said they had a week evening for the young people to meet for preparation, and the welcome ceremony was performed at one of the Sunday services.

Rev. J. FREESTON felt that the giving of some small subscription—say, a shilling—and an expression of the desire to join, were quite sufficient qualifications to require.

Mr. C. STAINER (Leeds) felt very strongly that some form of Dedication service would be the most acceptable, and that it would be the best way of bringing our young people to join our churches. He therefore proposed the following resolution :—

That in the opinion of Sunday school teachers and others now assembled in session at Manchester College, it is desirable that our elder scholars should be encouraged to recognise the solemn obligations of the Christian life by Services of Dedication, at which they shall be welcomed into the religious fellowship of the Church.

Rev. E. A. VOYSEY (Reading), in an earnest speech, seconded the resolution.

Miss NEWMAN (Bristol) emphasized the need there was, not only to bring

our young people to join the congregation, but also to encourage them to remain there. Many might be attracted just by the service, and the preparation for it, who yet did not find sufficient attraction to keep them in after years. She therefore asked that the following words should be added to the resolution :—

That our churches recognise the responsibility transferred to them, and use every means in their power to make the chapel a religious home and field of useful labour for our young people.

These words were accepted by Messrs. Stainer and Voysey, and added to the resolution.

After some other speakers had made a few remarks Miss M. PRITCHARD (London) spoke; first expressing her strong sympathy with those earnest teachers who were so anxious to find some means of retaining the elder scholars, while at the same time she felt the truth of Mr. Wright's opening words. This question applied to a much larger circle than our Sunday schools, she said; the young people belonging to our congregations were in as great a need, as were our scholars, of some means of keeping in touch with us, and it was of immense importance that this difficult problem should be grappled with. At the same time she did not think that the Dedication Service contained the solution to the difficulty. In some cases it might be; and if so, it would be good to have it; but she was herself very much afraid of anything which would

cause a line of demarcation. Such a service must make an inner and an outer circle, a source of great danger always in a congregation. And in many cases those who remained outside would be the more thoughtful, the more earnest minded, the more reverent among the young people, because it would be just those who were still thinking, working out difficult problems and fighting their doubts, who would be likely to hesitate, and probably decline, to pledge themselves by any solemn ceremony to one set of ideas. For this reason she felt bound to move an amendment not, she hoped, in any way against the spirit of the resolution, but to broaden the basis of it. Miss Pritchard fully agreed with what Miss Newman had said and had adopted the words she had suggested. The amendment was as follows:—

That we, the members here assembled, feel the immense importance of the young people of our congregations and schools being invited to become members of our churches in some definite way. That when we return to our various centres we will ask our minister and members of our congregation to take steps without delay to make arrangements for such invitation to our young people into Church; that our Church should recognise its responsibility for these young people; and that its members should use every means in their power to make of it a religious home and a field of useful labour for our young people.

Mr. WOODHEAD (Manchester) seconded the amendment, adding that some of his best helpers would have shrunk from the work had it been deemed necessary for them to have

first taken part in any kind of Dedication Service.

The CHAIRMAN then asked the mover and seconder if they would accept Miss Pritchard's amendment as the substantial resolution, for he felt that while retaining the spirit, its wider scope would make it much more acceptable to many present; and, on such a matter as this, it would be extremely gratifying to have unanimity of opinion.

Mr. C. Stainer and Mr. Voysey, though feeling strongly that the Dedication ceremony would be best, however simple in form it might be, yet kindly waived their objection and accepted the amendment. This was then put as the resolution and was carried unanimously.

It may be interesting here to introduce part of the address given by Mr. JOHN DENDY, the last President of the Sunday School Association, at its last annual meeting, because in his concluding sentences he indirectly emphasized one of the points referred to above. After speaking of the crying necessity for teachers to impress their scholars with higher moral ideals, and to equip them so far as they can with the battle against impurity, gambling, dishonesty, and drunkenness, he continues:—

If the work ceased at this point I would still claim that it was a distinctly religious one, a necessary step on the way to real religious life.

If over and above all these things, so unspeakably good for their own

sake, the teacher has power out of his own experience, and not merely because he has read it in books, or heard it from the lips of others, to speak of God, of the Divine Will in these matters, of the Divine love to man, to show how to be right on these matters is to be on God's side, a fellow-worker with Him even as Jesus was, then, indeed, his teaching will gain an added power, and the work he will do for his scholars an added worth. But let him not say these last things unless he really feels and believes them. It may be that his belief about God is, as is the case with so many of us in these days, troubled and perplexed, so that with David Grieve he is fain to confess,—

'But the last glow, the certainties, the vision of faith! Ah, me! I believe that He is there, yet my heart gropes in darkness. All that is personality, holiness, compassion in us must be in Him intensified beyond all thought. Yet I have no familiarity of prayer. I cannot use the religious language which should be mine without a sense of unreality. My heart is athirst. . . . Speak to me, to me, also, O my Father!'

If that be his position, let him be honest and say not the thing which is not true to him, but let him not on that account withhold himself from the work or imagine that he has no place in the Sunday school; but, taking up his task—on the lower level, it may be—of an earnest, social reformer in that best sense of the word, let him

rest assured that he is doing a truly religious work, and helping to prepare for the time when, because men's lives have become purer and their ideals nobler, it will be possible for their Faith also to become stronger and more real.

'COULD WE BUT UNDERSTAND.'

It is told how once upon a time four travellers met, tired and hungry, outside the gate of an Eastern city. One was an Arab, one a Persian, the third had come from Turkey, and the fourth from Greece; and though they all could understand a few words of each other's language, it was only just enough to make their common hardships understood. And they arranged between them that each should throw some pennies in a bag, and then one was chosen to go into the city to buy food. Then came the question, What food to buy?

'Ah,' said the Turk, 'buy *uzum*, what could we have more sweet and more refreshing?'

'Nay,' cried the Arab, 'buy *aneb*, that is better than aught else on this hot summer's day.'

'Who knows anything of such trash, *uzum* or *aneb*?' the Persian broke in angrily; 'bring us some rich, ripe *anghur*, for which this land is famous.'

The Greek, who was the one chosen to make the purchase, looked perplexed. 'I know none of these foods,' quoth he. 'Nay, if I go I shall buy *staphylion*; yes, both green and black *staphylion*, for this is better than all your outlandish things.'

But while they wrangled thus a man drew near, driving before him an ass laden with rich and luscious grapes. Instantly the four sprang to their feet and pointed at the fruit with keen delight.

'Behold the sweet *uzum*,' cried the Turk. 'Nay, 'tis *aneb*,' quoth the Arab;

while the Persian clamoured that it was *anghur*, and the Greek proclaimed it to be *staphylon*.

So they bought of the refreshing grapes and sat down together to enjoy them, thinking within their hearts, 'Had we but understood.'

All conviction should be valiant,
 Tell thy truth, if truth it be;
 Never seek to stem its current,
 Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea;
 It will fit the widening circle
 Of eternal verity.

Where would be our free opinion,
 Where the right to speak at all,
 If our sires, like thee mistrustful,
 Had been deaf to duty's call,
 And concealed the thoughts within them,
 Lying down for fear to fall?

Though an honest thought, outspoken,
 Lead thee into chains or death,
 What is Life compared to Virtue?
 Shalt thou not survive thy breath?
 Hark, the future age invites thee!
 Listen, trembler, what it saith!

It demands thy thought in justice,
 Debt, not tribute, of the free;
 Have not ages long departed
 Groaned and toiled and bled for thee?
 If the Past hath lent thee wisdom,
 Pay it to Futurity.

CHARLES MACKAY.

The Lantern Evening.



IN the last evening of our Session we had the opportunity of seeing four series of lantern slides, and on this pleasant entertainment a few words must be said.

First, the Rev. J. J. WRIGHT illustrated his method of giving lantern services, by throwing on the screen some of the slides he is in the habit of using; beginning with a big SILENCE, and then following with Hymn, Lord's Prayer, pictures, all thrown on to the screen in proper order.

Then came the first series of coloured slides lately gathered together by the Sunday School Association in order to illustrate Brooke Herford's Story of Religion in England. It is proposed to have four series of these so as to cover the whole period treated of in the book; the first of these (those shown that evening) took the history up to the time of the Reformation.

As any school belonging to the Sunday School Association may borrow these slides,¹ it was very interesting for the teachers to have the opportunity of seeing how excellent they are. A small pamphlet accompanies the set of fifty slides in which is given brief descriptions of each picture, and these were read as the slides were shown.

The Rev. J. E. ODGERS afterwards showed some unique slides of the wonderful catacombs of Rome; and finally a few slides of some of G. F. Watts' pictures, and one of that venerable painter in his studio, were thrown on the screen by Mr. LUCKING TAVENER, who had himself taken the photographs and made the slides. These last served to illustrate the lecture given on the previous Sunday.

¹ Application for these may be made to Mr. Hare, Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

Passages from Address by the Rev. J. Estlin Car- penter, M.A.

'Be ye therefore perfect.'—*Matt.* v. 48.

'Till we all come . . . unto a perfect man.'—*Ephes.* iv. 13.

THE nineteenth century will be notable in our history for many reasons. This is an age of discoveries; but it will also be known hereafter, I am deeply persuaded, as the age which discovered Christianity. We stand at the beginning of a movement, nay—in spite of some obviously conflicting appearances—we are already far advanced in it, compared to which the Reformation of the sixteenth century will hereafter seem but a small change. It is a movement which is slowly clearing away those growths of later times, which have so long obscured the true nature of our religion. History, philosophy, criticism, have all had their part in bringing it about. It is not the expression of the genius of any single man; it is the uprising of the whole power—mind, heart, and soul—of a free and educated humanity. In the vast mental quickening of our day it was inevitable that Christianity should be submitted to the same tests which every other institution had to undergo. Its ecclesiastical development could be studied, its line of growth traced back to its earliest stock, its influence on social evolution

distinguished, in part at least, from the other forces shaping and guiding the order of our time; and when this was done, inquiry passed fearlessly back to its very origins, and claimed the same right of investigation at its sources which it had already applied at every tributary along the mighty stream. The task of disengaging it from its first forms has indeed been only in part accomplished, and it may be that there are problems connected with it which can never be satisfactorily—still less completely—solved; but who that looks abroad upon the Churches can fail to see that they are all concentrating their attention on certain great common ideas, and that the master-thought of Jesus—the Kingdom of God—is leavening now the beliefs and hopes of men as for eighteen centuries it has never done before?

No longer is it placed in some far-off heaven. No longer does the Church, and the Church only, hold the key. We are learning to interpret it now as Jesus himself interpreted it, as an immense spiritual quickening of the society in which we live. We are coming to understand that it is the hope not of eternity, but of our own day. We are at last made aware that it is as good for London and Lancashire as for Jerusalem and Galilee, and that it will make England, if we will but have it so, a Holy Land. This it is which distinguishes Christianity and the Hebrew root from which it sprang, alone among the religions of the world. Here and here only do we find religion

conceived as a principle of social growth; here and here only do we find religion set forth as the essential motive of human progress. 'Give up the world,' cried the sages of India or the mediæval monk, 'it is a snare and a delusion. God calls you away from it to be at peace with him.' 'Transform the world,' cries Christianity, 'to be the scene of a divine life; God sends you into it to be fellow-workers with him.' And so it sets before us a quest to call forth our energies, and a vision of fulfilment to satisfy our longing, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness,' 'till ye all come into a perfect man.'

This is not a sudden, but a slow process, for in the thought of Jesus Society is a growth, not a machine, and its progress must be made by life from within, and not merely by readjustments from without. He bids each man remember that he belongs to the whole; he cannot live to himself alone; he is part of the great Order, and the issues of his deeds reach far and wide to hurt or help. And so the new Christianity is grasping this as one of its central truths; it will make Society a whole by teaching each individual to live as himself a whole; it will bring the community to its full growth by bringing every member of it to his own full growth; it will perfect the world by first perfecting men. So it says to the body, 'Be strong, husband your powers with care, they are a trust from God, health is their normal law.' It goes forth among the dim com-

mon populations, and cries, 'Organise your cities with fair dwellings and clean streets; lay out gardens and parks; bring freshness and beauty into the midst of crowded houses. In the harmony of nature is nothing undivine; in the joy of sense, the glory of eye and ear, lie the witnesses of a Father's sympathy with his children's joy.' So it turns to the mind, and bids it freely enter every avenue of knowledge. Do you long for an interest in the dull and weary round of toil? Find it in the stirring deeds of the great of old, or the heroic enterprises of our day. Enter the chambers of imagery, and feed yourself on what is noble and inspiring in art. Go forth when the earth quickens, and hear the message of tree and flower, or learn to read the unspoken language of the stars at night. Let the wisdom of ages enlighten your understanding, quicken your insight, fill you with high ideals, and you will rise above a life that seems sordid and mean, and days that are crowded only with petty cares, into the fellowship of the whole world's thought. Or yet, again, the new Christianity looks on the affections and finds them something to be hallowed indeed to God, not by ruthlessly suppressing them, but by cherishing and consecrating them as the free utterance of his heart to ours. In wedded union is no corruption, but an uplifting might, and that man is indeed maimed and incomplete who, in mistaken devotion to heaven, has sought to eradicate what he calls earthly love. And so, in like

manner, our faith summons forth the conscience in the light of the humanity of Christ, with full confidence that it is no wreck of a fallen and ruined nature, but the Divine Word entering afresh into every soul, and winning clearer and more articulate speech. Here is the sign of the Immanuel, not for ever spoiled and defaced, but ready to rise into new righteousness through hope and love. The perfect man, then, is the watchword by which the new Christianity—which is the oldest of all—that of Christ himself—foretells the perfected Society. And it is not afraid to carry this summons into the darkest places of sin and shame. It sends forth its teachers into the poorest abodes, where the very games of the children seem to have lost their innocence, and home no longer stands for purity and self-sacrificing love, and boldly utters this supreme demand. It will be satisfied with nothing less. It enters the wretched apartment, it addresses the dissolute father, it turns to the drunken and slovenly mother, and makes this tremendous appeal: ‘Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.’ Be perfect for your own sake, for the world’s sake, for God’s sake.

And if this be so, is it not clear what must be the object of religious education? It has many aspects, yet in their broader features they are not hard to seize. For education has to do with the whole man. In the first place, we are here. We have to learn the meaning of the world around us,

to interpret the succession of its events, to find our place in its manifold relations. In other words, we need first a knowledge of the facts of life. Again, when we have seriously apprehended the full significance of being here, we seek to know whither we are going, what aims are set before us, what demands are made of us: if life is a quest, what is its goal? That is, we can only rightly apply our knowledge of the facts of life, when we have discerned the true ideals of life. Nor, indeed, does the opening of fair visions exhaust the functions of education. What boots it to contemplate the noblest forms, if we have not the energy and skill to direct the power that will give them concrete shape? The seedling grows not into the stately tree by simply staring at some tall neighbour in the forest: it needs the genial discipline of sun and rain to call forth the response of its inner being. And so the third element of education must ever be the quickening of strength to realise the aims of life.

An education thus broadly conceived will refuse to break up human nature into separate parts and powers; or insist on training one at the expense of all the rest. It will not attempt to invigorate the intellect by starving the affections, or make the conscience robust by cramping and narrowing the mind. It will keep steadily before it the need of cultivating the whole being, and, subject only to the inevitable limitations of time and faculty, will refuse no aid in wakening intelli-

gence, exciting admiration, and ennobling will. Did you ever hear the French epitaph, 'He was born a man, and died a grocer'? It is against that restriction of the scope of life that Christianity enters its perpetual protest. Christianity will have us always remember that we are human; from the highest to the lowest, from the statesman who rules an empire, the poet, the artist, the student, to the humblest labourer at his craft, it has for its first word, 'Be men.' It tells us that the first and greatest of the facts of life is that man is the child of God. No matter how slow of understanding or how dull of heart, no matter how forlorn, polluted, or debased, he bears about him the marks of heaven's own parentage; he is already, though he know it not, a son of the Infinite and the Eternal; the world cannot be lonely for him, he has an Everlasting Father, who calls him to himself. This is the first great fact of life which Christianity teaches.

What is the ideal which it sets before us? It is nothing less, be it said, with lowliness—but also with awful joy in so high a privilege—it is nothing less than to reproduce within ourselves the likeness of the divine perfection. There is an aim of which we can never tire: there is a purpose which we can never exhaust: there is a hope which it may well take eternity to fulfil. And to inspire and evoke the energy for realising this high quest, it sets before us the image of Jesus, at the head of the mighty host of saints of every age,

bids us enrol ourselves in the great army, and take sides with him in the unintermitting fight with sin and wrong. Personally, Christianity means that the soul and God have found each other out, and can no more be severed even by guilt. We may fall again and again, but we cannot fail irredeemably; for the divine love will seek us out and lift us up. But socially, Christianity will mean the conflict with wrong, the battle with ignorance, the never-ceasing war with evil passion, the perpetual combat with selfishness and shame. Into this warfare the Churches are bound to throw themselves. They cannot remain indifferent to it. A Church which does not strive to be a centre of life and light to those around it, and outside, as well as those within, has not realised one of the very first purposes of its existence. An idle Church is sure, sooner or later, to draw upon itself the dreadful doom, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?'

And naturally enough, one of the first duties with which the Church charges itself, is the education of the young. The simple elements of intellectual acquisition it may well leave to other hands; and in the day school we may see with gladness the foundations laid under skilled hands for higher moral and spiritual culture. But the education of the conscience, the affections, and the will, for which the day school so often makes too slight provision, the Church cannot be content to leave to accident; it must seek to enforce and supplement the truest

lessons of the home. And the idea which the Church seeks to carry out through the Sunday school is the development of our whole nature. That which makes our nature a true whole—let me repeat it—is religion. It is in the light of our sonship to God that all energies and powers win their highest worth and find their rightful place. In that light we will not look down on anything with scorn, or call it common and unclean. There is place for innocent mirth and harmless gaiety, for the cricket club as for the singing class, to refresh the dull routine of dreary days. There is place for the profound intellectual interest, and, it may be, a little of the severe discipline of scientific study. There is place for the kindling imagination which delights in beautiful things, and finds a way to the infinite love through the creations of art. There is place for the fervent conscience that is fired by great examples, and longs to lend a hand in making the wilderness a garden, and teaching the desert to blossom with the rose. No narrow views need stifle our endeavours by insisting on one rigid system of uniformity for all. It

is the glory of Christianity, truly understood, that it has room for every worthy capacity of our being, and shuts the door on none. Under the influence of this thought the Churches are slowly remodelling their theologies, revising their methods of action, and welcoming new developments of philanthropy. In this direction our Sunday schools must lead the way. With this aim you have many of you come hither for study, for conference, and encouragement. Go forth anew assured of each other's sympathy, and take your places once again with untired hearts in the great host pledged to the warfare with ignorance, with suffering, and sin. May the love of God be with you to strengthen you in weakness and renew your might! Behold, the spiritual city is rising in our midst: it is wrought out of each true and generous thought, each faithful word, each strenuous and self-sacrificing deed. Take your share in its rearing. Enter it yourselves, gather within it the young, the forlorn, the tried. Its officers are peace and righteousness, its walls are called salvation, and its gates are praise!



INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
ADDRESS, a New Year's	2	How the Old Testament Grew	197
,, at Opening of Oxford Session	99	Hymn Lesson.....	169, 187
,, at Sunday Service do.	262	<i>If You Cannot</i>	30
Ambrose	49	<i>If You Have a Friend</i>	23
BARTLE Massey's Word to Scholars... ..	185	JUNE	27
Bible Lesson, How to Give a	154	<i>Ladder of St. Augustine</i>	39
BIBLE READINGS—		Lantern Evening, A.....	261
Eccles. iii., p. 8; 1 John iii., iv. ...	14	Lesson, How to Give a Bible	154
Matt. xiii., p. 17; Eccles. xi., xii....	22	Lesson, Method of Preparing and	
1 Cor. xiii., p. 24; 1 Kings xvii. ...	25	Presenting a	138
Ps. xix., p. 26; John xv.	29	<i>Lessons Sweet of Spring</i>	19
Ps. civ., p. 31; Matt. xxv.....	33	Lessons on Bible Verses	85
Prov. iii., p. 36; Matt. vi.....	38	,, on Hymns	169
Pss. xxxiv., li., p. 40; Eph. v., etc.	42	,, for Infant Class	187
Luke xii., p. 48; Ps. cxxxix.	50	,, for Intermediate Classes	186
Matt. v.	57	,, for Senior Class	185
Bible Verses for Fifty-two Lessons ...	85	,, Parable of Sower	62
<i>Boy and the Angel, The</i>	15	,, Truth—Suggestions for	88
Brushed by an Angel's Wing.....	54	Library Arrangements.....	137
<i>Children</i>	12	Loving God.....	32
CITIZENSHIP, Sunday School a Train-		<i>May Time</i>	24
ing Ground.....	59	Methods of Day School applicable to	
Could we but understand	260	Sunday School	112
DEATH of Little Nell	50	Method of Preparing and Presenting a	
Discipline	123	Lesson	138
Doctrinal Teaching	171	<i>My Soul and I</i> (extract from).....	9
EDITOR'S Greeting	1	Musical Services, On	137
Ethics, its Relation with Religion ...	189	NATURAL Objects, Lessons from	173
FAITH in Life.....	210	Nellie and John Henry and Eliza.....	67, 68
Friendship	12, 23	New Year's Address	2
GARDENER, Legend of the	36	<i>New Year's Motto</i>	6
Gifts	47	Newspaper Class	178
<i>Grace Darling</i>	52	Nonconformity, Development of	234
<i>Happy Warrior, The</i>	43	<i>Noontide</i>	256
How not to do it	167	Notes of Lessons, Necessity for	138

	PAGE		PAGE
OBJECT in Sunday School Teaching	101	How the Old Testament Grew	197
Organization of Sunday Schools	112	How to Give a Bible Lesson	154
<i>Our Master</i>	57	Ideal Sunday School, The	133
OXFORD SESSION (See Summer Session)		Lantern Evening, The	261
PAUL, Life and Epistles	211	Methods of Day School applied to Sunday School	112
<i>Peacock's Feather, On a</i>	178	Method of Preparing and Presenting a Lesson	138
PILGRIM'S Progress, Address from	2	Natural Objects, Religious Lessons from	173
" " Extract from	45	Object in Sunday School Teaching	101
<i>Portrait, A</i>	34	Paul, Life and Epistles of	211
Programme of Proceedings in Ideal Sunday School	133	Senior Classes, Our	277
READINGS, Year of Sunday	7	Three Sunday School Lessons, Notes of	185
<i>Ring Out Wild Bells</i>	58	Watts, G. F., Life and Teaching of	244
Roll Call	136	What Can we Teach, and How	165
<i>Santa Filomena</i>	24	Winter Reading Circles	233
<i>School House, The</i>	13	Young People and the Church	257
<i>Science and Religious Faith</i>	195	Sunday School, The	91
SECRET of Learning: A True Word	185	Superintendent and Teachers, A Word to	113
Sower, Lessons on Parable	62	TEACHERS IN COUNCIL—	
Sowing Time	20	Ideal Sunday School, The	133
Spring Fairies, The	18	Senior Classes, Our	175
Story, The: Its Place in Sunday School Teaching	170	Young People and the Church	257
STORIES—		<i>The Two Rabbits</i>	46
Brushed by an Angel's Wing	54	<i>To One Afraid to Speak Out</i>	261
Could we but understand	260	Watts, G. F., Life and Teaching of	244
Legend of the Gardener	36	What can we Teach, and How	165
Sowing Time	20	What Consecrates an Act	28
Two Sacks of Corn	154	Winter Reading Circles	233
SUMMER SESSION AT OXFORD	97	Wisdom	45
Address, Opening	99	Year of Sunday Reading	7
" Sunday	262	Young People and the Congregation	257
Development of Liberal Noncon- formity	234		
Discipline	121		
Ethics: Its Relation with Religion	189		



THE
Sunday School Association

ESSEX HALL, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

**Books for the Infant and Youngest
Classes.**

Sunday Flowers for Sunday Hours. A Sunday Book for Little Folk.
Illustrated. By JENNETT HUMPHREYS. Cloth 1s. net, postage 4d.

The Book of Beginnings, or Stories from Genesis, and how to teach them.
Illustrated. By MARIAN PRITCHARD ('Aunt Amy'), Cloth 2s. net,
postage 3d. SCHOOL EDITION, 1s. net, postage 3d.

Hymns in Prose for Children. Illustrated. By MRS. BARBAULD. Cloth 6d.

Lessons for Little Boys. By MARY DENDY. Sewed 2d.

Lesson Stories for the Little Ones. Illustrated. By MARY DENDY.
Cloth 1s.

Picture Pages for Little Folk. Cloth 1s.

Sunday Lessons for Infants. Illustrated. By MARIAN PRITCHARD ('AUNT
AMY'). Cloth 1s. 6d. [For Teachers' use.]

Booklets for Children. Illustrated. Edited by MARIAN PRITCHARD ('AUNT
AMY'). In packets 3d. and 6d.

Twelve Sheet Lessons. With cords for hanging, 1s. net, postage 3d.

Young Days. Annual Volumes. Illustrated boards, 1s. 6d., cloth 2s.

Do the Right. A class book of short stories with moral applications. By
A. L. C. Limp cloth 8d. net.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Books for Intermediate Classes.

(Ages 10-13).

- Outline Lessons in Religion.** By R. A. ARMSTRONG, B.A. Sewed 6d. [For Teachers' use.]
- Stories from the Life of Moses.** By RICHARD BARTRAM. 6d. net, postage 2d.
- Heroes of Israel.** By RICHARD BARTRAM. 6d. net, postage 2d.
- Ten Lessons in Religion.** By CHARLES BEARD, LL.D. Sewed 1d.
- Lessons in Religion.** By MARY GILLIES. Cloth 1s.
- Jesus: the Story of his Life.** By the Misses GREGG. Cloth 1s. net.
- New Parables and Stories.** By DAVID MACRAE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.
- Home Counsels.** By GERTRUDE MARTINEAU. Cloth 1s.
- Nature Pictures.** Illustrated. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.
- Talks about the Sunday Services.** By F. E. MILLSON. Sewed 3d.
- Short Sermons to Children.** By THREE COUSINS. Cloth 1s.
- The Gift of Life.** Illustrated. By SARA WOOD. Cloth 1s. 6d.
- Dwellers in our Gardens.** Illustrated. By SARA WOOD. Cloth 2s. 6d.
- Half-hours with the parables.** By J. CROWTHER HIRST. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.

Hymn Books, Services, &c.

- Hymns for Heart and Voice.** Compiled by CHARLOTTE FARRINGTON. Cloth 10d. net.
[Published formerly as HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.]
- The Sunday School Hymn Book.** 391 Hymns. 5d. net.
- The Smaller Hymn Book.** Sewed 1d. net.
- Songs and Hymns.** For Bands of Hope, etc. Sewed 1d. net.
- The Essex Hall Hymn and Tune Book.** Cloth 2s. 6d. net, postage 4d.
- Services and Prayers for Sunday Schools.** Compiled by DENDY AGATE, B.A. Cloth 6d.
- Home Devotions.** Compiled by RICHARD BARTRAM. Cloth 1s. net.
- Prayers for the use of Families, etc.** By TRAVERS MADGE. Cloth 6d.
- Special Musical Services for Spring, Harvest, Christmas, The New Year, and other Anniversaries.** Price Twopence each.

Books for Senior Classes.

(Age 13 and upwards.)

- The Story of John Greenleaf Whittier.** By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 2d.
- Suggestive Readings for use in the Sunday School and the Home** By RICHARD BARTRAM. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.
- Short Stories.** Compiled by W. COPELAND BOWIE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.
- Life in Palestine when Jesus lived.** By J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A. Cloth 1s.
- The Story of Theophilus Lindsey and his Friends.** By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.
- Noble Workers.** A Collection of short Biographies. By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.
- Theodore Parker.** A short Biography. By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s.
- Dr. Channing.** A short Biography. By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s.
- Stories of Great Lives: ZWINGLI, MILTON, and BUNYAN.** By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s.
- Dorothea Lynde Dix.** A Biography. By FRANCES E. COOKE. 1s. net, postage 2d.
- The Childhood of Jesus.** By W. C. GANNETT. Cloth 1s. net.
- The Three Stages of a Bible's Life.** By W. C. GANNETT. Sewed 4d. Cloth 6d. net.
- In the Home.** A Study of Duties. By W. C. GANNETT. Sewed 3d.
- The Story of Bishop Colenso.** By FLORENCE GREGG. Cloth 1s. net.
- The Story of Religion in England.** By BROOKE HERFORD, D.D. Cloth 2s. 6d.
- The Story of Jeremiah and his Times.** By H. JOHNSON. Cloth 1s. net.
- Our Unitarian Faith.** Six Lectures by J. T. MARRIOTT. Cloth 1s.
- Lessons on the Title Page and Table of Contents of an English Bible.** By F. E. MILLSON. Cloth 6d. net.
- The Story of Religion in Ireland.** By CLEMENT PIKE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 2d.
- Chapters on Job for Young Readers.** By G. VANCE SMITH, D.D. Cloth 1s.
- Studies of some of Longfellow's poems.** By FRANK WALTERS. Cloth 1s.
- Studies of some of Browning's poems.** By FRANK WALTERS. Cloth 2s. 6d.
- Lessons on the Growth of Moral and Spiritual Ideas.** By Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED, M.A. Sewed 4d.
- Selected Readings for Sunday Schools and Families.** By W. WOODING. Cloth 1s.
- Successful Life.** A Series of Essays. By JOHN DENDY. Cloth 2s. net, postage 3d.

**Books for the Teachers' Library and for
the Preparation of Class Lessons.**

- Christianity and the Roman Empire.** By W. E. ADDIS, M.A. Cloth 2s. 6d.
- The First Three Gospels: their Origin and Relations.** By J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A. Cloth 3s. 6d.
- The Method of Creation.** A comparison of the Book of Nature with the Book of Genesis. By H. W. CROSSKEY, LL.D. Cloth 1s.
- The Epistles of St. Paul to the Philippians and to Philemon.** By VALENTINE D. DAVIS, B.A. Cloth 1s. net.
- The Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians.** By JAMES DRUMMOND, M.A., LL.D. Cloth 1s. net.
- The Prophecies of the Captivity (ISAIAH xl.-xlv.)** By R. TRAVERS HERFORD, B.A. Cloth 1s. net.
- The Religion of Israel.** By DR. KNAPPERT. Cloth 1s. net.
- The Gospel according to Mark: a Study in the earliest records of the Life of Jesus.** By H. SHAEN SOLLY, M.A. 1s. net.
- Successful Life.** A Series of Essays. By JOHN DENDY. Cloth 2s. net.
- Our Faith.** By W. G. TARRANT, B.A. Cloth 1s. net.
- The Bible for Young People.** A Critical, Historical, and Religious Handbook to the Old and New Testament. By Dr. H. OORT and Dr. J. HOOYKAAS. Translated by Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED, M.A. Six Volumes. 21s. net.
- Practical Hints for Teachers.** By HENRY RAWLINGS, M.A. Cloth 6d. net.
- Addresses and Illustrative Stories.** Compiled by JULIE RAWLINGS. Cloth 1s. 6d. net.
- The Sunday School Helper.** 12 Annual Volumes [1885-1896]. Cloth 1s. each net.
- The Helper.** A Handbook for Teachers and Parents. Edited by MARIAN PRITCHARD. Vol. I., 1898; Vol. II., 1899; Vol. III., 1900. Cloth 2s. 6d. each net, postage 4d.
-

* * A Catalogue of the Publications of the Association will be sent
* post free upon application.

January 1900.

LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION,
ESSEX HALL, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.